LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

MEMORIALS

OF

REBECCA JONES.

COMPILED BY

WILLIAM J. ALLINSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY LONGSTRETH.
347 Market Street.

LONDON:
CHARLES GILPIN.

BX7795
J48A4

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by
WILLIAM J. ALLINSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern
District of Pennsylvania.

Stereotyped at Mogridge's Foundry.

Printed by Smith & Peters.

...de New

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

1739—1762. Introductory remarks. Her own account of her convincement and early life. Letter from C. Peyton. She attends Yearly Meeting through ignorance of its select character. Is invited to meetings for discipline. Appears as a minister. Is acknowledged as such. Her mother's death. Is joined in the school by Hannah Cathrall. Makes several visits from home. Death of Daniel Stanton. Further particulars of her early history. Interview with the English Friends. - - - - - PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

1762—1783. Her character as a teacher. Anecdotes of John Riddle and children. Rules of the school. Letters to various persons. Letter from Elizabeth Smith and sketch of her life. John Woolman to E. Smith. House in Drinker's Alley. Anecdote of John Woolman. Poetry by John Drinker. Opens her prospect for England. - - 21

CHAPTER III.

1784. Credentials for England. Embarcation. Anecdotes of S. Emlen, George Dillwyn, &c. Letter from Capt. Truxton. Reaches Liverpool, London. C. Hustler joins her. Letter to H. Cathrall. Establishment of Women's Yearly Meeting. Extracts from a curious Letter. - - - - - - - 48

CHAPTER IV.

1784—1785. Contrast by Enoch Lewis between the state of our Society in R. J.'s day and in our own. She attends London Yearly Meeting and enters on her travels northward. Letter to and from various friends. Dream respecting John Reynell and its realization. Family visit at Bradford. Returns to London. Requests a meeting with her American fellow laborers. Anniversary of her arrival inadvertently kept. - - - - - - - 67

CHAPTER V.

1785—1788. Gives up for Ireland. Various letters. Lands at Dublin where she visits families. Message from Captain Truxton. Family visits at Ballitoreand Catlids. Remarkable anecdote of George Dillwyn. S. Grubb arrives. Visits families at Lisburn. Completes her labors in Ireland and returns to England. Sickness, death and funeral of Thos. Ross. Labors in Wales. Family visit at York and at Leeds. Cetificate of Ireland Half Year's Meeting. Attends London Yearly Meeting. W. Mathews' testimony of the growth of her gift. Illness of C. Hustler and of S. Grubb. Visits families at Sheffield, Warnsworth, and High Wycombe. H. Cathrall's integrity in returning 50*l.* Certificate of London Yearly Meeting. Concern on account of Africans. Attends London Yearly Meeting. Preparations to embark. Parting scenes. Tabular notes. - - - 105

CHAPTER VI.

1788. Return voyage. Letters written on board the Pigou. Lands at Salem. Attends Woodbury Meeting, and proceeds to Philadelphia. 149

CHAPTER VII.

1788—1790. Attends closing sittings of Yearly Meeting and returns her certificates. Diary letter to J. P. Letter from S. Grubb. Present from pupils of Clonmell school. Parts with H. Cathrall and takes lodgings with James Goram. Letter to J. Williams. Visits the Yearly Meetings on Long Island and on Rhode Island. Letter to Dr. Cathrall and to other Friends. Sickness. Journey to Maryland. 171

CHAPTER VIII.

1791. Decease of John Hustler and of Sarah R. Grubb. Letters. Visits Long Island, &c. - - - - - 189

CHAPTER IX.

Yellow Fever of '93. Death and character of Margaret Haines. Letter to her children. R. J. is ill with the fever. T. Scattergood's visits and notes. Assiduous attentions of Dr. Cathrall. Letters Family visit. - - - - - - - 205

CHAPTER X.

1794—1799. A young friend joins her family. R. J.'s last letter to E. Tuke. N. Waln's prospect for England. Visit in N. Jersey. Letter from S. Harrison. Death and character of Catherine Phillips. At-

tends New York Yearly Meeting. Letters. Establishment of West Town School and of Indian Committee. Letter from W. Savery. R. J. delivers his message in Monthly Meeting. Fever of '97. R. J., goes to Edgely. Death of Thamazin Clifford. Returns to Brook's Court. - - - - - - 218

CHAPTER XI.

1798—1799. Description and character of Rebecca Jones. She sends for T. Harrison to rescue a captured Negress. Shipwreck and arrival of Mary Prior. S. Grellet acknowledged as a minister, 1798. Visits Rahway, &c. Attends Burlington Quarterly Meeting. Letters to and from Jane Snowdon. Goes to Edgely. Letters to Martha Allinson, &c. Change in time of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. 240

CHAPTER XII.

1799. Religious visit to New England, accompanied by Jane Snowdon. Character of Sarah Cresson and R. A. Rutter. Prophetic warning. Letters. Family visits, &c. Returns. Goes to Edgely. Interview with a Welsh convert. Arrival of S. Harrison and J. Hall. Incident in North Meeting. - - - 259

CHAPTER. XIII.

1799—1801. Death of S. Emlen, senior, and his presentiment of it. Notice of S. Emlen, junior, and wife. Gervase Johnson. Letters. Stop in her mind against recruiting her shop. Death of J. Hartley and the intimation thereof afforded to her. Reflections on the source of such intimations. Rich Cheese. H. Barnard. - 276

CHAPTER XIV.

1802—1804. Arrival of S. Stevenson and M. Jeffries, and death of the former. Lettters. Death of Hannah Price. Wm. Jackson. Retires to Edgely. Letters to James Allinson. Arrival of George Dillwyn. Returns to Brook's Court. Whale. R. J. and S. Smith in sympathy with Friends in England. - - - 293

CHAPTER XV.

1804. Death of Wm. Savery. Jacob Beck's lines on the occasion. Letters and notes. New Year's reflections 1805. Ann Alexander. Yearly Meeting. M. Routh sails for England. Letter to M. R. Dorothy Ripley. Death of B. Cathrall and wife, and Rachel Collins. Yellow Fever. Goes to Darby. Interesting letter to Mary Bevan. Returns to the Court. - - 309

CHAPTER XVI.

1805—1813. Letter to M. Jeffries. Marriage of James and B. Allinson. Letters to them. Eclipse and note by E. Lewis respecting it. Death of H. Cathrall. Painful circumstances. Letters. Goes to New York. Returns. Death of John Teas. Yearly Meeting. Death of K. Howell, James Simpson, C. Hustler and James Allinson. Letter to S. Hustler. Death of R. Wright. Mentions Susanna Horne. - - - - - - - - 324

CHAPTER XVII.

1813—1817. Typus Fever. Prayer. Green Street Meeting. Attends Twelfth Street Meeting. Is at North Meeting for the last time. Death of T. Scattergood and message to Susanna Horne. Letter to Sarah Hustler. Intimation respecting S. Horne's arrival in England. Warning to a Minister. Her last letter to S. Hustler. Bernice Allinson's account of R. J.'s death. Reflections by Enoch Lewis. John Cox. Passages from her Will, and concluding Remarks. 344

MEMORIALS

OF

REBECCA JONES.

CHAPTER I.

1739—1762.

Introductory remarks—Her own account of her convincement and early life—Letter from C. Peyton—She attends Yearly Meeting through ignorance of its select character—Is invited to meetings for discipline—Appears as a minister—Is acknowledged as such—Her mother's death—Is joined in the school by Hannah Cathrall—Makes several visits from home—Death of Daniel Stanton—Further particulars of her early history—Interview with the English Friends.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Truly was it said by Solomon, "The memory of the just is blessed." And whilst reverently bearing in mind that "none is good save One," it is admitted to be both allowable and beneficial to commemorate his goodness by recording the examples of those who have been clothed upon with his righteousness, and made partakers with the saints in light. It is helpful to the pilgrim, to contemplate the steps of those who have walked with the Redeemer in the way cast up; not for a servile imitation of particular acts, but with a prayerful desire to be enabled to walk by the same spirit, to mind the same rule, and to adhere to the same principles of eternal truth which they illustrated and adorned.

The papers of our beloved and highly gifted friend Rebecca Jones having been placed by her sole residuary legatee in the hands of the present Compiler, were in course of arrangement, with a view to ultimate publication. During a delay in the com-

pilation, arising from causes not immediately to be obviated, anecdotes respecting her, with a small portion of her narrative, found their way to the press, in connexion with some inaccuracies. This, so far at least as the portion is concerned, which was strictly private property, was regretted, yet it stimulated the Compiler to furnish to FRIENDS' REVIEW (a valuable Journal published in Philadelphia, and ably edited by ENOCH LEWIS) copious selections from the materials in his possession.

Long after the compilation had been entered upon, the caution prefixed to the auto-biographical sketch with which the narrative commences, continued to operate as a bar to its publicity, on the mind of the proprietor of these manuscripts, by whom the memory of Rebecca Jones is most affectionately cherished, and her wishes and requests regarded almost as a binding law. This feeling of reluctance, altho' not removed, has in some degree given way to the following considerations: The wishes and views of judicious friends; a conviction that the request originated in the writer's very humble estimate of herself, and in more private reasons the force of which has been weakened by Time; and to the still weightier conviction, that our dear departed friend, was, in the constrainings of that love in which she was enabled to labor for the good of souls, *led* to pen this testimony to her Divine Master's gracious dealings; and that, however undesirable the prospect might have been to her shrinking and sensitive mind, *it is right* at this time to extend the benefits of its perusal beyond the narrow circle within which it has been known.

The publication above referred to, of the only part respecting which this scrupulous delicacy was felt, has assisted in deciding this point; and it may be remarked that the other journals from which selections will be made, having been presented by Rebecca Jones to the friend referred to, without any such restriction, the responsibility is entirely removed from her of giving to the public any thing that was prohibited.

The compiler himself, cherishing the most tender affection and reverence for the memory of his venerable friend, trusts that any

incompetency or error of judgment on his part in arranging the materials before him, may not obscure the light of her example, or derogate from the dignity, beauty and excellence of a character, which can hardly be appreciated by those to whom she was not personally known. He had fondly hoped to throw the task upon a more competent hand, but it was found impossible, without going through the whole labor of editing the work, to place the materials intelligibly before a third person; whilst motives of propriety and gratitude pressed upon himself the duty of discharging this debt to her memory.

The size of the volume might have been lessened, by comprising from the letters the merely narrative parts and giving them in a condensed form, but the compiler has desired to present the matter, when practicable, in her words rather than in his own, and it has been moreover his settled conviction, that these choice and instructive specimens of the epistolary style, would be both pleasant and profitable to the serious reader. He has in his possession a rich collection of letters to and from R. Jones, and while he regrets his inability to obtain many others, of especial value, which were sent on her decease to the families of her correspondents, he feels bound to acknowledge his indebtedness to several friends, in England and elsewhere, for the kind loan of interesting letters.* The extent of her correspondence was truly astonishing, and it would, if collected, of itself form a larger work than is here presented.

In deviating from the routine of a *merely* religious work, in the introduction of some sprightly, but, we trust never *trifling* passages and anecdotes, it has been the object and hope of the compiler, by adding to its attractiveness to the general reader, to extend its usefulness. He feels convinced moreover (indeed he has received reiterated assurance of this) that all minutiæ concerning R. Jones will interest those who vividly remember her. In hastening to share these interesting relics, with those of her former friends who may very soon be permitted to follow her, he

* Particular acknowledgment is due to the representatives of C. Hustler, and E. Tuke, to James P. Parke, and to some others.

is influenced also by the hope that others, in contemplating the course, and perusing the experiences of this dignified handmaid of the Lord, may be stimulated to seek in faith of Him by whom alone any can come unto the Father, ability to walk in the same strait but Heaven-illumined path; knowing that the principles of Truth which she found to be so precious, have not been subject to fluctuation, and that the crown of glory, which, we humbly trust, has been assigned to her, is reserved for all those, in every age, who love the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

It is on my mind to leave a short account of my convincement, and the Lord's gracious dealings with me, a poor unworthy creature even of the least of his mercies and of his Truth, for the perusal of some of my best and most intimate friends, and I desire that to such only it may be shown, and that it may not be made any further public.

"Begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our Father: for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."—Luke, iii. 8.

"Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man."

I was born in Philadelphia in the 7th month, 8th day, 1739. My parents' names were William and Mary Jones. My father leaving the city when I was an infant,* the care of my education, and that of my brother, who was nine years older than myself, devolved on my mother, who, by hard labor, keeping a school, brought us up reputably, gave us sufficient learning, and educated us in the way of the Church of England.

Before I was twelve years of age, I often solicited my mother

William Jones was a coaster—was much absent, and died from home. Rebecca did not remember him.

for liberty to go with some of the neighbors' children, who were Friends, to their meetings, with which she often complied, saying that I was but a child, and not capable of determining in matters of a religious nature, which, indeed, was really so; yet I have abundant reason to believe that something of a Divine nature was then secretly at work in my tender mind, though I knew not by what name to call it, which, had I given way to it, would have preserved me, though but a child, from many things into which I afterwards fell, to the wounding of my poor soul, and making hard work in the cleansing, purifying day, that afterwards powerfully overtook me, and from which I could by no means escape. My mother would frequently say, "What do you go to meeting for?" I being light and airy, would reply, "I don't know—but I believe they are a good people, and I like their way, for there is not so much rising up and sitting down among them as at church." And blessed be the God of my life, who thus gradually and secretly drew my mind towards this people—not only to go to their meetings—but I loved even the sight of an honest Friend. Yet I was at times under the influence of another spirit; for, though I loved this people, and very early saw a beautiful order and becoming deportment in their meetings, I could not give up my days to lead such a life of self-denial as the Divine Instructor in my own breast at times directed me to. But I loved vanity and folly, and to keep unprofitable company, by which I was led into many evils, and quenched the blessed spirit from time to time—yet not wholly, for oftentimes in the midst of my career, I was favored with its secret smitings, and from which it was impossible to flee: and frequently, when in bed, or alone, my heart was made uneasy for the multitude of my transgressions, so that I often promised to amend, for I greatly feared to die. But Alas! though I made covenant, I soon forgot it and returned to the same things for which I had been reproved, and thus added sin to rebellion for some time.

Yet I kept close to meetings, both first and week days, when I could get away without my mother's knowledge, though I knew

not why I went, for I liked not their way of preaching, but was always best pleased with silent meetings.

In the year 1754, and in the 16th year of my age, there came from old England on a religious visit to the churches of Christ in America, Catharine Peyton, in company with Mary Piesly, from Ireland. I was at divers meetings in this city with the aforesaid Friend, and heard divers testimonies which she bore, with which I was much pleased; but like many others, I only heard, and sought not to learn the way to salvation in sincerity. But, for ever blessed and praised be the great Minister of all ministers, and Bishop of souls, who in his abundant compassion to a poor creature in the very road that leads to the chambers of death, was graciously pleased through his handmaid to set my state and condition open before me, and who enabled her, in one of our first-day evening meetings, to speak so pertinently to my situation, in showing the consequences of trifling with Divine conviction, and proclaiming God's love through Christ to all returning sinners, that I cried out in the bitterness of my heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do to be saved?" And so effectually was my heart reached, that I was made willing to forsake everything here to obtain peace; yea, my natural life would not have been too great an offering, if it had been required, that I might have inherited eternal salvation.

Oh, the many days of sorrow and nights of deep distress that I passed through; how frequently did I cry out, "Lord, save me or I perish!" I almost despaired of finding mercy, for sin not only appeared exceeding sinful, but my soul's enemy almost persuaded me that my sins were of so deep a dye, and so often repeated, that I had neglected the day of my visitation, and that, though I might, like Esau, seek the blessing with tears, I should not obtain it.

But, forever magnified be the kindness and goodness of the Lord my God, the everlasting Father, he left me not here, though I was in the situation described by the Prophet. I was greatly polluted—lay wallowing in the filthiness of the flesh, without any succor from temporal connections, and a stranger to the

Lord's family—"Not washed at all, nor salted at all, but cast out as in an open field, void of any enclosure; none eye pitied me, to do any of these things to me." When the sure Helper passed by, he beheld me in my deplorable situation, cast his mantle of Divine love over me, and with a most powerful voice said, LIVE—yea, he said unto me—LIVE.

I was again encouraged by the renewal of divine favor to enter into solemn covenant with that gracious Being against whom I had so highly rebelled, and whom I had so justly offended; and fervent were the breathings of my soul, that I might be enabled to stick close to the terms made in this the day of my humiliation.

My love to this instrument in the Lord's hand was very great; and on a certain time, being reduced very low in my mind, under the consideration of my many and deep transgressions, I took up my pen and opened a little of my condition to her, though I was afraid to sign my name to it. I watched an opportunity and slipped it into her hand, just as she was going into meeting, and in two days after received, per the hands of one of her friends, the following answer, which, as it had a blessed effect in encouraging my mind reverently to confide in the Lord's infinite mercy, I here transcribe at large. Peradventure it may revive the hope of some afflicted soul.

"*Philadelphia. 4th mo. 1st*, 1755.

Dear Child,—I have carefully read thy letter, and, from a tenderness of spirit which I feel towards thee, conceive much hope that thou wilt do well, if thou keep to that Power which has visited thee. Which, as it has already appeared as a light to convince thee of sin, will, if thou wilt suffer it, destroy it in thy heart. Which dispensation being already begun, is the reason of that anguish of spirit which thou feelest, which will lessen gradually, as thou art assisted to overcome.

"And be not too much discouraged, neither at what thou hast committed against the Lord, nor at what thou mayest have to suffer for him; for though thy sins may have been as scarlet, he is able and willing to make thy heart as snow, upon thy sincere

repentance and humble walking in His fear, and also to give thee strength to do whatsoever he commands thee.

"If thou art willing and obedient for the future, thou shalt eat the good of the land in the Lord's time, and, as thou hast already been instructed that 'thou shalt only receive consolation as thou art fit for it,' wait patiently, and let the administration of condemnation be perfected,—so shall the administration of Light and Peace be more clear and strong: which will assuredly come upon thee, if thou abidest faithful to that Power which has visited thee.

"Thou desiredst me to explain some portions of scripture to thee, which I had to mention, which I am willing to do as far as the mentioning of them concerns thy state: which I believe was to awake watchfulness and care over thy conduct, that thy soul may bring forth the fruits of purity and love to God, which will be manifested only by thy obedience, and that thou may not rest in anything short of the knowledge of His Power, revealed in thy heart as a refiner and teacher, nor place thy happiness in anything short of his salvation.

"I go out of town to-morrow, and not knowing thy name by thy letter, know not how to get to speak to thee; and have therefore committed the care of this to A. Benezet,* who, I believe, will use his utmost endeavors to convey it to thee.

"Farewell; and may the Lord continue to bless thee. I conclude, in much haste, thy sympathizing friend,

CATHARINE PEYTON.

"P. S. I had rather thou kept this to thyself; and be sure, be careful how thou tellest thy condition to such who have no knowledge of it."

On the receipt and reading of this letter my heart was melted into great tenderness before the Lord, and my mind encouraged to trust in his boundless mercy, thus extended to me, a poor, unworthy creature. My resolutions were daily strengthened, in remembering that "at what time soever the wicked turneth from

* This letter was not forwarded to her by Anthony Benezet, but by another friend, as will be explained in the next chapter.

his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

I now attended meetings constantly, though I suffered some hard things on that account. I rejoiced when meeting day came; yea, the evening before meeting day my mind seemed under the preparing power, for the solemn performance of Divine worship; of the necessity whereof I was now fully convinced, as also of my unfitness therefor without the renewal and daily influence of the blessed Spirit. The heart-tendering power of Truth in a very singular manner attended, insomuch that if I was not in the enjoyment thereof, my meeting seemed in vain. I frequently compared my situation about this time with that of the children of solid Friends, many of whom, I perceived, walked widely from their holy profession. I thought if I had been favored with privileges like those which many of them enjoyed, I had not had so much work for repentance. Oh, that they did but see and rightly understand the manifold obligations they are under to the Everlasting Father, and also to their pious parents. Oh, the unspeakable advantage of an early education in virtue and the fear of the Lord! Certainly in the great day of decision it will but add to the weight in the scale against those who pursue lying vanities, forsake their own mercies, and rebelliously turn their backs on the admonitions, counsel and instruction of tender, pious, heart-aching parents! I esteemed myself as a branch broken off from the wild olive, and grafted into the good olive tree, and was secretly instructed that I stood by faith, and that the goodness of God would be toward me while I continued in his fear: otherwise I should be cut off. I often fervently desired that those who had erred and strayed among the youth (whom I compared to the natural branches of the good olive tree) might be grafted in again—"for God is able to graft them in again." "Be not high-minded, but fear," was the solemn admonition frequently sounded in the ears of my soul.

It is not in my mind to particularize everything that fell to my lot, not only from some in near connection with me, but also from my former acquaintance, to whom I now seemed estranged;

and many were their bitter invectives and hard speeches liberally thrown out against me. Yet thus far I may say of a truth, greater was that power which had visited me, and was in a degree in me, than these mine enemies that were in and of the world. To the praise of my gracious Benefactor be it spoken, the more I suffered in thus turning my back on all those things which in time past I so greatly delighted in, the more my strength increased, and my resolutions were confirmed to serve the Lord the little time that remained to me in this life, which I then often thought would not be long.

In the Spring of the year 1756, my aforesaid friend, C. Peyton, embarked with her before-named companion, M. Piesley, Samuel Fothergill, (who had also performed a religious visit to Friends on this continent,) Samuel Emlen, of this city, &c., and set sail for Europe. Soon after their departure I found an indifference towards meetings gradually coming on, and the enemy of my soul's happiness sorely buffeted me. He suggested to me that my repentance was vain, (it was not godly) my tears were insincere, and that I was most certainly under a great delusion. And the Lord, my only Helper in this night of probation, saw meet in his wisdom, for the trial of my faith, to hide his face from me. Thus spake the deceiver: "Why art thou thus? surely if thou wert the visited of God, he would not have left thee thus poor, stripped and helpless. Thou art not on the right foundation; for if the Lord had been at all with thee, he would have remained with thee for ever." Oh the grief and distress of my poor soul! The Divine presence was withdrawn, and I had no friend on earth to speak to, nor any to whom I could make my complaint. Yet I was favored under all, with strength to pray that I might be favored to see clearly from whence this distress and doubting arose. And, blessed be the God of my life, who, though I thought him far off, was near, and had only withdrawn as behind the curtain; he heard and graciously answered in the needful hour. I resolved if I perished to perish at his feet. And thus spake my only friend and alone helper: "I will thoroughly purge thy dross, and take away all thy tin." My soul

replied, amen, so be it, blessed Lord! Here I could feelingly say as did David: "I know, oh Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me!" Hope revived as an helmet of salvation; I saw mine accuser and he fled! Oh, my soul, forget not thou the loving kindness of thy God, who thus graciously appeared for thy help; not only when the floods of the ungodly made thee afraid, but when in close combat with the Prince of the power of the air, the Lord's arm brought salvation, and his right arm got the victory.

My love again was renewed for the Lord's people; and, although through much difficulty and strong opposition, I attended meetings, both first and week days, and should have rejoiced had I been worthy to sit in meetings for discipline, a privilege not yet granted me; I frequently went to monthly and quarterly meetings and staid the first sitting, but withdrew when Friends entered on business. I knew I had no right to stay longer—besides, in one of the yearly meetings for business I was desired to withdraw by a friend whom I afterwards dearly loved;* and though I left the meeting under much distress, (being at that time very low in mind,) yet no hardness got in, blessed be the Lord; my love rather increased, not only to this mother in Israel, but to the whole flock; and I admired the care used to keep such meetings quite select: I saw that it was necessary to do so, and never after attempted to stay till I was invited by some who I thought tenderly loved me, and were authorized to do it. And here I would mention the observation I made of some of our youth after I was favored to sit in meetings for business. I frequently looked at them with love and tenderness, but ad-

* During the Yearly Meeting of 1755, R. J. went to one of the sittings, not being aware that our order required such meetings to be select.—Finding her accustomed seat occupied, she went up stairs, but seeing so many plain Friends, she felt uneasy, and as if she had no business there: which feeling was increased as she noticed a whispering near the clerk's table. Catharine Kallender, leaving her seat, went up stairs and sat by her; and seeing R. about to rise, she laid her hand upon her kindly, and presently they both went out, when Catharine informed her that those meetings were exclusively for members, but that she believed the time was not distant when it would be proper for her to attend them.

mired to see so little sense appear among them of the nature and design of such meetings. I found that many attended through curiosity, and some from other motives: but very few whose shoulders were preparing for the burden of exercise that lay weightily on divers mothers in the family, who were far advanced in years, and in all probability would ere long finish their course. I mourned at the prospect of a succession, and wished that the spirit of Elijah might rest on Elisha. At these seasons I often felt a holy zeal to cover my spirit, and an engagement sometimes attended that the Lord's work might go on and prosper. But, in that weak state, I concluded, that if the youth would not come up to the help of the Lord, (I mean children of believing parents,) the cause would drop. Yet I was sometimes favored to understand the Lord's proclamation, "I will work, and who shall let it." Very frequently I was seized with an apprehension that, if I was faithful to the manifestations of Divine grace, the baptizing influences thereof would be witnessed for the cleansing, purifying, and preparing my spirit, rightly to engage in the Lord's work: at which my heart trembled within me, and I very much feared I should push Uzzah like. And, though in meetings both for worship and discipline, my duty was often pointed out to me, yet, the fear of marring the Lord's work, a sense of my own weakness, the situation in which I was placed in the world, the prospect of much suffering awaiting me, but, above all, a sense of the purity and stability necessary for those who fight the Lord's battles, and a sight of my own state and lonesome condition in the family; I say all these things mightily humbled me, and reduced me to the brink of the grave. I went alone—I kept silence—I refrained from my natural food, and my sleep departed from me. "I was stricken of God and afflicted." In this situation I attempted several times to break my mind to some Friends by writing, and to let them know how it was with me—but was always stopped from doing so; and once, when I went to the house of an honest-hearted, faithful servant of the Lord, with an intention to open my case to him, the ear of my soul was saluted with this prohibition: "See thou do it not—the work is the

Lord's." My mind was fervent with the Lord, (than whom none else knew my condition,) that he would be pleased to favor me with the distinct sight and knowledge of his will, that I might not be deceived by the enemy of my soul—whom I had before seen in some of his artful transformations—but that light might so attend as that I might make no mistake in darkness. I carried my burden from one month to another, and from meeting to meeting, until the 7th month 9th, 1758, in an evening meeting, finding no excuse would longer do, and that faithfulness was required, after William Prickett had finished a lively testimony, in which he expressed much sympathy and had great encouragement for some who were under preparation for the Lord's service, I stood up in great fear and trembling, and expressed a few sentences very brokenly. I returned home with the promised reward of peace, which I had long sought in vain, but, now that I had given up to the Lord's will, was favored to obtain it. This was my first public appearance, and I greatly desired as a sign, that if I was yet mistaken, I might be visited and advised by some Friends. But as I met with no opposition from Friends, and as, contrariwise, some spake encouragingly to me, I found need to watch myself with a jealous eye, and was fervent in spirit that I might be preserved in true humility and Divine fear, the only safe situation for a gospel minister.

And now I found it my place to make a stand against some things in some of my near relatives, with which before I had no unity. And, blessed be God, my best friend, I was helped to overcome both in myself and others, some inconsistencies which I plainly saw Truth disallowed of.

Hitherto I had met with much opposition in attending meetings; but the Lord plead my cause, and inclined the heart of my dear mother toward me, so that she not only gave me liberty in that respect, but was very affectionate, both to me and to Friends when they came to our house; and she continued so till her decease. For which my soul was made humbly thankful, and it was no small confirmation to me that the Lord was on my

side. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits!" was the honest language of my mind.

In the year 1760, I had the privilege granted me to sit in the meeting of ministers and elders, of which I thought myself very unworthy; and I attended the first meeting of this sort under strong apprehensions of my own weakness, and the necessity of laboring after true humility.

In the spring of the year 1761, my dear mother began to decline very fast in her health, and could scarcely keep about house. She grew weaker and weaker, insomuch that she needed constant attendance all the summer. I had a large school on my hands to take care of, (the only means for our subsistence,) and her to nurse both night and day, till the 9th month, when she grew so ill that I was obliged to break up the school. I also was much reduced in my health, and, by such constant exercise, both of body and mind, received a weakness that I fear I shall never be rid of.

She deceased near the end of the 9th month, 1761. And here I am free to add that she was a woman of good natural understanding—of a noble disposition—had many good qualities—lived a peaceable life among her neighbors—and, I have good ground to believe, was under a religious exercise of mind for many months before her decease. She was favored with an easy passage, for which during her illness she often prayed, as a sign of acceptance with the Lord; and was buried in the burial ground of the Church of England, (so called,) among whom she always made profession.

In her illness she desired to see Daniel Stanton. He came, and had a heart-tendering time in supplication, particularly on her account, (whom he had known from a young woman,) that she might be favored with patience, and might obtain mercy with the Lord. After which she seemed easy, and said he was a servant of the living God.

Now I was in a strait: for I had often thought that if it should please Providence to remove my mother, I would think of some other way than keeping school for a livelihood. But as our

Yearly Meeting was coming on, I concluded to leave it till that was over, and in waiting to know what was best, I seemed easy to continue in the same way, as being what I was most used to: and a suitable friend offering, made it the easier. This was Hannah Cathrall, a religious, prudent young woman, who joined me in the business. I esteemed this a favor from kind Providence, for I was now grown so weakly that I could not have undertaken it alone, and she was of an affectionate disposition towards me. We soon had a large school, and were blest with a sufficiency to live comfortably. I had been very little abroad, not only because I was confined by business, but I was under great discouragement in my own mind, on account of my weakness both of body and mind. But whenever my aforesaid companion apprehended I was under any engagement of that sort, she always encouraged me, and did all in her power to make things as easy as she could, for which I feel grateful acknowledgments and esteem for her. In 1762, I went in company with E. Smith of Burlington, and some other friends, to the General Meeting held at Shrewsbury; and after that, at different times, with Esther White, Mary Evans, Hannah Harrison, &c., several little turns, to some Quarterly, Monthly, and particular meetings, within the compass of our Yearly Meeting.

In 1769, I found a draught of love in my mind towards the Yearly Meeting on Long Island, and obtained leave of our second day morning meeting of ministers and elders. I made preparation and was in readiness; but, when the time came, my mind was so beclouded and distressed that I was glad to give it up. The cause afterward appeared very plain to me, and I was made thankful for the secret intelligence afforded from on high.

In 1770, the engagement for that meeting was renewed, and my friend Hannah Foster, of Evesham, having sent me word that she intended going there, I gave up, and though much discouraged, being poorly in my health, and not used to ride on horseback, yet I was favored to hold it pretty well as far as Rahway, where my kind friends, Joseph Shotwell and wife, provided a chair for my accommodation, and went with us to Flushing.

I was much assisted in this journey, or I could not have held out, for I was not only indisposed in body, but my mind was very low, insomuch that I apprehended I should not live to return, and accordingly settled my outward affairs and took a very solemn leave of my dear companion, who was also fearful on my account. However, the Lord was near—blessed be his name—and made the weak strong. We were mutually comforted together at that meeting, and I returned home better every way; for which I bow before the Almighty, and acknowledge that nothing is impossible with him. Praised and magnified be his great name, both now and forever!

Soon after my return my mind was bowed very low, by reason that a beloved friend and father in the truth, Daniel Stanton, was taken from works to rewards. He had been eminently favored in his public appearances for many months before, insomuch that many Friends were apprehensive of what he sometimes expressed as his belief, "that he had not many days longer to labor among us." This was a great stripping to the church, and a near trial to many individuals, and the loss was not likely to be soon made up. Such was the prospect of things among us. Yet there were still left some honest laborers, and a remnant clothed with the same spirit of true zeal, which was the covering of this great and good man, who deceased the 28th of 6th month, 1770, in the 62d year of his age, and who had disinterestedly labored among us upwards of 40 years—approving himself called of God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word to every class in the family. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

[Here ends the autobiographical sketch which she probably designed resuming.]

The mother of Rebecca Jones, as has been mentioned in the preceding memoir, kept a school for small children. She had subjected herself to many privations, in order that she might

give Rebecca a good education, being ambitious to make her a teacher of the first standing in Philadelphia. As this precious young person yielded obedience to the Divine Monitor, she found herself restricted in various ways, and restrained from indulging in and teaching to others, the lighter and merely ornamental branches, as dancing and music, and ornamental needle-work.

This, being a blight to her mother's fond and ambitious prospects, introduced Rebecca into severe trials and close provings of her faith, from the treatment which she experienced from her parent, who now opposed her attending the meetings of Friends. Her conflict of soul became so great that she did not hold intercourse with any one, and the Bible to her was a sealed book, so that she did not dare to resort to it for consolation.

Let no one suppose, however, that she at any time undervalued the sacred volume, (in the perusal of which she was diligent through life, and earnest in enforcing the duty upon others,) although at the time of which we write, instrumental means were withheld; she being, under the immediate power of the great Teacher of his people, preparing for a service, the true qualification for which must be directly received from and renewed by the alone unfailing Source of help.

She went to meeting when she could get away, although she knew that unkindness awaited her on her return. On one occasion, coming down stairs with her bonnet and cloak on, her mother took hold of the latter to detain her. She untied the string and walked out, leaving her mother in silent astonishment; but she felt condemnation and could not enjoy her meeting. Her mother, however, never again attempted to detain her by force.

During this state of things, her brother Daniel, who was nine years her senior, and who resided in Mount Holly, made them a visit, and their mother poured out to him her troubles and mortification on Rebecca's account, representing how much money she had spent upon her education, which was now, in her estimation, all wasted, and expressing her desponding feelings relative to their being able to obtain a maintenance. He enquired whether she was not dutiful and kind to her, and obe-

dient in everything except what she apprehended to be connected with her religious duty. The mother replied that she had never been so kind and dutiful, and that she was only disobedient in relation to things with which she professed to be uneasy on religious grounds. "Then, mother," replied he, "let her alone—if it is of herself it will soon come to nought, but if it is of the Lord, all that you can do will not prevent it."*

It was about this time that she placed in the hands of Catharine Peyton (afterwards Phillips) the letter to which reference is made in her own narrative, page 7. It will be noticed that Catharine in her reply proposes to entrust it to the care of Anthony Benezet. But, having written her answer, she read Rebecca's letter to Daniel Trotter, who was a near neighbor to Mary Jones, and had been her fellow passenger in a voyage from the West Indies. "I do not know," said Daniel, "who it can be, without it's that wild Becky Jones, who has got to coming to meeting and sits by black Rose." This Rose was a goodly colored woman, who sat on a bench near the door, and Rebecca in her humility, occupied the vacant seat beside her. He was so assured of the correctness of his surmise, that he undertook to deliver Catharine's letter. One afternoon, at the close of school, Rebecca was sitting with her mother at the door, and seeing D. Trotter approach, she was much agitated lest he, being a Friend, should be unkindly treated on her account. He, however, frankly addressed Mary Jones, and conversed pleasantly about their voyage, taking no notice of Rebecca, till, as he was going, he shook hands with her, leaving the letter in her hand. She kept it for two days before she had any opportunity to read it in private, and then ripped a seam in her skirt, and concealed the letter in the quilting, as her pockets, drawers, &c., were frequently searched.

Being selected as bridesmaid by her friend Hannah Zane, at the time of her nuptials with John Pemberton, the bride offered to present to her a dress of rich silk, (then a very costly arti-

†This brother died 10th mo., 1771—aged 40 years.

cle,) with which R. J. was pleased at the moment—but her mind became uneasy, and soon settled in the conviction that her safety consisted in being content with mean things. During her whole life, she never wore a silk dress—though she had no disposition to judge the liberty of others in this respect, or to fix upon them her individual scruple. Thus early humbling herself, she became meet for the exaltation and dignity designed for her by her gracious Master, and although, during a large portion of her life, she was treated by "the household of faith" with a degree of consideration and deference which very few could receive without injury, instead of being thereby puffed up and lifted from the foundation, she seemed to be the more deepened in the conviction that the Lord is everything, and that she was nothing, and from time to time, (to use her own expression) to "centre in my old position as an UNPROFITABLE SERVANT."

The English Friends to whom reference has been made, after an absence from the city, returned to attend the Yearly Meeting; and being at the house of Catharine Kallender, in Front street, nearly opposite the end of the alley in which Rebecca lived, they expressed a desire to have her company, and C. Kallender's daughter Hannah, who had been Mary Jones' pupil, (and intimate with Rebecca until she withdrew from all companionship,) was sent to invite her. Hannah walked backward and forward across the end of the alley, occasionally beckoning to Rebecca, who sat by the window. R. J. at length asked her mother's permission to join her young friend, which was rather ungraciously given. Hannah then told her that the English Friends wished her to take tea with them. She was now in a strait, whether to avail herself of the liberty already given, or to risk a refusal from her mother. But, feeling best satisfied to act in deference to parental authority, she asked leave to take tea at their neighbor's. Rebecca was emaciated from the trials and conflicts through which it had been her lot to pass, being, to quote her own touching description already given, "stricken of God and afflicted:" and her mother, who possibly already began to relent, gave permis-

sion. She went, but, considering herself unworthy and insignificant, she felt as though it were intrusive to place herself in the company of such worthies. She was, however, well repaid by the comfort and consolation which she derived from those dear friends, with whom she had not before spoken. It is not known that she ever related the above circumstances more than once, when with much feeling, in the latter part of her life, she communicated them to one who had for many years been to her as a daughter, saying, that she could not write a full account of her earlier days without speaking of her mother as a child ought not to speak of a parent. Many years, however, having now elapsed, and the reasons for privacy being lessened by time, it is believed that a condensed statement of these facts, in connection with some selections from her notes and correspondence, may tend to the comfort and edification of some sincere minds, and that in this view they ought not longer to be suppressed.

The difficulty with her parent did not entirely cease, till, in 1760, the church had acknowledged her gift in the ministry of the Word: when a committee of two men and two women was appointed to acquaint her with the conclusion to which her friends had come. These Friends hesitated about going to Rebecca's residence, and thought of communicating with her by letter:—but solidly considering the subject, they were most easy to go in person, and share with her whatever was to be borne on the occasion. The interview was in the presence of Mary Jones, and, after a time of social intercourse, a season of silence ensued, in which the object of the visit was stated. After their departure, her mother said to her—"Your friends have done all that they can for you—they have placed you upon the pinnacle; now take heed to your steps, for if you fall, great indeed will be the fall." From this time they lived harmoniously; her mother became reconciled to her being a Friend, and her natural disposition seemed softened. The school increased, and afforded them a comfortable maintenance; and, after the decease of her mother, she entered into the business

of teaching more extensively, in connection with Hannah Cathrall, the latter attending to the sewing department in a separate room.

CHAPTER II.

1762—1783.

Her character as a teacher—Anecdotes of John Riddle and children—Rules of the school—Letters to various persons—Letter from Elizabeth Smith and sketch of her life—John Woolman to E. Smith—House in Drinker's Alley—Anecdote of John Woolman—Poetry by John Drinker—Opens her prospect for England.

It might be laid down as an axiom, that none but a philanthropist is fit for the office of a teacher. Its responsibilities would be poorly wielded by him who should perform the task solely as a mode of acquiring the means of subsistence. R. J. had remarkable qualifications for imparting knowledge, for training the youthful mind, developing its powers, alluring it into the paths of true pleasantness and peace, and superintending the progress of a "religious, guarded education." Having, as we have seen in the commencement of her career, made covenant by sacrifice, she was not likely to be guided in her vocation by mercenary motives; on the contrary, she performed the service with good will and in singleness of heart, "as to the Lord and not to men." She was moreover possessed of a commanding dignity, and a facility for enforcing salutary discipline, which enabled her to illustrate the Apostle's injunction to Timothy, "let no man despise thee." Thus she was eminently successful as a preceptor, obtaining a hold not only upon the affections and respect of her pupils, but also upon the confidence of their parents; so that she was often applied to by some of these to aid them with advice in important movements in life, in framing their wills, and in various ways. In such cases, though diffident of her own powers, she was a kind, ready and wise counsellor.

Among her pupils were the daughters of John Riddle, a Dutch tailor, who, during the Revolution, worked for the British officers. Two of them Polly and Rose, having completed their education,* the eldest, who wrote an elegant hand, was his book-keeper. When he wished to place his youngest child under her care, she objected, on account of some scruples relative to the mode of payment. The exact nature of these scruples, we cannot with absolute certainty explain, but his funds came from the officers,—and the following note by the Editor of FRIEND'S REVIEW, will suffice to give the general reader a sufficient insight. "It is not easy at the present day to appreciate the difficulty to which Friends were exposed, during the revolutionary contest. No inconsiderable portion of the circulating medium consisted of bills of credit, issued for the express purpose of meeting the expenses of the war. The payments of the British officers, were indeed, made in solid coin; but, under the circumstances of the time, it is not strange that Rebecca Jones should hesitate, on religious or prudential grounds, at receiving a pupil whose education was to be paid for out of money sent to this country to aid in the prosecution of the then existing war."

One evening, whilst R. J. was enjoying the company of her friend Sarah Wistar, John Riddle came in to plead his cause, and strongly depicted the benefits his elder girls had derived. "Dere is mine Polly, dat you did larn to write and to cypher. I did send home General Howe's clothes mit de bill,—and when he come to pay it he say, "Why Johnny, did you write dis?"—(holding the bill in his hand.) I say, no, it is mine Polly's writing. "Your Polly!" say he—"Where did she larn to write so goot?" and I say, why she larnt of Becky Jones. "Who is Becky Jones?"—say he—Why dont you know Becky Jones the Quaker Preacher?—I told him she had

* When application was first made for these elder children, the school was full, but so earnest was the father that he procured desks for them and brought them to the school room,—and thus obtained admission. Is not his zeal for the right education of his children worthy of imitation?

never gone to any other school, &c. Thus he went on to show his estimate of the value of her instructions,—and, being fully informed of R. J.'s objections, he said that she might, in payment, take from his shop any thing that she wanted, and give her friends orders upon him. "Oh, you *must* take mine Sally"—he continued—"mine Sally wont give you mooch trouble—mine Sally is a goot gal—she shtole her Daddy's hearts." R. J.'s guest joined in urging his suit, offering to aid in taking out the debt. Some of the articles thus taken out, are before us as we write.

The child was admitted into the school. She was so small that her teacher placed a stool upon the bench to enable her to reach the desk. She proved to be a very good child.

Before leaving, John took from his ample pocket a blank copy book. "I wants you to write mine will in dis." Rebecca sought to excuse herself, lest some difficulty should result from her ignorance of legal forms and technicalities. "Oh, I dont mean what I shall do with mine money—but dat mine children shall be goot to dere mammy, and give her every ting dat she want. I want them to remember when I'm dead and gone—dat she's been a good mammy to them—You knows how to say it, petter as I can tell you." R. J. wrote for him, to his full satisfaction, on a loose paper, a letter of paternal advice to his children.

This whole family, parents and children, died in the fever of 1793. Sally, (then a religious minded young woman,) was the last survivor. During the illness of the family, a colored man went daily as messenger between her and a friend similarly circumstanced, bearing notes in which they exchanged accounts of the progress of disease in their respective houses. These billets sometimes consisted of but a single line, and sometimes expanded with a highly interesting interchange of their religious feelings and experience, and most plaintive references to neighboring families, and to their own loved and lost ones, whom they could not bury out of their sight. Her friend also died in the fever of the same year.

The following rules for the observance of her pupils in school

and elsewhere, were conspicuously placed in R. J.'s school room; and whilst they may fail to interest some readers who have not been similarly engaged, they will probably commend themselves to a sufficient number to warrant their introduction. The mind of the candid reader will be carried back to the time in which they were written; and whilst it would be unreasonable to expect to see them, in every respect, such as would now be framed, it will be well, in judging of them, to reflect what dignified characters were trained under their strict administration.

Rules of conduct for girls at school, &c.

1st. Never absent yourselves from school, unless good reasons can be assigned, to the satisfaction of your mistress.

2d. Be always silent at your business, so that your voices shall not be heard, unless when you are saying your lessons, or speaking to your mistress; hold no discourse with your schoolmates during the hours of business, without your mistress's permission, unless to ask something relating to your learning, which must be done in a low voice.

3d. Make all your speeches to your mistress with due respect, observing cheerfully to perform her directions with dispatch, according to your ability. If a stranger should speak to you, give a modest and ready answer, standing up and turning your faces towards them respectfully, taking your seats again, and silently apply to your business.

4th. Behave yourselves always in an humble, obliging manner to your schoolmates, never provoking one another, contending or complaining about frivolous matters, but courteously use the word please, or some soft and obliging expression, when you ask anything one of the other; and observe to make some grateful return for any little kindness received, never returning injuries, but learning to forgive, showing by an exemplary deportment how all ought to behave.

5th. Never tell a lie knowingly, nor use the name of God irreverently, or in vain; mock not the aged, blind, lame, deformed, idiots. Play not in the streets, or ever for gain; throw no sticks, stones, dirt, snowballs, or anything at any person; revile none, utter no indecent expression, and return no affront to any you may meet with, but according to the best of your knowledge, demean yourselves in a modest, civil, complaisant manner to all.

6th. Let your language be the plain language, and spoken with propriety everywhere.

7th. Be not forward to divulge anything past in school, nor jeer those who have been corrected, lest it should happen to be your own case.

At Home.

8th. Before you rise from your beds, observe to offer a mental petition to Divine Providence for protection from evil and danger the following day, not omitting at the same time a grateful acknowledgment for the benefit of your rest: observe also the same reverence at lying down, returning humble thanks for preservation through the various incidents of the day.

9th. Observe to use a cheerful and ready compliance to all your parents' commands, with becoming resignation to their will—never addressing or approaching them without honor and respect; neither be loud in voice or laughter in their company, or before any of your superiors, nor forward to talk in their presence; yet always returning ready and modest answers to their questions: never intrude yourselves upon them when alone, or with company; if you are necessitated to speak with them, appear with good manners, and be sure to whisper, and withdraw unless desired to stay.

10th. Make all your addresses to your brothers and sisters with humility and good manners, using the word Please, &c.; and in like manner to the meanest servant, that your good example may induce them so to behave to you.

If you are necessarily where the servants are, give no ear to their jesting or idle talk, much less join with them, but always choose the company of such whose conversation is most improving in the best things.

At Table.

11th. Be not forward to sit down at table before the rest have taken their places, especially your elders or superiors; when seated, be not eager to fall to your victuals like the brute animals, but first observe a solemn retirement of mind to the Supreme Giver of them. Be not talkative or offer to carve, or ask for yourselves, but wait till you are served. Find no fault with your food, or its dressing; but sit upright and soberly with silent attention, ready to answer any questions that may be asked of you; having eaten moderately, rise from table without noise, moving away your seats; withdraw if strangers be present, unless desired to stay.

At places for Worship.

12th. When you attend meetings for Divine worship, observe to be present at the times appointed precisely, entering the place soberly and without noise in walking or otherwise, so as not to disturb the meditations of those that are met; when seated, make no disagreeable scraping or rubbing of your feet against the floor or seat, nor use any unbecoming gestures or motions with any part of your bodies to disturb or offend any person, by biting your nails, pinching your fingers, lolling, stretching, yawning, spitting, staring about, or by any other means, but sit attentively and erect in a decent composure of body and mind, secretly desiring to be favored by our Heavenly Father with a proper disposition of mind to offer to him spiritual and acceptable worship, and to be enabled to practice what good advice you may hear, giving diligent attention thereto, that your behavior may not only be grateful to that Divine Being that made you, but also well pleasing to your parents and friends; when the meeting breaks up, rise not in a hurry, nor be impatient to be gone, but rather think it a favor to be admitted upon such solemn occasions to sit with your elder Friends, respectfully noticing them as you pass along, showing no haste to leave their company.

In the absence of a regular diary of this portion of her life, it is not easy to supply the deficiency, but little of her early correspondence being accessible. The following letter, written at the age of twenty, evinces that even then she was "instant in season," under the Divine anointing, in obeying the injunction, given to Peter, "when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

R. J. to Benjamin Swett, and Samuel Sansom.

Philadelphia, 8th mo. 10th, 1759.

Respected Friends,—It has been upon my mind ever since I heard of your intentions for England, in a great deal of good will, with desires for your welfare every way, to communicate in a few lines what I think quite necessary to observe. I have remarked some young men on their return from abroad, seem, as it were, swallowed up with the prospect of those transient, glaring views, which may have been presented to their minds relating to visibles: which disposition I would have you guard

against, and bear in mind that you are of the youth of Philadelphia, many of whom are greatly beloved by their Maker as well as Friends. I wish that you may not only gain experience in worldly things, but that you may know the Stay of youth and the Staff of old age near your spirit in all company and places, whereby you may witness experimentally a growth in grace and in the saving knowledge of God our Saviour, and may adorn our holy profession by a circumspect, steady conduct, not only amongst the faithful, but amongst whomsoever your lots may be cast; and may know the Reprover, Refiner, Sanctifier and Comforter, (which is no other than the Spirit of Christ,) to operate effectually in your hearts, making you vessels of honor to his praise. This is the sincere desire of your friend,

R. Jones

ELIZABETH SMITH TO R. JONES.

Burlington, 23*d of* 4*th mo.*, 1759.

DEAR FRIEND REBECCA JONES.—As thy letter did not seem to require an immediate answer, I thought best to defer it till a suitable time and opportunity offered to acquaint thee that I received it as a testimony of thy regard and a demonstration of love to the blessed truth, which I believe thou hast been favored in measure to know the revelation of—even of that Divine arm of everlasting Love and Power which has been the strength and support of the upright in heart, through every age of the world; notwithstanding Infinite Wisdom has seen meet to try and nearly to prove his faithful children many ways: sometimes by suffering them to be surrounded with humbling fear and many deep baptisms on divers accounts, which certainly is in order to wear our affections from too great dependence on a love to things here below, and to keep us in a state of continual dependence on himself—who alone is worthy to be trusted in, and steadily followed through every dispensation of his Providence.

My friend, I heartily join thee in desiring a resigned heart, being fully convinced that it is not for want of sufficient help from Him in whom all power is, that some of the professors of christianity stumble, and even fall, and many turn aside and are offended, because of sufferings. No, it is undoubtedly for want of having the will of the creature subjected to Him whose will is to sanctify and redeem mankind to himself. And surely they will be blessed with an everlasting blessing, who are not offended in Him who has given Himself a ransom for all that receive him. And may thou and I be so favored as to have strength afforded so to follow on in the path of the just, as to have the happy experience made our own of its growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, is the sincere desire of my mind, with which I conclude, Thy assured friend,

ELIZABETH SMITH.

The writer of the foregoing letter was sister to Samuel Smith the historian—and between her and R. Jones a close fellowship existed, until the decease of the former, which occurred in meridian life. We have already seen that they were banded in religious service in the year 1762.

She died in Burlington, 10th mo. 2d. 1772, aged about 48 years, and on her death bed warned R. Jones to be faithful and to place her trust in him who can safely keep his children by sea and by land. She was, from a child, of unusual steadiness and composure of deportment and character, and being early entrusted with the care of her widowed father and his family, her faithfulness not only won his confidence and love, but was also, it is believed, attended with the divine blessing. She was of sympathetic heart, much given to works of charity. She bore a clear testimony to the value of the Holy Scriptures and against the fashionable publications of her times. Early called to the work of the ministry she travelled considerably in Truth's service, and having long apprehended herself bound to cross the Atlantic, she at length spread her concern before the church and received its sanction—but was soon seized with the disorder

which terminated her earthly pilgrimage, and introduced her, as we doubt not, and as she expressed when dying, "into joy unspeakable and full of glory."

During her illness having mentally queried, "Why am I so afflicted?" her spiritual ear was saluted with this answer: "My beloved Son, who never offended me, drank of the cup before thee."—"And thus," said she, in speaking of it, "I am helped along with one kind hint after another." In a solemn prayer to the Almighty for his support, when about to undergo a painful operation, she reverently closed with the following words: "Thou art the God of my life, who has kept me, and fed me all my life long. Be now near and support by thy presence, and if it is thy will to put an end to my being here, I submit. Be graciously pleased to give me rest in thy mansion, with thy dear Son the lamb immaculate, forever and ever!" A distinguished cotemporary said of her, "She lived and died unmarried, a pattern of modest virtue."

There is, we apprehend, a lesson to be derived from the perusal of the following singularly characteristic epistle, which we introduce in the present connection. It brings to mind the humbling caution, "let him that is without sin cast the first stone;" and it shows us that those who approach most nearly to the blameless Exampler, are the most tender in extending admonition, or even rebuke. Upon few have the limitations of Truth been placed with greater strictness than upon JOHN WOOLMAN. Few perhaps, if any, have been more faithfully observant of them than he. Few have turned inward upon themselves a severer scrutiny, or have turned upon others a milder and more loving eye. Unreserved in his dedication to manifested duty, he was filled with that fervent charity which thinketh no evil, and doth not behave itself unseemly. He walked by that Spirit which James Naylor felt in dying, which, "as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other." And when, in the Divine illumination with which he was eminently favored, it was given him to see that by the example of any, others were "in danger of being

diverted from close attention to the light of life," instead of passing prompt judgment upon them, it was his concern in the love of Him by whom his own goings had been established, to remind such that there were *lessons for them and him yet to learn;* remembering that "Christ of old time taught the people as they were able to bear it,"—and having "regard to the state of their minds." He could thus, in marking his friend and younger sister's indulgence in some things against which he felt that the Truth must testify, perceive also that *the Lord had in great measure, weaned her mind from all these things;* and he could publicly manifest christian unity, with "*a reserve*" which he communicated to her alone, in that perfect love which casteth out fear.

To our mind, this letter touchingly depicts the writer as faithfully attentive to his Master's interests, and full of kindness also to his fellow servants.

JOHN WOOLMAN TO ELIZABETH SMITH.

BELOVED SISTER,—I have often had a tender feeling with thee in thy outward afflictions, and I trust, in some measure, with thee in thy inward exercises. I believe our afflictions are often permitted by our heavenly Father for our more full and perfect refining.

The Truth, my dear sister, hath been precious in thy sight, and I trust remains to be to thee as precious as ever.

In the pure and undefiled way, that which is not of the Father, but of the world, is purged out.

Christ of old time taught the people as they were able to bear it, and I believe, my dear friend, there are lessons for thee and me yet to learn. Friends from the country and in the city, are often at thy house, and when they behold amongst thy furniture some things which are not agreeable to the purity of Truth, the minds of some, I believe at times, are in danger of being diverted from so close an attention to the Light of life as is necessary for us.

I believe, my dear friend, the LORD hath weaned thy mind

in a great measure, from all these things, and when I signed thy certificate, expressing thee to be exemplary, I had regard to the state of thy mind as it appeared to me; but many times since I signed it, I felt a desire to open to thee a reserve which I then, and since often felt, as to the exemplariness of those things amongst thy furniture which are against the purity of our principles.

I trust the GREAT FRIEND and Helper is near thee, in whose love I remain thy friend,

JOHN WOOLMAN.

28*th da.*, 4*th mo.*, 1772.

I desired my wife to keep this letter for thee when she might see thee.

R. J. TO C. PEYTON.*

My dear and much esteemed friend, C Peyton,—Feeling the arising of divine help and consolation in my soul, after a time of deep wading and travail in spirit before the Lord, I with a grateful sense of the salvation of a gracious God, and the tender care thou expressed for my welfare in thy last letter to A. B., have set pen to paper just to acquaint thee that I am alive, and, blessed be the God of my life, I feel an increasing love for Truth, for the further I see and witness of the workings and power of it, the more I rejoice in Christ Jesus that I have been counted worthy to have a sense of it. Lord grant, saith my soul, that the visitation may be extended to thousands more, even of them who at present seem dead in sins and trespasses, (as I was when at first reached,) to the awakening, quickening, and raising from a state of death and separation from God, to a state of favor and acceptance with Him.

My dear friend, the love I bear thee causes me to use great

* C. Peyton married in 1772. Of course this letter which is without date, was written before that time. It is in the juvenile hand of R. J., and the date, it is supposed, should be 1759. If so, she was then about 20 years of age.

freedom. I desire if thou find aught to write, thou mayst send it, for in a spiritual relation, I can, in a feeling sense, call thee my beloved parent in Christ, through whom I received the first awakening stroke. Oh may I ever bear in mind the mercy and loving kindness of God to my soul: for a sense thereof has many times sweetened and made easy that which to the creaturely part was hard and bitter.

I would not burden thee with many words, but draw quickly to a conclusion, for I trust thou canst feel (though at a distance in body) the circulation of that spring of love and life that cements the whole flock and family the world over. Our youth here seem wonderfully favored, and many will, I hope, be made useful in the Lord's time, and qualified to fill up the places of those who have faithfully served Him in their day, when they shall be called from works to rewards.

Friends here, in general, are in pretty good health. If thou shouldst meet with Joseph White, please to remember my love to him, and tell him, I heard a few days ago that his family were well, and the young man, Benjamin Hinton, who had appeared at the Falls Meeting, seems to grow, and promisingly appears a well concerned minister." * * * * *

In a copy of the epistle from the Yearly Meeting of Women Friends of Philadelphia, held Ninth month, 1755, to the corresponding body of London, preserved by R. Jones, we note the following paragraphs, which are interesting in the present connection. as C. Phillips had been made to her the instrument of much good. (It is regretted that we have not been able to find their correspondence.)

"We have to inform you that this, our annual assembly, hath been large and attended with the continuation of heavenly and merciful regard, graciously manifested for our help and encouragement, both immediately and instrumentally; having been favored at these opportunities with the company of our worthy and well esteemed friends from Europe, Jonah Thomson, Joshua Dixon, Samuel Fothergill, Mary Peisly, and Catharine Peyton, whose solid and edifying labors of love in the gospel of Christ, we have good grounds to believe, have been made effectual to the awakening of some, and we trust will be blest by

Him who gives the increase, to the bringing them into a nearer acquaintance with the one Shepherd of Israel, under whose teachings they may be favored to find true rest to their souls."

"The reports from some quarters further signify that a religious visit to Friends, families amongst them, has lately been performed to good satisfaction, in which weighty service Friends of this city are now engaged, and so far as they have proceeded, have met with satisfaction, having therein been favored with renewings of strength from the Divine hand, and also with the acceptable company and solidly helpful labors of our well beloved friends Mary Peisly and Catharine Peyton."

As she was early associated in religious service with Rachel Wilson, the following testimony of the same meeting, given in like manner in 1769, having been preserved by R. J., may here be inserted.

"We have been favored with the company of our well esteemed friend Rachel Wilson, from Europe, whose unwearied labors in the service of the gospel on this continent, have, we trust, proved effectual, thro' the divine blessing, not only to the removing of prejudices, and making room in the minds of the people for the admission of those important truths relative to life and salvation, but have likewise tended to the building up and edifying of the body in love; that praises may ascend to Him, who is over all worthy forever."

R. J. to M. Rickey.

Philadelphia. 1759.

Respected Friend,—It appears to me plainly, that the query proposed to thee is not applicable, because they that pretend to no supernatural wisdom make no pretensions to religion, and so differ little from the animal part of creation; although a measure of the same grace and good spirit of God is given to them whereby they may know the mind of heaven concerning them, if they hinder not its work in their hearts by suffering the lust of the flesh and of the eye, and the pride of life, to crowd in and fill up the heart. But we, who profess to be led and guided by the spirit of Truth, and are sensible that we have a monitor within that will not only dictate to us our duties, but if we ask in faith, nothing doubting, will also give ability to perform that

which it makes known to be consistent with the will of Providence,—I say, we, who are making such a profession as this, are not only "to expect such guidance," but it is our indispensable duty to seek to him for counsel and direction, if we expect from him a blessing. But they who are regardless of their future welfare, who mind only earthly things, set their affections only on visible objects that are fading and transitory, they look no further, and if they accomplish their desires by having a companion to assist in this life, that they may live comfortably here, they think that they need look no further. But they who are favored with a prospect of a future state, and compare this little span of time here, with that immense ocean of eternity, are satisfied that their chief interest lies in making preparation for it, seeing that our time here, when compared with eternity, is but as a drop to a fountain. But at the same time, my friend, I would remark, that if we only pretend to be actuated by that grand and noble principle of Truth,—if we are only satisfying ourselves with a name to Christianity, and at the same time are destitute of the life and power of religion, we are mocking God, and deceiving our own poor souls. And such as these are, I fear, in a worse state than those who openly rebel and manifest that they are children of the world, and so enemies to the Cross; because they are true to their king, though he be an enemy to the kingdom of love and light. But these who are in the service of the devil, and yet pretend loyalty to God, are deceivers in his sight, and he beholds them with derision. In short, love begets love, and where 'tis from a motive of love that is *pure*, and the person's expressions agreeing with Truth, (for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,) when we see that they are founded upon the sure immovable foundation, we need not fear adversity, neither shall we in prosperity be lifted up.

It is religion only that beautifies, and where that is wanting, (I don't mean a name only,) the distinction between a reprobate and a Christian is also wanting. I hope with thee, that thou mayst with sincerity, seek wisdom and counsel of God, and

then, if it is with sincerity, he will hear and answer thy request. It is my prayer that thou mayst be favored with the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, for I am of the faith that our God will raise up from amongst the youth of this generation, faithful men and true hearted women that need not be ashamed, some laboring in a private and some in a public manner, for the exaltation of the blessed Truth, if they stifle not that which will burn up all the chaffy part, and purify the heart thoroughly, and make them fit vessels to contain the precious treasures of the heavenly gifts. May we be of this happy number, that we may know the purging power of Truth, to do away all that which is of an unsanctified, unholy, impure nature, that being quickened by the life of religion, we may be able to glorify God in our day, age and generation, and that,whether single or married, living or dying, we may have the evidence in ourselves that we are his,—is what I earnestly desire. R. J.

An ancient mansion stands No. 8, Drinker's alley, Philadelphia. Its kitchen window, which opens to the westward, afforded, at the time of which we write, a cheerful prospect of a pleasant garden, the site of which is now occupied by a smith's shop. On a pane of said window may be read the name of Mary Jones, and of three others of the same sirname, inscribed, probably, with a diamond. Here dwelt the mother of R. Jones; here Rebecca and her friend, H. Cathrall, succeeded her in her school, which was continued in this place till the departure of the former for Great Britain. An intimacy subsisted between R. Jones and John Woolman, and she sometimes spent the principal part of the summer vacation at his house. We have lying before us several specimens of his more careful penmanship, in writing copies performed by him to be imitated by the pupils of his friend, and which were used in her school, of which he was an occasional visitor.

"Knowledge shall be promoted by frequent exercise."
"Happy hours are quickly followed by amazing vexations."
"Just be thy thought and every word sincere,

And know no wish but what the world may hear."
"If thou knowest CHRIST, thou needst know little more—
If not, all's lost that thou hast known before."
"Censure none rashly; Nature's apt to halt;
Look inward; He's unborn that has no fault."

On the night succeeding the Select Quarterly Meeting-day, in the Second month, probably about the year 1762, a great fall of snow occurred, which was next morning piled by an eddy half way up the door and window of our friends in Drinker's alley, who were apprehensive that they might not be able to make their way through the snow drifts to Quarterly Meeting. R. Jones opened the door to sweep the snow from the step, and found to her surprise, the pavement cleared, and a path made down the alley to Front street. Whilst she was preparing the morning repast, John Woolman entered, saying that he thought he had earned his breakfast. Having spent the previous night at Reuben Haines', in High Street near Fourth, he arose early, and remembering the lone sisters in their need, and ever ready for an appropriate labor of love, however humble, he took with him from his lodgings, a snow shovel, proceeded (wading through the deep snow from Second street downwards,) and cleared a path from R. Jones' to the Bank Meeting, in Front near Mulberry street. After breakfast he made a passage to Second street for the benefit of the scholars.

A letter from John Woolman to R. Jones, dated Mount Holly 4Mo. 20th, 1772, contains as is supposed, a reference to this visit, and concludes with commending her "to Him who is a FATHER, a COUNSELLOR and SAFE PROTECTOR to his family, through the various difficulties which attend them in this world."

"8Mo. 20th. 1772. "This day our beloved friend Sarah Morris laid her concern to visit friends in Europe before our Second day morning meeting for its consideration. She expressed her feeling with much weight and brokenness, and informed that she had had a distant prospect of that service for many years, but that since the decease of her dear mother it had been nearer and now was very weighty upon her. Friends expressed much

sympathy and unity with her; and next fourth day she intends for Burlington, there to confer with our dear friend Elizabeth Smith, who is under the like concern."

By the following minute of Burlington Quarterly Meeting, held at Chesterfield 5Mo. 25th, 1772, it is inferred that our friend was at the time of its date engaged in religious service abroad with a certificate. "We were now favored with the company of our esteemed friends Rebecca Jones and Joyce Benezet, to our satisfaction and comfort."

The following Address by John Drinker to Rebecca Jones and Hannah Cathrall, 3d month 1783, is inserted, not on account of its metrical garb, but for the excellence of the sentiments, and as a memento of the the writer.

THE CHRISTIAN QUAKER IN ABSTRACT.

Inscribed to the Virgin Sisters.

Wayward th' affections of the human heart;
Deceitful maze—perplexing labyrinth!
Its secret errors who can understand?
Who (1) loose the seals, and ope the conscious book,
Where (2) hidden things of darkness are reveal'd!
Who there the mystic character can read?
The (3) dread hand writing who decypher there?
The coward fears to enter this profound!
The humbly honest dares himself to know;
Dares to pervade these deeps, and pass the vale
Of death—for death must be subdued, ere life
Rise in dominion! Not by human strength
Is victory acquired; but faith in Him
Who leads death captive—lo! the (4) Shibboleth,
Distinguishing professing infidels
From true believers—(5) "Who will save his life,
Must lose it;" but who willingly resigns,
(6) "Shall save it," and the gloomy veil of night

(1) Rev. v. 1, 2. (2) 1 Cor. iv. 5. (3) Dan. v. 5.
(4) Judges xii. 6. (5) Matt. x. 39. (6) Matt. x. 39.

That (7) overspread the temple, shall be rent;
The quicken'd mind shall issue from its (8) grave,
And know (9) "the resurrection unto life!"
(10) O ye of little faith! ye slow of heart,
Reluctant still to understand the Truth,
The Spirit's breathing language to the Church;
Why will ye doubt?—(11) "Ye gates lift up your heads!"
Be lifted up ye everlasting doors!
And let the King of Glory enter in;
And sway his (12) righteous scepter—know ye not
Your proper dignity, ye sons of men?
Be still, and know, that "if not reprobates,
(13) Heaven's kingdom is within you"—there enthron'd
In light, the mighty (14) "Heir of all things" sits!
Dispelling darkness—(15) "old things done away,
All things are new; new heavens and new earth,
In which dwell righteousness," and peace and joy,
Blest harmony of happy polity!
Than which (16) "no other name," no other power
Can yield secure felicity to man.
Infallibly sufficient to its end,
(17) Above all principalities and powers,
In heaven and earth, this power is over all.
O Fox! by strong philanthropy impell'd,
To leave thy fleecy care, and as a crook
Of the good shepherd, to collect the strays,
The hungry wanderers o'er the barren hills
Of dry profession and of wither'd forms;
To feed within the heavenly Pastor's care,
Increasing strength on pastures ever green:
How wast thou arm'd with all-subduing love,
To brave the savage, persecuting wolf;
Deep learn'd, unletter'd, much enduring George!

(7) Matt. xxvii. 51. (8) Matt. xxvii. 53. (9) John v. 29.
(10) Matt. vi. 30. (11) Ps. xxiv. 7. (12) Heb. i. 8.
(13) 2 Cor. xiii. 5. (14) Heb. i. 2. (15) 2 Cor. xv. 17.
(16) Acts iv. 12. (17) Eph. i. 21. Peter iii. 13.

Oft I remember thy triumphant song!
"God's power is over all,"—soul gladd'ning truth!
True fortitude's firm base, whose high import,
In holy, humble confidence possess'd,
Transcends all else which human intellect
Can compass of sublime intelligence.
Few men who reason, but in words allow
One all-creating cause, omniscient,
One omnipresent Lord, omnipotent!
And yet, how few sincerely thus believe;
Sincerely seek to know his sovereign rule.
Commanding silent reverence, awful dread!
Subduing all things in them to himself!
Most will acknowledge, this the only ground
Of true religion—this, in theory,
Perhaps, can finite wisdom comprehend;
Yet will that wisdom, through attachment strong,
To earth's low joys, perversely still reject,
Truth's life-renewing, efficacious power:
And hence (18) "not many rich, not many wise,"
"Not many mighty," number'd are with those,
Who (19) through great tribulation brought, have known
A new creation in them; known their robes
Wash'd from polluting stain, cleansed in the stream
Of the new covenant of love and life!
Who feed (20) on hidden manna, (21) not sustain'd
By outward bread alone; whose life is hid
From the gross view of reasoning power in man;
Which sits exalted in the scorner's seat,
Fancying the way of these is (22) Foolishness;
Nor can that (23) vulture's eye e'er penetrate,
Into the wisdom, and the blessedness,
In which those meek of heart pavilion'd are,
Their way (24) a mystery, from ages hid;

(18) 1 Cor. i. 26. (19) Rev. viii. 14. (20) Rev. ii. 17.
(21) Deu. viii. 3. (22) 1 Cor. i. 18. (23) Job xxviii. 7.
(24) Col. i. 26.

Although a shining light! a way untrod,
(25) By rav'ning beast of prey, or lion's whelp,
Or reptile venomous—pure wisdom's way!
That wisdom which proud men call foolishness:
Not knowing in themselves that appetite
Which (26) hungers for the life of righteousness:
That living thirst that ever longs to taste
The (27) sincere milk of the immortal Word!
By which the worlds were made; in whom is life,
Which life remains to be (28) "the light of men."
O! (29) "full of grace and truth," in thee alone,
The adoption is; the reconciling power,
Uniting man to God—(30) "Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done in earth, as done in heaven:
Thine is the power," O teach my heart to feel
The force of this great truth?—feel! thence to arise
The voice of melody (31) "spring up O well!
"And we will sing to thee" the anthem high,
'GOD'S POWER IS OVER ALL."

R. J. TO ELIZABETH ROBINSON, (THEN IN ENGLAND.)

Philadelphia, 6th mo. 25, 1775.

My beloved Friend,—As thou hast been so particularly near my spirit to-day, I thought this evening, while my dear Hannah is at meeting, I would stain a little more paper in writing to thee. I wrote thee by Capt. Falconer, the next week after thou embarked, which I hope will be soon received if it has not been already. And now I may tell thee that our dear friend, S. Morris, is so much relieved (though not well,) that she was at Germantown Meeting last First day, and this morning at our great house, in both which she kept her seat and preached the gospel. My dear Hannah appeared in public ministry this day two weeks, while I was at Salem attending the Yearly and

(25) Job xxviii. 7. (26) Matt. v. 6. (27) 1 Peter ii. 2.
(28) John i. 4. (29) John i. 14. (30) Matt. vi. 10.
(31) Numb. xxi. 17.

Quarterly Meetings there. I took Woodbury, Pilesgrove and Alloways creek in my way. Wm. Brown, Isaac Andrews, and Grace Fisher, had good service there [at Salem,] and poor I, as usual, in such large meetings, was favored to keep pretty still all but one day.

We this day visited Samuel Smith and wife. Since the morning meeting, S. Emlen told me he was much with the dear Friends at London, and he fixed thee at Devonshire House, M. Leaver at the Peel, and Robert at Gracious Street. He almost set me a longing to be with you.

* * * * * * * * *

I wish I was able to give thee a cheering account of matters here, but that I cannot. Oh for the testimony, how it is trampled upon by many in profession with us! Last First day morning a Friend, by name Martha Harris, (whom thou must have known,) began at Pine street, then went to G. House, and lastly at Bank, with the same message to all. She left her bonnet at the door, walked up the meeting house through all the upper and lower galleries, then very gradually through the passages, under them, and then turned about to the meeting and said with an audible voice—"Dear Friends, look to the God of Heaven and of the whole earth, for he is about to search his camp—this is truth and no lie,"—after which she withdrew, and went home to North Wales, without attending any other meeting. She appeared to me to be under a very great exercise, and I was not uneasy with it, though many others were much so. Neither did I find that her singular appearance did in the least disturb or unsettle any of the meetings. I am sure it did not ours.

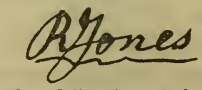
* * * * * * * * *

I am in hopes we are not all mistaken in supposing you now in London. If not, I am much out in my prospects, thinking you all there the 1st inst.

Now methinks I should be sorry to tire thee, but thou knowest I did not use to be tired of being with thee, and this a little supplies the place of conversation. Allow me to say, my heart

loves thee, and fervently wishes thou mayst be preserved faithful to the end of thy days. I am encouraged in my present state of great weakness and poverty, in the remembrance of thy unreserved dedication to the Master's counsel. Dear friend, have me in thy remembrance, for indeed I am a poor, feeble child, and sometimes doubt ever being otherwise; yet, if I know my own heart, I wish to be what the gracious, compassionate Father of the family intends, whatever conflicts and difficulties may attend.

My spirit salutes thee in true gospel fellowship, and bids thee farewell in the Lord.



Respecting this friend, R. J. has left the following brief note:

"1773, 9th mo.—Robert Walker and Elizabeth Robinson, arrived from Yorkshire; both faithful laborers in the Lord's work, and delivered many warnings in this land. Sailed from Chester in the 4th month, 1775."

Of a visit performed in 1779, within the limits of Baltimore, and probably also of Virginia Yearly Meeting, little is known beyond what is contained in the following letter.

R. Jones to Warner Mifflin.

Philadelphia, 8th mo., 1779.

Esteemed Friend, Warner Mifflin,—Although I was somewhat disappointed on the return of my dear companion from your Quarter, she informing me thou had not found time to write to me, I feel the prevalence of that disposition ever worthy of aspiring after, "do as thou wouldst be done by," and therefore—

I may inform thee respecting myself, (R. Chambers, I suppose, has given thee her account,) that after thou left us we were poor and quiet some days, and after attending Fairfax and Goose Creek Preparative Meetings, and the Monthly Meeting

at Fairfax, were in the resignation to go forward, if best, and in order thereunto, accompanied by Jos. Janney, Mahlon and his sister Mary, we the next First day got as far as South Fork, attended that meeting, which was a time of deep exercise, and went five miles further on our way to John Gibson's (his wife Ruth in a poor way, and glad to see us,) where we lodged. In the morning, my very enfeebled state, both of body and mind, together with the deep and singular provings and exercises I had undergone in this journey, so discouraged me, that upon Rebecca's saying she thought of setting her face homewards, I at once submitted to her prospect, not daring to proceed on my own concern barely; and here I think we missed it, for I now believe if we had kept more in patience, and clave close to the great Master, we might, at least, have returned with as much, if not a greater share of peace. As to the propriety of your all leaving us in that wilderness, I leave it; if you have settled it with your Master, I dare not judge. Warner, I am a poor, feeble, tottering child, and am thankful at times that I see myself so; and this sense, though it does sometimes prevail to the retarding of my own steps, yet is, I believe, intended in mercy to keep my feet from sliding. Oh, the necessity of dwelling deep! ever watchful on the pointings of that hand that doeth all things well; for want of which my own hand hath sometimes lifted itself up, and in so doing, I have not failed to make work for repentance. I concur in thy sense of things in those parts as expressed in thy letter to my H. C.; but must tell thee the field of painful labor yet remains open, and many hands may also lighten the work there, as well as in other places. We took some meetings on our return, such as Monomy, Bush Creek, Pipe Creek, Monallen, and Huntington, and left all the rest for another time, or other hands. I am often encouraged in remembering the apostle's declaration, "If there be first in you a willing mind, a man is accepted according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not." So that to be entirely willing, or in other words, unreservedly dedicated to the Lord's serving, is the sure prelude to his blessed favor

and acceptance; this I am laboring according to my little measure for, and sometimes think I feel pretty near it, when, may-be, in the instant moment of struggling, the poor unmortified creature shrinks, draws its neck from the yoke, and its shoulder from the burthen, and then it is all to do over again with renewed exercise and increasing labor. It may be that this is only my case. However, I do breathe for strength to follow on, and if I cannot keep company with the foremost, I hope I may come up in the rear, so as that I may not be left quite behind.

Give my love to thy spouse, and to Daniel and his wife, in which my companion unites, and also in the expression of care for Daniel and his amiable Deborah, that they may not only see and approve that which is excellent, but with heart and hand join in with the tender visitation of love and mercy, so as they may, by the sanctifying operation of truth, be made what the Lord would have them be, not serving themselves, but him who died for them, and who has bought them with no less a price than his own blood. Stupendous thought! Matchless love and mercy! which we can never too much adore, nor will the greatest returns in our power to make, be adequate to such infinite loving-kindness." * * * R. J.

DAVID SANDS TO R. JONES AND H. CATHRALL.

New Cornwall, 10th of 9th mo. 1781.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We read, as from the lips of our blessed Lord, that blessed are the poor in spirit. I have viewed you as a part of this number, who have your way through much poverty, and at times great tribulation, in which situation I can at present sympathise with you in some measure, I having been for some time past in rather a low spot; having had several poor turns as to my health, and I think I find myself under more weakness of body since I left Philadelphia than ever before; having been much of the time hardly able to sit a long

meeting; . . . and under these trials my mind seems to be stayed on the Lord, in hope that if it is his will that this earthern tabernacle should be dissolved, I shall, through the merits and mediation of a Redeemer, gain an admittance into those joys that are unspeakable and full of glory. I have had to remember you in much affection and nearness, and the many useful little hints you occasionally dropped in my hearing, as also the letters I received from you at the Western Quarter, and esteem your cares and kindness as the truest tokens of real friendship. I believe I should have written to you before now if I had been at home; . . . but I thought at this time, duty and inclination joined in strengthening my hands to take up the pen and endeavour to make some small retaliation* for the favors and kindness received; and withal, in hopes of drawing some small bill on one or both of your pens, as I shall, I believe, always be glad of a line from you whenever freedom and opportunity will admit, and shall endeavour to make the best remittance I am capable of, which is but small. I have looked at your situation as a life of care, and much exercise in your outward employment, as well as in your more public, and, what if I also say private labors; still I do believe it is by direction of best wisdom, and in providential care for the help and welfare of Friends in the city, both parents and children. Though I believe this favor, like many others, is too lightly thought of by some, yet I believe there is a remnant preserved in a living sense thereof, unto whom you are often made very near. And I have sometimes thought there is abundant cause for the honest hearted to be encouraged in hope, that though Israel be not gathered according to their desire, yet they are still glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and their God will be their strength. But notwithstanding what I have said, I don't mean to confine your labors within the walls of the city; be-

* The sense in which this word is now generally used of returning injury for injury, appears to be a modern application, Its original meaning is a return of like for like.—Ed. Friends Review.

lieving that if I have to accuse you of any neglect of duty, it is in not being more given up to visit the more remote parts of the family. And I may say, I have sometimes thought there appeared too many *buts* and *ifs*, and these I have feared were sometimes too much given way to, to the hindrance of some services that might prove advantageous to yourselves, and shall I say, to many of the sheep and lambs that the Master has ordered to be fed, I shall leave you to find or judge by whom.

Thus my dear friends and sisters, I shall conclude with desire for your prosperity every way, and remain your truly loving and affectionate friend,

DAVID SANDS.

R. J. TO EDWARD CATHRALL.

Philadelphia, 7th mo. 25th, 1782.

DEAR EDWARD,—Since thou left thy father's house my mind has many times turned towards thee, sincerely desiring that thou mayst not only witness preservation from every temptation that may present to draw thee still further from the path of innocence, but that by a steady adherence to the quick and powerful WORD in the secret of thy own mind, thou mayst be brought into an acquaintance with a state of true inward stillness, in which thou mayst be favored to understand the things that belong to thy soul's peace—which is of the greatest consequence both to the aged and to the youth; especially when we consider that our stay in this world is very uncertain, and that, after we have done with things below, we must appear before a righteous tribunal, there to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil. How careful then ought we to be in our steppings through time; how watchful should be our words and actions! Retirement of mind is such an excellent situation, (I have found it so,) that I cannot but recommend it to thee. Mayst thou often retire alone, and rather choose to be so, than in such company as may have a tendency to do thee hurt. Young people who are inexperienced, are often drawn into

things highly improper, if not offensive, in the sight of heaven, for want of keeping on their guard in this very spot: whereas, if they did but love silence, and to hearken to the monitions of Divine grace in their own hearts, they would grow up in good liking, yea, in favor with God and man. My heart prays for thy preservation, and that thou mayst, now in a state of separation from all thy tender connections, be met with by Him who is willing to do them good, and who is waiting to be gracious to the descendants of those who have loved and served Him, as thy grand parents did.

Keep this letter to thyself, and read it over leisurely, it is the language of one of thy best friends.

5th mo., *5th*, 1783, *R. J. notes.*—"I awoke this morning with the following passage: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Oh, my soul, treasure up and improve under the present favor. "16th—This day Samuel Emlen opened a concern for visiting England the fifth time." On the 6th of 7th mo., having attended three meetings under great exercise and conflict, she records a petition to be preserved from murmuring, and helped to redeem Time. 10th mo., 27th, she opened to the 2d day morning meeting, and 11th mo., 24th, to her Monthly meeting, the prospect of the important and extensive service, upon which she was soon to enter; and under the last date, she remarks, "Divine help was near, and our spirits were baptized together under its blessed influence." 29th, she notes, "10½ o'clock—a still, clear sky—an awful shock of an earthquake."

CHAPTER III.

1784.

Credentials for England—Embarcation—Anecdotes of S. Emlen, Geo. Dillwyn, &c.—Letter from Capt. Truxton—Reaches Liverpool, London—C. Hustler joins her—Letter to H. Cathrall—Establishment of Women's Yearly Meeting—Extract from a Curious Letter.

Having long felt an engagement to make a religious visit beyond the Atlantic, a certificate was granted her by Philadelphia Monthly Meeting for the Northern District, on the 27th of 1st mo., 1784, addressed "To our friends and brethren in Great Britain and elsewhere in Europe." In this document, her friends say, "We find our minds nearly united to her, in Christian fellowship and sympathy,—she being one whose life and conversation becomes our Christian profession, and her ministry sound and edifying." This certificate was signed by 112 Friends, only one of whom, a woman Friend, aged nearly 90 years, a former pupil of R. J., is now living. An endorsement from the Quarterly Meeting held the 2d of the Second month, expressed "a prevailing sense of near union and sympathy with our beloved sister in her religious exercise, under which she has secretly labored several years, which lately reviving with increasing weight, she hath now solidly communicated to us." The following certificate was granted by the Select Yearly Meeting, held by adjournments from the 27th of 3d month, to the 30th of the same, inclusive.

To our Brethren and Sisters in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere in Europe.

Dear Friends:—We salute you in a thankful sense of the continued love of Christ, through the efficacy whereof faithful servants are drawn forth to labour in his Church; and commend unto you Rebecca Jones, our much esteemed sister, who has, with the approbation of the

Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, as expressed in their certificate, now spread before us an exercise that has for some years attended her mind, religiously to visit you, which has brought a solemn weight over this assembly, uniting us with her concern, and giving us an evidence of duty to resign her to the Lord's will and guidance in her procedure on this weighty undertaking. Greatly desiring that the protecting providence of the Almighty may preserve her by sea and land, and that by humbly continuing under his holy anointing, she may be daily qualified to perform the work whereunto he appoints her, to the honor of Truth, her own peace, and the comfort of the faithful among you, to whose tender sympathy and Christian fellowship we affectionately recommend her, and remain your loving friends. [Signed by 130 Friends.]

These testimonials, given forth by the church, are well calculated to introduce her to the confidence of those who cannot recall her memory; whilst those who knew her, and in whose hearts an indelible memorial lives, may perhaps, in the perusal of them, find themselves in the midst of thronging remembrances of the palmy days of our Society. May such Friends, the venerable relics of the race

"Who danced our infancy upon their knee,"

be favoured with a Pisgah view of the day, when He, whose presidency was then so eminently felt, shall restore judges and counsellors, and qualify his servants to build again the waste places.

From the diary of Katharine Howell we extract the following passages:

"4*th mo.* 20*th*, 1784.—Went down to see my valued friend, R. Jones, before her departure. A great number of friends came, and we had a favored time. Rebecca Jones and W. Savery spoke excellently."

"21*st*.—Mary Smith took a seat with my husband and self, and left the city with the intention of accompanying our beloved friends to the ship. Phebe Pemberton, Mary Pleasants, Rebecca Jones and Hannah Cathrall, Thomas Ross, John Parrish, wife, and sister Patience Marshall, and Mary Compton, joined us at the ferry; S. Smith, Mehetabel Jenkins, David Ba-

con and daughter, Joseph Jenks and wife, having crossed before us. Mary Armitt, Elizabeth Foulke, Anne and Susanna Dillwyn, Rumford Dawes, and Nancy Emlen, soon overtook us on our arrival at Chester, where we dined, and where we found Margaret Haines and son, and Sally Greenleaf. Richard Vaux and Elizabeth Roberts, Samuel Elam and Hester Fisher, came in soon after, and James Bringhurst drove Samuel Emlen and John Cox. H. Drinker and son, and Samuel Emlen, Jr., came on horseback, and I believe we had been there more than an hour, when George Dillwyn and wife, Margaret Morris and son, Henry Hull and Patty Moore, driven by Richard Wells, arrived. Reached Wilmington after 5 o'clock, and were taken by our kind neighbor, Rumford Dawes, to his brother Harvey's, where a good cup of tea proved grateful to many. At 6 o'clock there was an evening meeting appointed.

"*First day*, *4th mo.* 25*th*.—We crossed the ferry about 8, A. M., after a very pleasant ride to New Castle, had a sitting with our dear friends in a public house, after which there was liberty given, and a meeting held in the Court House. After dinner we took an affectionate leave of each other, and our friends went on board of the ship Commerce, Captain Truxton, about 4 o'clock."

Relative to her embarkation, we find the following note in R. J.'s sea journal:

"Embarked at Newcastle on board the ship Commerce, Capt. Thomas Truxton, commander, the 25th of the 4th mo., 1784, in company with my valued friends, Thomas Ross,* Samuel

*The following incident respecting Thomas Ross, was mentioned in my hearing, long after his death, by a friend who was personally acquainted with him.

While his mind was under exercise with the prospect of a visit to Europe, but before he had given up to the service, he was one day thrown from his horse, and his foot being fixed in the stirrup, he was dragged some distance, probably a very short one, in that perilous situation. His mind recurring to this engagement, as one from which he was improperly shrinking, he breathed forth a petition: "Lord spare my life and I'll go;" when some of the fixtures giving way, he was instantly released.—[*Editor of Friends' Review.*

Emlen and son Samuel, George and Sarah Dillwyn, and Mehetabel Jenkins, all intending for Great Britain." She also preserved the names of the cabin and steerage passengers, ship's hands and common men, her interest extending to all ranks and conditions of men, desiring the welfare of all, and being more than willing to be made helpful to any.

Succeeding this catalogue of names, we find the following passage:

"Having for many years had a prospect of duty to pay a religious visit to Friends in Great Britain, under which my heart was often bowed within me, secretly desiring that if it was indeed the Lord's requiring, my will might be brought into a perfect state of resignation to his holy will; at length my mind was fully given up, trusting in a gracious promise which I was favored with from the source of all true blessedness and comfort, with this charge, 'Look not out, and all things necessary shall be furnished.' In the regular precious order of truth, I laid the same before my dear friends, who in sympathy and unity therewith, signified their concurrence in the Monthly, Quarterly, and General Spring Meetings. And though I was favored as it passed from stage to stage, so that my mind was preserved entirely clear of doubting, yet it was my constant desire, (the which I each time told my friends feelingly,) 'that the Divine will only might be done.' The before-named friends, under the like exercise, being all set at liberty, and the aforesaid ship offering, we felt easy to take our passage therein, in a humble depending frame of mind, believing that if it was the Lord's will, we might reach the next Yearly Meeting at London."

An incident connected with their embarkation is worthy of recital, as illustrative of the benefit which the true disciple may receive from an entire dependence upon the all-sufficient Teacher. Two ships were in readiness to sail for London. One was a large merchant vessel; the other, a smaller one, had been built for a privateer, and was especially adapted for fast sailing.

Rebecca and her associates in the proposed voyage, visited the two ships, to decide between them; and went first on board the larger one, which had been preferred by many of their friends. They seated themselves in the cabin, and Samuel Emlen first broke the silence by saying "Death and darkness!" A similar feeling of uneasiness in reference to this vessel pervaded the minds of the others. On taking their seats in the smaller ship, a clear evidence was vouchsafed them, that it would be right for them to take their passages in her—which they did accordingly, and in due time the reader will have occasion to remember that there is a "Wisdom profitable to direct," which was remarkably confirmed in the experience of our friends.

The next day after they found themselves out at sea, their rough Captain (subsequently Commodore Truxton,) opened a locker and threw in a pack of cards, saying "lie there—you 'll see daylight no more—in compliment to these Friends." And at the table he took up his glass of beer, saying, "Here's hoping that *we friends* may reach London timely for the Yearly Meeting!"—which, it will be remembered, had been their desire, though from the shortness of the time it was not confidently expected for them.

After clearing the capes of Delaware and discharging the Pilot, Truxton joined our friends in the cabin, and having obtained their assent to some pertinent remarks upon the mutual benefit which persons confined within such narrow limits would derive from making themselves agreeable to each other, he observed that there was one thing they could do which would very much displease him. They of course desired to be apprised of his meaning. "It is," said he, "for you to know that there is anything in my power which will contribute to your comfort, and not to ask for it."

The kind disposition thus indicated, was continued by him through the voyage, and his high estimate of the qualities of R. Jones was frequently evinced. As an illustration of this we may be allowed to quote a rather extravagant speech which he made

at a London Coffee House soon after their arrival in speaking of her to his brother captains and merchants—"that he had brought over an American Quaker lady who possessed more sense than both Houses of Parliament."

One day R. Jones going upon deck, saw George Dillwyn seated in pensive mood upon the chicken coop (which on ship board is ordinarily fitted for a seat.) He said to her, "Rebecca, canst thou keep a secret?" To which she replied, that she was not in the habit of prying into other people's secrets, but that she could keep them when entrusted to her. "Well, then," said he, "I think we shall see land next First day." They were soon joined by all their companions except Thomas Ross, who was confined in his cabin (as will hereafter appear) by a hurt. R. J. remembering the lonely situation of the latter, went to sit with him. He accosted her in the same words, querying if she could keep a secret; to which she repeated her former reply. He then expressed the same prospect, that they should see land next First day. On First day morning (5th mo. 22d, 1784,) George rose very early, and, standing on the quarter deck with his arms folded behind him, he called out with a firm voice, "land ahead!" The Captain being still in his berth, hastened up in alarm, and asked who had called "land ahead." George, calmly retaining his position, in a few minutes repeated his call. The captain immediately ordered to the mast-head a man who was noted for distant sight, to keep a look out. When after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, no sign of land could be discovered, the Captain sharply rebuked G. D. for the false alarm, which might, he said, have led to serious consequences. George stood unmoved, and called, in a firm tone, and louder than before, "land ahead!" The puzzled Captain ordered the lead to be thrown, but, before this could be done, the sentinel called out, "ahoy, land ahead!" The lead was then thrown, and, in reference to it, the compiler turning for confirmation to Captain Truxton's sea journal, finds the following note:

"Sunday, 23d May. At six o'clock sounded, got 42 fathoms water—shells and rotten brown stones—at seven made the land

—take it for the start—bearing E. N. E.; nine leagues distant. Latitude observed 49° 45′ North."

Rebecca preserved some of the shells and sand taken at this place, a portion of which is still kept.

We will anticipate the course of the narrative to say, that they landed at Gravesend on Sixth day, the 28th of Fifth month, after a passage of thirty days, reaching London about four o'clock P. M.; this being the day prior to the select Yearly Meeting. *Two weeks afterwards*, the ship to which their attention had first been turned, was towed in, on her beam ends, the keel being out of the water, the ballast and whole cargo having shifted in a storm so that they were unable to right her. They had taken a different course from the one pursued by the "Commerce," and experienced danger and distress, so that all hope of reaching their port at one time vanished. A female passenger afterwards gave R. J. a moving account of their passage, and mentioned that when, (every light in the cabin being out,) the water made its way in the cabin and into the state room, she lay in her berth expecting death as inevitable, and reached down her hand to feel the water as it rose; and that while her soul's concerns were uppermost, and her heart was engaged in fervent prayer, the only temporal desire she allowed herself to cherish, was, that she might not struggle long in the water.

We now insert some extracts from her own notes of the voyage.

"We left Philadelphia, Fourth month 24th; upwards of sixty Friends with us. Dined at Chester, then proceed to Wilmington; had a meeting, which was large, and favored with confirming evidence that the Lord is good to those that fear him, to the souls of those who in sincerity seek and serve him.

25*th*. *First day*.—Proceeded to Newcastle where the ship lay; had a meeting in the Court House with the inhabitants, to satisfaction; after which we dined, and after an affectionate leave of our dear friends, went in a yawl to the ship, which was ready for our reception. Our dear friends S. Hopkins,

Samuel Smith, John Parrish, wife and son, S. Pleasants and wife, Phebe Pemberton, Ann Dillwyn,* and Ann Emlen, Jr., accompanied us on board, about four o'clock, where we felt easy and resigned, trusting in that gracious Providence who is able to protect and preserve us by sea and by land. After adjusting our little conveniences, &c., we retired to rest, which was much interrupted. However, I got some sleep, and felt refreshed and comforted in the hope that the Lord was with us.

26*th.* *Second day.*—About seven A. M., the wind having sprung up, and fair, we reached the capes, which is near 100 miles, by one o'clock, P. M., when the ship hove to for the Pilot, who left us about two o'clock.

28*th.* *Fourth day.*—Extremely sick. G. M. and self taking little nourishment, yet quiet in spirit, looking to the Lord.

29*th.* *Fifth day.*—Had a poor night; high wind kept us rolling about. Three of our hogs washed overboard, and several poultry drowned—but the dead lights having been put up in the afternoon, the cabin was mostly dry. As I lay rolling about, the sea being very rough, my mind was turned toward the Lord, and this petition revived with life and sweetness: "Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up." And my trust and confidence were renewed in the all-sufficient Helper of his people. This day we passed through the gulf stream of Florida, and left Cape Henry to the windward.

30*th.* *Sixth day.*—G. D., M. J., and myself continue very sick, but the weather clearing up, and a pretty good breeze from W. and shifting to N. W., we ran along finely. I came upon deck about one P. M., and was revived with the air, and took a little nourishment—so I sat on the floor of the deck to make this memorandum—retired to rest under a humbling sense of the Lord's continued care and regard towards his poor servants, who have left all to follow his leadings.

5*th.* *mo.* 1*st.* *Seventh day.*—Very sick—yet quiet in mind—trusting in the Lord.

* Afterwards wife of John Cox.

2*d*. *First day*.—Our Captain having been informed last evening that we thought it right for our little band to retire and wait upon the Lord, under the persuasion of his providential care, and in acknowledgment of our dependence upon him for a blessing, he readily consented, and appeared willing the steerage passengers might have the privilege of sitting with us, if they chose it. But the wind springing up freshly, and increasing with rain, we sat down alone. Melting goodness was near our spirits. T. Ross, and S. Emlen, had some encouraging hints, and we were comforted as well as bowed together in spirit. The Lord's great name be praised!

3*d*, 4*th*, *and* 5*th*.—The wind being fair, we sailed from eight to ten knots. We came in sight of the banks of Newfoundland.

6*th*. *Fifth day*.—A calm, and a pleasing calm of soul. May gratitude be the covering of my spirit, under a renewed sense of the deep obligations I am under to the great Shepherd of Israel, who has not only favored my poor soul with the knowledge of his will respecting me, but, oh! blessed be his power, has furnished with strength sufficient hitherto to comply with his heavenly requirings. And I feel at this instant renewed desires, that I may be kept humbly dependent on HIM alone, who is strength in weakness, and riches in poverty. Hitherto all the company in the cabin have conducted in great harmony, each being willing to assist the other in little kindnesses, and our mutual friend, nurse, and helper, Sarah Dillwyn, has been particularly attentive to our various wants. I esteem myself under great obligations to her; may her labor be acceptable, and rewarded by the great Master, who has promised that they who give a 'cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward.' And in the course of this voyage, Wm. Ludlam (one of the passengers—an obliging, sensible, well behaved man) having a stone bruise on his heel, and S. Emlen, and T. Ross, having, by the motion of the ship, slipped and hurt themselves, S. D. has had to dress and tend the wounds of them all.

I was favored with a quiet good night, more so than any pre-

vious, and was in my sleep in company with my dear friends at Philadelphia, in the enjoyment of sweet unity and fellowship, especially my dear H. C., for whose welfare is my soul anxiously solicitous, that she, with myself, may be kept near the Lord, waiting steadily on him for help and direction in the most needful time, and that we may be supported, encouraged, and helped, under the present trial, and stand so unreservedly dedicated to the Lord's will and requirings, that the hands of our arms may be made strong for labor in the heavenly vineyard, in the day time.

8*th*. *Seventh day*.—Had a good night. Awoke about midnight, in the enjoyment of divine love and sweetness on my heart in a superior degree—lying peacefully with my mind turned towards HIM who has, I do believe, required this sacrifice at my hands, and whom I do acknowledge worthy to be served, honored and obeyed, now and forever. In the morning sea-sickness came on again, that G. D., M. J. and myself were renewedly tried.

A small bird called a curlew plover, supposed to come from the banks of Newfoundland, lit on one of the ship's yards, was taken by one of the hands, and brought into the cabin. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a small bill like a snipe. It being a stranger, and, to us Americans, a curiosity, our captain has ordered a box for its accommodation, S. D. wishing to carry it to England. My mind was this evening poor, but quiet. Retired early to bed.

9*th*. *First day morning*.—Awoke refreshed, both in body and spirit. Sick for a short space, but, getting better, was favored to sit in the cabin, where a meeting was held, the Captain, cabin passengers, most of the steerage passengers, and as many of the seamen as could be spared from working the ship, attended, and behaved well. It was a solid, good opportunity, and, I trust, was owned by the Great Commander of the seas. G. D., S. E. and M. J., each appeared lively in the exercise of their gifts. A light head wind.

10*th*. *Second day*.—Awoke with these expressions, "*Con-*

fide in his mercy, and adore his power." Was sick at first rising, but grew better. Spent great part of this day upon deck, in sweet fellowship with our little band. Little wind, and that ahead.

11*th. Third day.*—Less sick to-day. A fine wind. In the evening, my mind was drawn into secret retirement, in which my soul was bowed in humble prostration and worship to the God of my life, who hath done great things for me, a poor, unworthy creature. Rain in the night, with thunder and lightning.

12*th. Fourth day.*—Could have slept this morning, but felt much sympathy with M. J., knowing by experience how dispirited they feel who are very sea sick. I called the steward, and gave orders for some gruel, which was salutary, and she seemed better after it. Our worthy friend, T. Ross, this day, by a lee lurch of the ship, fell in the cabin, and wounded one of his legs badly, which was timely attended to. It was a favor that he was not more hurt. I retired to rest under a thankful sense of Divine mercy, and fresh breathings of soul after the renewal of love and favor.

13*th. Fifth day.*—Awoke sweetly refreshed; arose humbled in a view of my own weakness. Felt drooping this day, but quiet in mind.

14*th. Sixth day.*—Better this morning. Admired the kindness of Divine Providence towards us in this our floating inclosure on the great deep. Blessed be His great name whose care is over his poor servants, fulfilling his gracious promise, who hath said, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." We had a sweet, refreshing season this morning in our cabin, select from the other passengers, which is an additional favor. It appears, from the Captain's account, that, by 12 o'clock this day, we have, in 24 hours, sailed 228 miles. He, with Wm. L. and R. Ely,* &c., are preparing fishing tackle to catch mackerel.

May our rejoicing be in fear, depending only on the divine

*Richard Ely. an affable, courteous man, was our fellow passenger.

protecting arm of the Almighty, without whose permission not a hair of our heads will be allowed to perish.

15*th*. *Seventh day*.—A fine fair wind, and such pleasant weather, that our Captain tells us that we might go to sea for 20 years, and not have such another day, for our ship is steady enough to sew and write pleasantly, though going so rapidly, that in the last 24 hours we have sailed 240 miles.

16*th*. *First day*.—The wind unfavorable. I was not so well to-day. We sat down quietly in the morning, but had not so general an opportunity as on last First day. Spent the latter part of this day alone in our state room, my heart being turned towards the Lord, and my confidence renewed in his sufficiency and strength, for the fully supplying of our various needs.

17*th*. *Second day*.—Rose refreshed in body, yet low in mind, though not discouraged: much desiring to be rightly directed in my future movements, particularly in the place suitable for me to take up my abode whilst in the great city towards which we are approaching; and that I may be kept humble, little and low in that simplicity which my heart has been long convinced is designed for my safety, and has ever been the prelude of true peace. Oh that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of our times! Then may we hope the Divine strength will be our salvation and rejoicing."

To this note is appended, in the hand writing of George Dillwyn, these words: "*Amen, saith G. D.*"

The following instance of the signal care of Divine Providence is worthy of record. Samuel Emlen, Jr., had just moved from his seat directly under the sky-light in the cabin, when one of the sheep on deck fell through the glass into the cabin. Without doubt, if S. had been in the spot where he had been sitting, without his hat, the particles of glass, with the weight of the falling animal on his bare head, must have greatly wounded him, if not taken his life. May a grateful sense of the distinguished Mercy, be so impressive on his young and tender mind, as to excite this query in sincerity, "What shall I render to thee, oh Lord, for all thy benefits?"

18*th. First day.*—Not so well this day. Still under an exercise on my own account, that the Lord, my alone Helper, may condescend to favor me with the distinct knowledge of his will, that I may not determine in the uncertainty, nor mistake his counsel. Spoke a brig from Amsterdam, bound to New York.

19*th. Fourth day.*—The wind favourable. Several of us employed in writing, hoping for an opportunity to convey some intelligence to our dear friends whom we have left behind, towards whom my mind has been often turned in near affection and for whose preservation and stability in righteousness have my prayers ascended as for my own. It looks probable we may reach the Yearly Meeting of London, where I expect fresh exercise, and oh ! may I be kept humble and low with the pure seed ; though in a state of deep suffering. Last evening I had some serious conversation with our Captain, during which he was attentive and solid ; at the conclusion of which he acknowledged my kind intentions, and said he believed I was concerned for his and others' good—and behaved affectionately.

21*st. Sixth day.*—Awoke with these expressions : "He will be a strength to the poor—a strength to the needy in his distress, a covert from the storm, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Spent much of this day in inward retirement, humbly trusting in the Lord, my sure, unfailing friend, to whom I desire to look in simplicity, as a little child, for further direction and help, knowing 'it is not in man who walketh to direct his own steps.'

23*d. First day.*—Held our Meeting this day in the cabin. It was a favoured, comfortable season."

On this day (the 23rd) the Captain, who had conceived a high respect for our friend, which he afterward repeatedly evinced, presented her with a copy of his sea journal, in his own writing, with the following letter written upon the first page.

" *On board the Commerce, in the English Channel,* May 23rd, 1784.

" *Madam,*—Our passage, in all probability, being now nearly at an end, give me leave to present you a copy of my journal, which contains all the observations that were essentially necessary for our guide and direction across the Atlantic Ocean ; which, with the help of Divine Providence, we have passed over, without the smallest accident whatever ; and have, thanks be to Heaven, arrived on our desired coast, where I hope, in a few days, to see you safely landed, and to congratulate thereon. For it is with heart-felt pleasure and satisfaction to myself, that I can with truth say, that I never had so instructive and pleasing a female companion at sea as yourself. And in short, I cannot say less for all the rest of the Friends.

"This small token of my esteem I present you, that you may at any future time refresh your memory with the different occurrences that have turned up from time to time during the passage, respecting the ship, winds and weather.

" That you may enjoy your health, and be the instrument of enlightening the minds of many in this eastern world (as I am satisfied that is your errand,) and return safely back to your connexions and friends in America, rewarded by heaven for your labors, is the sincere wish of your friend, THOMAS TRUXTON.

TO REBECCA JONES."

The Journal thus commences :

" A Journal, by God's permission, on board the ship Commerce, from Philadelphia to London. Commencing April the 26th, 1784, and kept by Thomas Truxton, Commander of said ship."

24*th. Second day.*—As we were advancing up the British Channel, and although delighted with the fine prospect of the land, of White Rocks, Isle of Weight, &c., (G. D. and self being on deck and counting the shipping around us, 30 in all, which was a feast to the eye,) yet my mind was low, stripped and fearful, lest I should not keep near enough to that Power which alone has preserved and can preserve, under and through all the dispensations of his Providence, to his own praise. May I be favoured not only to get deep enough, but to *keep* deep and humble with the pure seed, in mine own bosom and

the bosoms of the faithful amongst whom my lot may be cast.

28*th*. *Sixth day*.—Being favoured to reach Gravesend early this morning, we prepared to go on shore, which we did. Our Captain left the ship first, in order to prepare a dinner and carriages for us, and had all ready when we arrived. Having dined, we started, our Captain with T. Ross and S. E., jr., in one post chaise, S. E., sen., and M. J., in another, and G. Dillwyn and wife and myself, in a third, and reached London about 4 o'clock. During the ride up, though there was much to entertain the eye and delight the senses, yet my heart was humbled and bowed in contrition, under a sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy, in having conducted a poor handmaiden over the mighty ocean in safety, and above all, in the sustaining sense of his power and presence, which had attended me, to bear up in the time of conflict and exercise. For all which my heart is prostrate before Him, and returns the feeble attribute of thanksgiving and praise for all his mercies: acknowledging that He is worthy now and forever more. Amen."

Before her departure from Philadelphia, Arthur Howell, in bidding her adieu, placed in her hand a sealed note to be read at sea; which contained a short, but full, expression of his sympathy and unity with her in her prospect, and concluded with quoting from Isaiah 49 : 23—"Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and queens thy nursing mothers." She afterwards mentioned that on first meeting with Christiana Hustler, (who was her first companion in England, and travelled much with her,) at Jos. Gurney Bevan's, the passage occurred to her—"Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and queens thy nursing mothers." Although their home was together, at the house of J. G. B., nothing passed between them during the time of Yearly Meeting, relative to their being associated; but when John and Christiana Hustler were preparing to return to their home in Yorkshire, C. told her husband that she believed he would have to return alone—that she was not acquainted with Rebecca Jones' views relative to a companion, but she felt very much bound to her, and felt that she must make an offer of

herself. Being encouraged to attend to her feelings, she went to R. J's room, where they had a conference, which resulted in a mutual conviction that they were designed to be banded together as companions in religious exercise. In a letter written immediately after her arrival in London, she says, "Christiana Hustler is in her person very much like my H. Cathrall ; about 50 years of age, has a lively gift in the ministry—an agreeable nice, very nice person, and indeed in general, the English women make a very neat appearance, and carry their age remarkably well."

On 5th day, 6 mo. 3rd, she writes to H. Cathrall.

* * * * * * * * *

"As I know thou art fond of particular accounts, I have risen early before the family. My mind is turned towards thee, expecting to be so engaged when I leave this City, that I may not write so much : though I intend to omit no opportunity. I spent the evening before last with Catherine Phillips, and she with her husband supped with us the last evening. I have already informed thee, she looks much as when with us. Her husband appears an elderly person, is a sensible man, and agreeable.

Joseph Gurney Bevan, my kind landlord, is a solid friend, and his wife a lively, agreeable, very nice woman. She does a little in our way. He is an apothecary. They have no children.

* * * * * * * * *

They are very kind and attentive to us, and I believe it right we are here. John Eliot, with whom T. Ross, R. N., S. Emlen, S. N., and many others lodge, is a solid substantial Friend, and his wife a fine person. She made me think of her mother, M. Weston. They lived in a spacious complete house. Wm. Dillwyn lives elegantly. His wife very much like Ruth Richardson.

Lydia Hawkesworth, whom I shall call C. Phillips' Aid de Camp, is a fine, agreeable person. And Esther Tuke is a sort of Princess. Samuel Neale looks much as he used to, only a little older. In a large company he said to me, "Thou and I

are sisters"—I replied, "Why not brethren"? upon which he discovered his blunder, and many smiles ensued.

There is (however low things are in this nation, respecting the discipline) a living, deep, clear ministry; and remarkably so on the women's side. Dear Catherine Phillips labours indefatigably; seldom does she sit a meeting through in silence; and in many of them has exceeded any time I remember her in America. She is greatly improved in humility, tenderness and sympathy. She has shown much love to us poor little Americans, and has told me she does not expect to be continued much longer in mutability. Hannah Wigham is a solid, agreeable friend. Also, Martha Routh, Mary Proud, and Mary Prior,—these are all from Yorkshire, and lively ministers. Thou wouldst love them all as I do. Alice Rigg, an enterprising skilful workwoman, is from the same place. She plead nobly before the men's meeting. Mary Leaver looks much as she did; enquired kindly after Friends in America. She and E. Gibson desired love to thee."

It appears that prior to this time, the queries were not answered by the Women's Yearly Meeting of London. Thirty-one years previous, a proposition was made for the establishment of a regular Women's Yearly Meeting. Tho' united with by many friends, it was then postponed, as was also the case when revived some years afterward; one friend remarking, "I see it but not now—I behold it but not nigh." A communication from R. J., enforcing the propriety of it, had such place as to induce the action which is recorded in the following minute of Women's Yearly Meeting, bearing date the 5th of Sixth month, 1784.

"It coming weightily under the consideration of this Meeting, the great loss it sustains for want of its being regularly constituted a Meeting for Discipline, the following Friends are desired to lay the concern before our men Friends now sitting, and bring in a report to our next adjournment,—viz: Esther Tuke, Elizabeth Gibson, Alice Rigg, Christiana Hustler, Mercy Ransom, Martha Routh, Tabitha Middleton,

Susannah Row, and Sarah Corbyn, in which service the company of the women Friends from America would be truly acceptable."*

This dignified deputation, leaving their own meeting still in session, proceeded to that of the men, some of whom were unprepared for the proposition. A part of the discussion which ensued, is too familiar to our readers to need insertion here. One Friend expressed the sentiment that it would be preposterous to have a body with two heads, to which R. J. responded that there was but one HEAD *to the body which is the church*, and that in Christ Jesus male and female are one. A note in H. Cathrall's hand, says: "My R. Jones informs me that Alice Rigg plead nobly in the men's meeting, and M. Routh silenced David Barclay. I perceive by a letter to J. P., he surrendered very unwillingly."

This deliberation resulted in the issuing of an epistle setting forth the rise and use of the Discipline, and encouraging women Friends to attend to their share of it. In alluding to this measure, Catharine Phillips remarks: "As mothers of children, and mistresses of families, they have an extensive service to attend to, and ought to be concerned, so to discipline their families, as to be able to answer the several queries relative to their situation."

Samuel Neale, in reference to the proposition as opened by these women friends, says:—"The evidence of Truth strongly impressed the minds of those present with a sense of their concern being right, and Friends concurred so heartily with them, that a minute was made to that purpose at the next sitting of the meeting; and a copy of the said minute was handed to the women friends by a deputation from the men's meeting. Robert Valentine, William Tuke and I were the deputies. We had a good time among them, and left them in sweet peace."

* The ministering Friends from America in attendance at this meeting, were Robert Valentine, William Matthews, Nicholas Waln, Samuel Emlen, Thomas Ross, George Dillwyn, Rebecca Wright, Patience Brayton, Mehetabel Jenkins, and Rebecca Jones. There were several other messengers from America at that time in Great Britain, who were not at the Yearly Meeting.

The following is the minute of the men's meeting in the case, bearing the same date with the women's minute.

"This meeting, after a solid and deliberate consideration of the proposition brought in from the Meeting of Women Friends, held annually in this city, agrees that the said Meeting be at liberty to correspond in writing with the Quarterly Meetings of Women Friends; to receive accounts from them, and issue such advice, as in the wisdom of Truth, from time to time, may appear necessary, and conducive to their mutual edification. For this purpose it will be expedient that the said meeting be a meeting of record, and be denominated the Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in London; yet such meeting is not to be so far considered a meeting of Discipline. as to make rules, nor yet alter the present queries, without the concurrence of this meeting."

Our readers will be amused with an extract from a letter written the 10th of the same month, by one of those who dissented from the above conclusion, but who evinced commendable candor, in admitting that he had been actuated by prejudice, and that he had received a salutary lesson of condescension.

After bearing his testimony to the value of the "instrumental help," and expressing his sentiment that the Yearly Meeting had been "much favored every way," he adds—"The most remarkable occurrence this time was, that the women have obtained a point which they have long thirsted after—that is, a Yearly Meeting, regularly established by representatives from the Quarterly meetings. So thou may, at some future meeting, be a member of this female Parliament, who, if they take it into their heads, may recollect that they may, like Solomon's crown be placed above the head (as —— —— told the audience at a wedding.)

I was no favorer of this measure, well knowing that Power is a dangerous tool in some hands, who, if one gives them an inch, may take an ell. And so strong was my prejudice against it, that, though most of the solid part of the men (and all the women to be sure) seemed to favor it under a right influence, yet I felt it not. Thus I have however obtained a teachable lesson of the strength and danger of prejudice, as well as to learn

condescension to such as are entitled to it:—for to set my own judgment and feeling in opposition to my superiors would be a presumption that I should not pardon myself for."

CHAPTER IV.

1784—1785.

Contrast by Enoch Lewis between the state of our Society in R. J.'s day and in our own. She attends London Yearly Meeting and enters on her travels northward—Letter to and from various friends—Dream respecting John Reynell and its realization— Family visit at Bradford—Returns to London—Requests a meeting with her American fellow laborers—Anniversary of her arrival inadvertently kept.

Her memoranda of the time spent in Great Britain and Ireland, (every day of which is noted,) are, in some particulars, curious and minute, and doubtless were designed to assist her memory in the preparation of an auto-biographical memoir, to which task, though her humility shrunk from it, she at times felt her mind drawn. They do not, however, assume the form of a regular religious diary, and afford very little aid to the present compilation. In a neat and compact form, we find tables of the meetings of that nation, lists of the ministers, and of all the Friends residing in the different places visited, with other minutiæ. The deficiency in the diary is in a great measure supplied by her letters, and would be wholly so could we have access to all that were written. A mere narrative of her journeyings might be *comprised* from these, but to divest it of the portions which are only appropriate to the epistolary style, would deprive the general reader of much that might prove instructive, and lessen the interest of these memoirs to the numerous class of individuals to whom her memory is still fresh. The compiler moreover is desirous of presenting the subject in her words, rather than in his own.

We offer no apology for inserting the following interesting observations, which form part of an editorial in FRIENDS REVIEW, and which were written in especial reference to this portion of our narrative, the able and venerable editor being one who well knows the things whereof he writes.

"The memorials of Rebecca Jones, and especially the part which has recently appeared in the Review, must recall to the memory of such Friends as, like the Editor, have nearly reached the western verge of life, the condition of our religious society at the time when R. Jones' visit to England was performed, We find by the narrative before us, that no fewer than five Friends in the ministry, who were engaged in the love of the gospel to visit the churches on the other side of the Atlantic, were passengers in the *Commerce*. Of these, four were members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, residing in or near this city. At the same time we find that two Philadelphia Friends were there, John Pemberton and Nicholas Waln, travelling in religious service in England or Ireland. Thus it appears that at least six eminent ministers, all residing within a few miles of Philadelphia, were then engaged on a mission of love to the British Islands. Simultaneously with these visits, or shortly afterwards, a number of European Friends traversed the parts of the United States where members of the society were located. This interchange of gospel messengers was then going on between the people of two nations, whom their respective governments had, a short time before, placed, as far as governments could place them, in the attitude of enemies. The epistolary correspondence which was maintained between our Yearly Meeting and that of London, and the mutual visits which were paid by ministers and others immediately after the revolulutionary contest, may be considered as conclusive evidence that the storms of that turbulent period had no power to estrange the minds of Friends, on different sides of the ocean, from each other, or to interrupt the harmony which, as professors of the same faith, and advocates of the same cause, they had always maintained.

Whether the same cordiality of religious fellowship is experienced in our day, is a question which very naturally presents to the reflective mind, but which we shall not answer, either positively or negatively. Of one thing we may speak without hesitation. The reciprocation of gospel messengers has very visibly declined since the period in question; and the number of those, on both sides of the Atlantic, who are clothed with the gifts of apostleship appears greatly reduced. A comparison of the society at these different periods, forcibly revives the inquiry, "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they

live forever?" and upon whom has their mantle fallen? Has our religious society retained its position in the van of civilization and reform, or has it fallen behind? These questions we leave to be answered as the judgment and observation of our readers shall suggest."

After having attended twenty meetings in London, (including the Yearly Meeting,) our friend on the 12th of 6th month, accompanied by Christiana Hustler, T. Corbyn, and Adey Bellamy, went to Colchester Quarterly Meeting, taking her abode at John Kendall's. After this, and a meeting at Manningtree, the following letter was written at Dykes Alexander's, to her old friend John Pemberton, then in Ireland.

R. JONES TO JOHN PEMBERTON.

Needham, in Suffolk, 6th mo. 17th, 1784.

Esteemed friend,—I was much disappointed, among others, in not meeting with thee at London. I suppose by the return of S. Neale and J. Gough, thou hast been furnished with a particular account of the Yearly Meeting, and, among other things, what is concluded upon respecting the Women's Meeting. I desired S. F. to send thee a copy of the minute on that head. My heart was made thankful in that the women's application carried the weighty evidence of Truth with it, and that men Friends were made so feelingly sensible thereof, that they yielded as brethren.

I have no doubt that my arrival in this land is a matter of astonishment to thee, as well as to many more, who do know what a poor feeble creature I am. But, having resigned my life and all into the Lord's hand, I have witnessed preservation over the mighty deep (our passage being four weeks from land to land, without any storm, in an easy ship, with an obliging, kind Captain,) and was kept quiet in mind during the voyage, trusting in the Providence of the Almighty, who has been rich in mercy towards me, an unworthy servant. Blessed be his great name!

During my stay in London, which was two weeks, my path was in the way of silent tribulation, and at times very low,

yet content to suffer with the seed, remembering that declaration, "Where I am there shall my servant be." And now, having attended the Quarterly Meeting at Colchester, and proceeding towards Woodbridge and Norwich Quarterlies, I don't see how I may be directed afterwards, whether to proceed into Yorkshire before the cold weather or not. I see very little at a time; thou knowest it used to be so with me, and I am as poor a thing as at any time heretofore when abroad. But my earnest prayer is that I may be kept in childlike simplicity, and in an humble, watchful frame of mind; and indeed the little opportunity I have had among Friends here, has furnished me already with a prospect of the need of steady circumspection and holy fear, to step along rightly and safely amongst the wise and great in this world. I can say of a truth I am willing to appear as a fool in their eyes; if but favored with the great Master's presence, it is enough.

Thou hast my true sympathy in thy particular allotment, and a degree of faith springs in my heart, that thou wilt, ere long, see thy way out of Ireland, and, I hope, be fraught with sheaves of solid peace and satisfaction of mind. And if, in divine direction, we should fall in with each other, it would be to me truly comfortable. But I dare not desire anything of that sort, only that, however little my appearance among the tribes, and feeble my endeavours towards the promotion of the great cause, I may be preserved from bringing any sort of blemish thereon—for it is in my view precious beyond all things.

P. Brayton and M. Jenkins have gone towards Yorkshire—N. W. is there. I left the other Americans at London; C. Hustler being my companion, and Ralph Bainbridge, of Durham, with us.

Thy dear spouse has opened her heart and house to my dear H. C., who will, for a time, abide with her.

My H. C. could not yield with perfect resignation and clearness to a prospect under which she had laboured for some time of accompanying me; it was too great an indulgence; we were not to be gratified; and whether she may feel it again revived,

I cannot tell ; but of this I am fully convinced, that her desire of soul is to do right, and I trust, if she sees her way, and is helped along, she will be of service amongst Women Friends in this nation, who are in want of suitable help in the discipline, and thou knowest she is peculiarly gifted therefor.

I feel the precious unity whilst I am writing, and in it can freely subscribe myself thy poor little affectionate friend and sister, R. J.

R. J. to Henry Drinker.

Leiston Abbey, about 17 *miles N. E of Woodbridge,*
6th mo. 23*d*, 1784.

Yesterday, after the Quarterly Meeting at Woodbridge, being low, poor and disconsolate, I received a few lines from my good neighbour, brother and friend, H. D., which, being the first intelligence from my beloved native land, did revive me. The removal of that little valiant man, A. Benezet, will be a sensible chasm. But I remember from whence he derived his qualifications, and that the Divine fountain is inexhaustible. I feel, as I should do, on the occasion, and for dear Joyce, who is not far from the same peaceful mansion. It is truly comfortable to hear that I have a place in the affections of thy family. May they increase in every durable good. I note thy kind desire for my "growth in faith, strength, and love which casteth out all slavish fear," and I add to the necessary train, humility and childlike simplicity.

My situation whilst on the voyage and in London, will, I expect, be imparted in that freedom which subsists between H. C. and thee. I left that city on the 12th, having worthy Christiana Hustler my companion. She has felt for me. T. Corbyn went with us to Colchester—attended that Quarterly Meeting—took a few [Manningtree, Needham and Ipswich,] in the way to that at Woodbridge. That being over, we are now on our way to Norwich Quarterly Meeting; after which I hope to wait for right direction. Thou knowest I am a *little one*, and such dont see far at a time. What a favor that it is so!

Dear Henry, dont forget thy feeble sister. My heart is earn-

estly desirous that I may be kept where only true safety is known, and I have felt very peaceful while sitting and looking like a fool amongst the great, wise and good. Several feeling Friends have been helpful in sympathy. I have admired at it, as my case has been quietly concealed within; but the heavenly fellowship enters deeper than words, and in it I have found comfort and sweetness.

R. Valentine had a certificate signed for returning.

On comparing the date of thy note with the memorandums made at sea, I find by my note of the 16th, that thy pen was under right direction. So be encouraged in future to do "what thy *hand* finds to do." I feel as I approach Norwich, much in the same situation as when drawing near London, and feel as willing to appear like a fool; so that I may be kept in my place, is my earnest desire.

Norwich, 7th mo. 1st.*—The Quarterly Meeting here, ended yesterday. Wm. Matthews and E. Gibson, with divers others from a distance, attended, and though in many instances there is abundant cause of lamentation and mourning, yet the precious visitation of divine love was remarkably extended to the young people, many of whom were bowed under it. My heart was secretly comforted and raised in hope, that some of them will be preserved under it, and be made useful vessels in the family. Many of the youth here and in London are wide in their appearance from the ancient standard of plainness; but there is a tender part in them, so very susceptible, that 'tis beautiful to behold, and what I have often wished was the case with the gay and thoughtless among that class in my native city more generally. Upon the whole, it may be said with thankfulness, there is yet a solid number in this place, who are, under the present low state of things, much depressed. Among whom are particularly, worthy Edward Gurney and sister Mary, &c.

As to future movements, I rather think my face will in a few days be turned towards Yorkshire.

*At the house of John Gurney, father of J. J. G., E. Fry, &c.

N. Waln, P. Brayton, and M. Jenkins, are now in Yorkshire. T. Ross and S. Emlen are in London, detained by Thomas's indisposition and bad leg, he having hurt it on ship board. I am afraid it will be tedious, if not worse.* G. D. yet in London. R. W. with a friend from Manchester has gone that way, and dear J. Pemberton is yet in the gloomy confines of Ireland. I should rejoice in his release therefrom. Salute me to thy household, and to all other my dear friends who are too numerous to name particularly. May the Lord be near you, and keep me truly dependent on Him, is the prayer of thy obliged friend and sister.

R. J. to Hannah Pemberton.

Norwich, 7th mo. 1st.

I have been kept in the patience, and can, of a truth, say, the Lord hath been very gracious to me, a poor, unworthy creature, both by sea and land. And it is the prayer of my heart, that I may be kept humbly dependent upon Him alone, without whose renewed aid nothing can be availingly done in this day of grievous revolt and deep backsliding. Yet there is a comfortable prospect among the youth here, which will, I trust, as they keep under the sweet visitation with which they have been favoured, make some of them honourable, as, in the beginning, our forefathers were.

From R. J. to John Pemberton.

Thorn, the edge of Yorkshire, at N. Dearman's, 7th mo. 22d, 1784.

Much esteemed friend,—Thy truly acceptable salutation of the 28th of last month, I received at Lynn, the 11th of this, and at a time that rendered its contents the more valuable, as my mind was very weak and low. I am truly thankful that I am

*It proved the cause of his death.

yet counted worthy of a place in thy affectionate remembrance, whose brotherly sympathy I much desire may be continued.

R. Valentine with S. Fisher, I expect, sailed on the 16th in the Commerce, Capt. Truxton, who, I hope, will be as kind to them as he was to us, for he behaved to us with great courtesy and respect. I understand N. W. and M. Jenkins are gone into Scotland. The latter I expect, intends for Ireland. I have had no late account from T. Ross, whose leg was badly hurt at London. G. Dillwyn and S. Emlen were also there. R Wright is still with M. Routh, in the midland counties, and P. Brayton, I hear, is gone back to London.

I note the account of thy situation. I feel deeply with thee under it, and trust in the Lord's time thou'lt be released; still having a hope it will not be long before thou art set at liberty to come into this nation again, where, if I am favored to meet thee, I shall rejoice.

Hitherto, since I left London, I have been helped with a little strength from day to day to step along in the line of duty, and as thou observes respecting thyself—"trust the good cause has not been dishonored," and am sincerely desirous that I may be kept truly dependent on the all sufficient Helper of his people in childlike simplicity and humility. Great need I find to be watchful, lest by a conformity to some customs which have crept in amongst this people, strength should be given to that part which stands opposed to the plain self-denying path into which our worthy predecessors were divinely drawn and enabled to walk. My mind is often led to admire why so many servants from a distance should be employed in this part of the vineyard, and as often I am led to believe 'tis for some good and valuable purpose. Oh that nothing may be suffered to lay waste the service intended, but that we may all steadily eye the great Shepherd, and that he may be graciously pleased to furnish with strength and wisdom in all our movements to the praise of His worthy name, and the real benefit of the churches, is the humble prayer of thy truly affectionate friend and sister.

R. J.

26th. *P. S.—T. Ross has gone for Bristol in order for Ireland. S. Nottingham is now in London. I have heard of the death of Thomas Millhouse. Since writing the above, George Dillwyn and S. Emlen are gone for Holland. I am now at Ackworth much tried, and in poor trim every way; yet my mind has been for some time and remains so feelingly dipped into sympathy with thee in thy present and late particular exercise, that I have often been on the inquiry, and am now informed† that thou hast been led in so singular a line, that must have been deeply trying, I know, to thee. May the Lord, dear John, be with thee, and furnish with best wisdom in all thy movements, (which, I have no doubt, has hitherto been the case,) and, if it be His will, give thee a release in mercy, with the income of solid peace. My heart again salutes thee and bids farewell.

R. J.

R. J. TO H. CATHRALL.

Undercliff, near Bradford, Yorkshire,
8th mo, 6th, 1784.

Sitting quietly in my chamber this morning thinking about thee, Sally, the eldest daughter of my truly kind friend and fellow helper, C. Hustler, came up with thy salutation of the 4th

* At Thomas Proctor's, Selby.

†John Pemberton, while on this visit, as well as at some other times, found his mind engaged in a manner which has not been common of latter times, with ministers of our Religious Society. He was not only engaged in the appointment of meetings where no Friends resided, and where meetings of Friends had not been previously held, and in visiting the prisoners confined in the jails; but he apprehended himself called to walk through the streets of Londonderry, and preach repentance to the people there. To this concern he at length gave up, after a long and painful struggle. It is probable that this singular engagement was one of those to which R. Jones alluded in the letter before us.

It was much to the credit of the people of Londonderry that no insult was offered to our Friend while employed in this remarkable mission. Exercises of a similar kind are several times noted in the early history of the Society; but the conduct of the populace was often very different from that which J. Pemberton experienced.—*Editor of Friends' Review.*

of last month, which, with three others received, I enter No. 4, and wish thou wouldst in future number them, as I should then know how many are written; and as mine are all numbered, I wish to know whether all have come to hand.

I find by thy last that thou art comfortably accommodated at H. P.'s, for which I am thankful; but thou art still in an exercised path. May Divine wisdom be thy safe director, counsellor and strength. I have no doubt that as thou and I stand resigned in our wills to the Lord, who has been so rich in mercy towards us, we shall find grace to help in time of need.

I have from time to time given thee a particular account of my steppings in this land, which have been in great weakness and fear, deeply bowed under a sense of the present state of society, and of my inequality to the necessary labor of the day: yet often confirmed in hope that it is the line of duty, and I am therefore desirous to be kept in a steady trust and dependence on him, who, as I do believe, has required this sacrifice at my hands, and whom my spirit feelingly acknowledges to be worthy to be served, loved and obeyed.

I have been this week at John Hustler's, resting and refitting, and his amiable spouse appears willing to bear me company a while longer, which I esteem a favor. We have been much united in spirit and labor. We have now meetings laid out in the west riding of Yorkshire, in order to be at some of the twelve Monthly Meetings which constitute this Quarterly Meeting which falls out the beginning of next month, and after that may perhaps proceed towards New Castle; but I see my way so gradually, that I hardly dare say where next; only may tell thee that I am desirous of falling in with Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, which will, I expect, make more riding. And as to some places, it will be impracticable in a chaise; don't know how I shall be able to bear trotting on horseback. As yet, I am favored with C. H.'s chaise, which has conveyed us above five hundred miles.

In my last I gave thee an account of the Americans as far as I knew, and have not heard since about them.

My love to thy connexions is not lessened—tell them so—and persuade dear R. for me, that she will feel more true satisfaction in conforming to the blessed witness in her own mind, than in any gratification that can possibly arise from the indulgence of a vain and airy appearance in her future arduous movements. I have the same desire on account of J. He does know better; but oh this conformity to the spirit and fashions of a degenerate age, how it does fetter the hearts of the beloved youth! May their bonds be burst asunder by the Power of Truth, and they be brought under its humbling operation! Dear, very dear love to all my friends as if named; mine to thee is not to be conveyed by pen and ink: feel me therefore in that which has kept and will for ever keep us near in Spirit, as we abide with it, and under its influence.

* * * * * * * *

To Hannah Pemberton, (wife of John Pemberton, then in England.)

Undercliff, 8th mo 6th, 1784.

Dear Friend,— * * * I expect thou wilt often hear of thy precious J. P. who was well, and fervently engaged in his good Master's service. May he be sustained, for the harvest is truly great, and faithful laborers but few; and thou wilt also have thy reward, if thou art as careful in the line of improvement. And when you are favored to meet again, may you be each other's joy and comfort in the Lord. As to this climate, very few days but have borne a fire morning and evening, and I am at times pinched with cold. If there happens a moderate day, the people here complain of oppressive heat. * *

The easy mode of travelling with which I have been favored, calls for thankfulness. Love to all thine and thy husband's relations, also to E. Clark, R. Jackson, Phebe and Oranock,* and accept a large share thyself from thy loving friend, R. J

* John and Hannah Pemberton's black man.

The following letter to a young physican, then prosecuting his studies in England, and who afterwards became eminent and honorable in his profession, is not only interesting as reviving his memory, but may also be serviceable to other travellers in pursuit of knowledge. Our readers will scarcely need to be informed of the realization of the desire expressed in the closing sentence.

To Caspar Wistar, M. D.

Undercliff, 8th mo. 9th, 1784.

As in all probability I may not have an opportunity of seeing thee again for some time, (if at all in England, or ever,) and feeling an earnest desire of heart for thy preservation from the many dangerous snares so peculiarly awaiting thy present exposed situation, and that thou mayest be so happily conducted in the line of true rectitude, in thy general conduct, as well as for thy better improvement in that which is really valuable, and suiting the dignity of a candidate for an eternally enriching prize; I thought that consistently with my duty, I could not forbear apprising thee of the necessity of endeavoring carefully, in the course of thy travels, and especially when among "men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith," to maintain the *watch*, lest whilst thou art making an improvement in matters relating to thy medical knowledge, the better part in thee should receive essential damage, and which would be prevented by a steady resolution uniformly to maintain the noble character of a Quaker, despising the shame, which thou in moments of weakness mayest conclude consequent thereon. Hereby not only solid satisfaction of mind would be witnessed, which is more truly desirable than the approbation or applause of the gay and irreligious part of mankind can possibly furnish, but even the deserved esteem of the judicious, wise and good. I consider thee as a fellow citizen whom I have known from an infant; as the son of a pious mother, who, as well as thy father, was anxiously

concerned for thy welfare, both as a man and a Christian; and as a youth inexperienced, and in thy present situation much exposed to numberless temptations. All these considerations, dear Caspar, induce me thus, in much affection, to intreat thee steadily to adhere to the blessed principle of divine grace, to the monition whereof, I trust thou art no stranger. Suffer its restraining influence to have due place in thy heart, and be not ashamed of its tendering effects: and then instead of falling a prey to that spirit of dissipation and licentiousness which has captivated and drawn so many from the simplicity of the truth, thou wilt rise superior to all the attempts of the power of darkness, and be enabled to resist even the "appearance of evil." I mean not to suggest from any observations I have made, that thou art more in danger than other young travellers, nor has any part of thy conduct been represented as exceptionable; far otherwise; I rather hope that there has of later time, and especially when under difficulties arising from bodily weakness, etc., been a desire possessed by thee to improve in things of greatest moment; and am therefore the more concerned on thy account that these good desires may be cherished, and that, under the conduct of the holy fear of the Lord, thy future steppings may be ordered in His wisdom; that thy days here, whether few or many, may be spent in such manner as that thy life may be truly honorable, and thy close peaceful and happy.

Accept this salutation as the fruit of love from thy cordial friend, R. J.

R. Jones to James Pemberton.

Ayton, in Yorkshire, 9th mo. 16th, 1784.

Esteemed Friend,—My sympathy with thy beloved brother John is such, that I have often been on the enquiry respecting him, as I was greatly disappointed in not seeing him on my first landing, and knowing thy concern must be great on his account,

I seem disposed this evening (though fatigued) to begin some account in this way, and to let thee know that from good information I have reason to believe he is in the way of his duty, and greatly owned and supported under the uncommon exercises that have fallen to his lot, and that he is favored with a steady, worthy ministering friend, Thomas Cash, of Cheshire, for a companion. This Friend went into Ireland the last spring with Isaac Gray, of Hitchin, who died very suddenly at Tober Head, after which T. C. joined dear John, and having the like draught among the people at large, they appear suitably yoked. He still continues in that nation, quietly resigned to the Lord's will, and has great place and acceptance generally. I have no doubt that he is under best care and direction, and will be helped along, and released when his service in that nation is over.

And now I may inform thee how I have been engaged since my landing in this nation. I left London 6th mo. 12th, in company with Christiana Hustler, of Yorkshire, who being at the Yearly Meeting, lodged at Joseph Gurney Bevan's, which was also my quarters: and she having felt her mind engaged on my account, has continued with me ever since, visiting most of the meetings in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, part of Essex, and Suffolk, and now in this county, most of which we have gone through, expecting to be at the Quarterly Meeting in York the last two days in this month, after which I cannot say, as I see but little at a time, and continue among the little ones. My mind seems turned towards the Monthly Meetings, but they lie so widely that it occasions more riding and industry necessary; but being accommodated with John Hustler's horse and chaise, and his spouse being an excellent pilot, we have steered in safety thus far, through hills, moors, and variety that is to be met with in this mountainous part of the world called Yorkshire, and am often bowed in humble thankfulness to the Almighty, who, blessed be His great name, hath been rich in mercy and kindness to me, a poor, unworthy creature; and my dear friend and true helpmeet, before named, being willing to take me under her truly motherly wing, is not one of the least of the favors for which I

have to be thankful. This is increased by the sense of gospel unity which is felt mutually in our religious labors as we pass from place to place, finding the state of things in most places to be exceedingly low, especially in the Meetings for Discipline amongst women Friends, though there is an honest number who are bewailing the present sorrowful declension, and these are a little comforted in the prospect of some relief; but alas! unless the Lord is pleased to help, in vain is the help of man. At times I have felt a secret hope that there is a reviving, and that the Most High will yet show himself strong in behalf of the sorrowful few who have indeed hung their harps as upon the willows. There is a precious visitation of divine love extended to the youth, and many of them are under the humbling, forming hand, who, if they abide patiently under the holy fan and fire, will be made in the Lord's time useful and honorable in their generation, for the rebuilding of the walls of our Zion, that are in many places so sadly broken down; and repairing the breaches that are so conspicuous.

Though I feel my own great weakness, yet am I sustained mercifully in assurance that this sacrifice was called for at my hands by *Him* who has an undoubted right to my *all*, and who, my soul can say, has been all things to me that I have stood in need of. And as thou knowest I have not attained to great things, I may inform thee I have nothing in desire more than the exaltation of the pure testimony, however the creature may be abased, which has frequently been my experience, being often deeply dipped under a sense of the greatness of the work, and the feebleness of the instrument engaged therein, insomuch that I have cried out, "who is sufficient for these things?"

My fellow laborers from America, are, I believe, all well, and scattered up and down in this nation of Ireland. N. W., by his increase of flesh, looked finely at the Yearly Meeting. I have not seen him nor any of the others since, except W. M., who is now in Scotland.

Have been twice at Friends' boarding school at Ackworth, which is a fine institution, and a blessing to the youth. Up-

wards of 300 are now there under the tuition of pious mistresses especially, (I say mistresses, because my concern was more towards the females; I hope the masters are, several of them, religiously engaged,) and proposals are on foot for another boarding school for girls only, intended for the accommodation of 40 or 50 girls, to be established at York, under the particular inspection of Esther Tuke, who is truly a mother in Israel; and seems to think, though her constitution has had several alarming shocks of late, that her time will be prolonged till the school is established; and I am inclined to think it will be of great use and benefit to the female part of society. Indeed, in a general way, Friends here seem more attentive to their daughters' education than in some parts of our country. They are mostly good pen-women, and read with propriety. * * *

I am ready to conclude, from a dream lately had of John Reynell, that he is either gone, or near going to the house appointed for all living. I hope the continuance of kind notice and regard from thee and other Friends to my dear partner, for whom I have felt deeply. May best wisdom be her counsellor and sure friend. * * *

Thou mayest, with my love, inform S. Waln that her husband is acceptably among Friends here in the way of his duty; the like, I hope, may be said of all the others. * * * I hope dear R. V. is by this time arrived, with S. F. and S. G., and should like to hear how they made out with our Captain, who, on our account, deserves the esteem of our Friends; Robert has left a good savor on the minds of Friends here. *Oh, I am afraid of none of my fellow servants*, but on my own account, I am in great fear, lest I fail in fulfilling the gracious intention of *Him* who, in the riches of his mercy, visited my soul in early life, and called by his grace into an acquaintance with himself by the working of His mighty power in my heart, and changing it, both in desire and affection, so that, as a brand plucked from the burning, have I been rescued from impending ruin, and now engaged for the good of others! that they may come, taste, and see for themselves that the Lord is good. These considerations

are to me very humbling, and lead fervently to breathe after continued preservation, that I may, indeed, so run as to obtain, so fight as to gain the prize which is reserved for the end of this arduous race, and is often animatingly in my view, being feelingly convinced that "of ourselves we can do nothing," and I therefore desire that my dependence may be only on Him who can support, direct, and help in every time of need.

Yesterday I was at Whitby Meeting—the place where so many friends were disowned on account of their being concerned in vessels carrying guns—and I understand that one of them is already reinstated, and that two others have offered an acknowledgment, which is before Scarborough Monthly Meeting. One of the number chose to accompany us to the next meeting at Castleton, and, as it was his desire, we did not forbid it, having other Friends with us.

* * * * *

I am looking forward to the approaching Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. May you be remembered, strengthened and comforted together. * * *

Helmsley, 25*th*.—I remember this day begins the Yearly Meeting, and though I believe I am where I ought to be, yet if I might spend about ten days now with you, it would be truly comfortable. This is not to be; but my mind is, and will be with you, and is strongly desirous that the Master of our assemblies may favor with his blessed presence, and be your counsellor, wisdom and stability.

Farewell, says thy tried friend,

R. J.

The dream referred to in the preceding letter, was in substance that *Samuel Coates* had brought to her from John Reynell, a plate of soup. She told her dream to Esther Tuke, and next day a letter arrived from S. C., written in his capacity of Executor to J. R., enclosing a legacy of 50*l*. "Dear Rebecca," said Esther, "that is the plate of soup." The removal of this valued friend is thus referred to, in a letter to R. J. from Catharine Howell, dated Edgely, 9th mo., 11th 1784.

" In the death of that worthy elder, John Reynell, our Society has sustained a loss, and the poor have lost a kind friend, he having for the last twenty years allotted one-third of his expenditures for their relief; and now at the close, he has left one thousand pounds, to be handed them, in sums of 5*l.* each. Also the following legacies, as a token of his regard." * * *

James Pemberton, writing to R. J. the ensuing 2d mo., says :

" Thy apprehensions respecting our friend John Reynell, appear to have been right. At the time thou intimatest, he was confined to his chamber, if not, just departed. He was in his sickness favored with a composed state of mind, without much bodily pain. John deceased the 3d of 9th mo., in the morning, and was buried the next day, leaving a fair character for integrity and stability through life. His judgment and experience which were valuable, are also missed among us, particularly in the Southern District Meeting. Thou hast, doubtless, been informed of the token he left of his regard to thyself and divers others !"

From the residence of Wm. Tuke, at York, she writes, 9th mo. 29th, 1784, to John Pemberton.

" Beloved Friend,—Thou art so much the companion of my thoughts, and with so much real sympathy under thy varied exercises, that I believe it will tend to my own relief at least to salute thee again by a few lines, though I have no account whether my last reached thee or not. With my dear friend, G. Hustler, we have visited most of the meetings in Norfolk and Lincolnshire, and have been, for some time, engaged in this country ; and having felt a draught particularly to the Monthly and Preparative Meetings, has occasioned more riding and industry, so that we have had little rest. Being accommodated with J. Hustler's chaise, has made it more easy, which, with many other favors, is cause of thankfulness to Him who has not failed nor forsaken in the time of deepest exercise and trial; for indeed, my dear friend, I may say of a truth, the path allotted me in this land, is one of tribulation, and my constant breathing is for preservation in the path, that by no part of my

conduct, nor yet through impatience under suffering, the gracious design of infinite wisdom towards me, a poor, unworthy creature, may be frustrated, nor any dishonor brought on the blessed and noble cause of Truth. Truly there is little room for any other than the language of deep bemoaning; the glory of many in this land has become dimmed and changed. Oh! how has my heart mourned in remembering that in this part of the world, where the glorious light of the gospel so eminently broke forth, and where so many were gathered from shadows and forms, to the living substance and power of Truth, under a full persuasion that the SEED OF LIFE reigned and was in dominion, there should be such falling away among the descendants of the great and good, that in most of the places I have visited, there is but little left but the form. The love of the world, and a conformity to its customs and friendship, has captivated many of all ranks; the sense whereof leads me sometimes to believe that "the Lord will visit for these things, and be avenged on such a nation as this." Yet there is an honest and tried number, up and down, who have a just perception and a clear discerning, and who are engaged for the restoration of these captives, that there may be a revival of ancient zeal and simplicity; and a precious visitation is extended to the rising youth, and those in the middle rank, many of whom will, I hope, be brought forward in the Lord's time as workmen and women that will not need to be ashamed; provided they keep patiently under the holy forming hand of divine power, which, through adorable mercy, is not yet wholly withdrawn from his heritage. I did not intend to say so much in this line, but there are very few to whom I can disclose my present feelings, except C. Hustler, who is a true sympathizing friend, and is willing to continue a little longer with me."

By no means strange was this language of bemoaning, in reference to the inhabitants of the nation where G. Fox and his associates so nobly testified to the dominion of THE SEED, and to the Power which is over all, and which must eventually subdue all things unto itself. In what land, indeed, might not the plain-

tive query be raised, "*The Fathers, where are they?*"—in view of the degeneracy of descendants of godly parents, and of the worldliness of communities, in the midst of whom the Truth has been preached in its simplicity and purity. Feelings, such as those above recorded, will often be experienced by the divinely commissioned messengers of the eternal WORD, and they were, in after years, renewed to R. J. in various parts of her own land. In every country, indeed, and in all time, the children of those who have been conspicuously employed in the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, have, in common with all others, abundant need of watchfulness and humility, and can only become their worthy successors as their eyes are fixed upon the same unerring Leader, and, as renouncing self, they take up their cross daily, following him in THE WAY, and yielding to the baptism, wherewith he was baptized. The reader can rejoice, however, that in respect to many of those for whom our friend was thus exercised, she lived to see the travail of her soul, and to be satisfied in the realization of the hope blended with faith, which she repeatedly expressed. "I love Yorkshire," she subsequently writes, "many Friends in it are near to my very life;" and she proceeds to declare her belief, that "some of the present generation there will be preserved, and in the right time show themselves to Israel, equipped with the holy armor on the right hand and on the left."

Omitting some passages of less general interest, we now resume her letter to J. P.

"I know thy situation in Ireland must have been truly in the cross to thy nature, but my mind has been settled in a full persuasion that thou art not following cunningly devised fables, and often hearing that thou art mercifully sustained, is cause of rejoicing to one who, according to my measure, have often been engaged for thy increase in strength and dedication, as well as my own. May the lord be near thee, thy bow and battle axe, and enable thee to finish the work which in His counsel opens to thy view, that thy crown may be weighty and eternal. And oh! may I have a place in thy brotherly remembrance, for thou

knowest what a weakling I am; yet I dare not but acknowledge that the Lord has not been wanting, nor do I distrust the sufficiency of his power for the accomplishment of his own purposes; but weakness and diffidence still attend.

After this Quarterly Meeting is over, it looks as if we might endeavor for that at New Castle, for the county of Durham, and some meetings thereabouts. * * *

Our Yearly Meeting is now sitting. May they be strengthened and comforted together. I hope dear R. V. is safely arrived, and I hear Zachariah Dicks and Ann Jessop are coming in the fall as additional ambassadors to these parts. Surely something more than common is intended by all these. John Parrish and James Cresson have laid before their Monthly Meetings a concern to visit Barbadoes. S. Hopkins, Thomas Scattergood, and John Haughton, &c., have been to the Yearly Meetings eastward.

I am with endeared sisterly affection and sympathy, thy poor little friend,

R. Jones

The following instructive epistle may be perused with benefit by parents, and by all who are engaged in the training of youth:

To E. Alexander.

Conwood, Northumberland, 10th mo. 19th, 1784.

Dear friend,—Having thee, with thy sister Mary, often in my affectionate remembrance since we parted at Norwich, and feeling it in a stronger degree this morning, I am willing, by a few lines, to let thee know the continuance of my prospect concerning thee, if by any means I may encourage thy steady attention and obedience to that good hand which has tenderly visited thy mind, and given thee to see both the emptiness of all temporal pleasure, and the beauty, permanency, and excel-

lence of the divine principle of truth; unto which, let me press thy steady and uniform adherence, "esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." I know that the enemy of all righteousness is endeavouring by various means to divert the minds of those who are newly awakened to seek an inheritance in divine favor; and therefore was the injunction of the great Master so repeatedly to his disciples—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;" and for want of this, many who were "beloved of God, and called to be saints," have stumbled on the very threshold of the "narrow way," and so made no advances in the path of self-denial. Mayst thou therefore be made sensible (after having "seen and approved those things which are excellent,") of the necessity of yielding obedience to every discovery of the divine will, and by an increasing dedication of heart thereunto, be strengthened in thy arduous station of a mother, bringing up thy tender offspring under the conduct of holy fear, and in a suitable contempt of the vanity and folly of this delusive world; leading them by example in the way of the cross, and in an appearance consistent with the pure principle of truth which we profess, endeavouring, as far as thy influence extends, both to advise and restrain them in their tender years, and to make them acquainted with the nature and effects of divine grace in the heart, according to that ability with which thou mayst be furnished from time to time. I am the more anxious on this head, because I believe that unfaithfulness in many parents of the present age has not only proved a great loss to their children, but has been productive of increasing difficulties to their tender minds in the day of their visitation, by the open door that has been made for them into the vanity and foolish customs of the degenerate days in which we live: so that if thou art *wise* herein, thou wilt not only be "wise for thyself," and grow "strong in faith and good works," but *wise* for them who are not arrived to an age to be *wise* on their own account; and what is of infinitely more value than every other consideration, have the "answer of a good conscience" towards the everlasting Father, who

has visited thee with the knowledge of himself, with gracious intentions to establish thee before him for ever. Please communicate the contents to thy beloved spouse; he is equally interested in all the foregoing, and in my sincere desire for his welfare: also thy sister Mary. May she never lose the precious tendering she was under when we were together. My dear love is to them, thy father and self. My companion C. H., whose company I am still favored with, and Wm. Matthews, being present, unite in the salutation.

My aforesaid friend and self have been steadily engaged since we parted with you, and having taken meetings through most of Norfolk, Lincoln, York, and Durhamshires, and this county, are about to enter Cumberland, where to receive a few lines from thee and dear M., will be truly acceptable to thy sincere and well-wishing friend,

R. Jones

We pass over the detail of attendance of meetings in England and in Scotland, in which service, though supplied from day to day with strength sufficient for each emergency, she was introduced into feelings of weakness. "Indeed," she says, "no one was ever sent abroad who had more need of the prayers of the faithful." In this sense of poverty, she found safety in resorting to the Christian's strong tower, and supplicated that whatever sufferings might be allowed her, she might be kept from doing any thing that could injure the blessed cause of TRUTH.

The following letter from her faithful friend, Sarah Grubb, (Sarah R. Grubb, as she sometimes signed her name by way of necessary distinction,) developes in an interesting manner her secret preparation for extensive and weighty religious service. It may here be remarked, that the letters of S. Grubb, from which it is proposed to make selections, were not in the possession of the Friends who prepared her journal, but were so valued by R. Jones, that she transcribed them in a book now in the compiler's possession. The intrinsic value of these letters, will, it is trusted, compensate for the space they may occupy.

SARAH GRUBB TO R. JONES,

York, 1*st mo.* 9*th*, 1785.

About two weeks ago, being in a distressed, tossed situation of mind, respecting the unsettled prospect of our future residence, and finding no clear opening of what might prove our lot, either in this land or in Ireland, and but little ability to trust and leave the disposal to the Lord, I seemed ready to sink under the pressure of increasing anxiety, especially one day as I sat in meeting, when through deep, dark proving, I got low enough to accept any pointings for peace; my mind was on a sudden calmed, and a secret language seemed applied to me, "Thou shalt not settle, I have other service for thee." On which I was deeply humbled; and then I thought I perceived an opening about the ensuing Third month to accompany my esteemed friend R. Jones, to—I know not where. A degree of sweet peace and serenity mercifully succeeded, and all that was within me acknowledged, "good is the Lord." My mind being thus stayed as to my past troubles, I endeavored almost continually to obscure the view I had had, either by making to myself new objects, or reasoning against this, till I came to the Quarterly Meeting, when it forcible presented itself again, and urged me to seek a conference with you.

* * * * * * * * * *

The idea of being instrumental to part companions, whose union and service have not been small to one another, was to me so irksome and delicate a point, that I concluded, that whatever was the consequence, I would conceal my feelings, not having so much as hinted them to any one but my husband after his return. But after I got here, the matter still remaining, and considering you as mothers, and myself a child, in these characters, I saw nothing to fear (either to you or myself) from this simple communication. As I believe it posssible for very distant services,to be brought so near us (in order to subject our minds) as that we may widely mistake the time for the accomplishment

of them, if we run after the vision when it would withdraw and leave us. And if in *this*, or other respects, I am erring, your superior experience and present sense divinely afforded, may, instead of *hurting* me, prove of lasting benefit. Wherefore I leave it."

* * * * * * * * * *

In a letter addressed to Esther Tuke, R. J., after speaking affectionately of S. Grubb, says: "I have received her loving, modest and prudent offer to help a poor creature, a little one: which with thine of a chaise, &c., makes me feel very humble that such way should be made for me in the hearts of those who love the cause of Truth in sincerity. Indeed, I have admired at it, knowing my little feeble estate, and thinking that by this time *you* must know it pretty well." The following, from the same letter, we quote as bearing upon the present subject:— "Thou canst not think how much good thou hast done me by thy several free hints, especially thy reviving the charge 'whom the Lord hath joined, let not man put asunder.' And as I believe it was the Master's will that C. Hustler and R. Jones should be joined so far, so I am comforted in the belief that *nothing of an inferior nature* has attempted to separate. By this thou will understand how kindly we take both thy letters to us, and dear S. Grubb's. Oh what an unspeakable privilege *they* enjoy, whose foundation is on that Rock, against which, as thou wisely observest, 'the gates of hell cannot prevail.' These are not disposed to misconstrue the fruits of love and freedom, but wisely to improve thereby; which is, my dear friend my desire."

S. Grubb to R. J.

Foster, 1*st mo.* 11*th*, 1785.

Beloved Friend,—I am obliged by thy favor in so early replying to mine from York, and particularly for thy affectionate freedom contained therein. The suspense was short and

easy. Feeling but little anxiety how my prospects might terminate, if my resignation to them and their inherent trials was all that was required, I gratefully accept the gracious design, and thankfully acknowledge its early completion. If I was wrong, being conscious of having no end in view, but the secret approbation of Truth, I trust that a future impartiality to myself will enable to discover where the error lay. If I was right, I am contented to rest my cause in that good hand, which by ways and means inscrutable to us, can effect its own unerring purposes. In short, when I had read thy letter, I considered the lilies, and remembered the gospel injunction—"Take no thought for the morrow," which the activity of self, and the perplexing inquisitiveness of my disposition, often, very often, prevent my compliance with. But I humbly crave the continuance of the present covering of my mind on this subject, and that you may simply proceed in your arduous journey in the pure openings of Truth upon your own minds, uninfluenced by any thing inferior thereto. For did you know to the full the feelings of my heart towards you, you would be completely convinced, as I trust you are in a good degree, that was it in my power I should dread to move a finger to bring about too early a separation of companions united in the holy covenant, believing the command applicable to these—"Whom God hath joined, let no man (as man) put asunder."

* * * * *

I hope thou wilt be instrumental in supporting the drooping spirits of our beloved C. Hustler, with whose hidden sorrows my mind has often been led hiddenly and deeply to sympathize.

* * * * *

Various are the ingredients, wisely and evilly, cast into the cup of human life, and great is our natural antipathy to some of them. What is tolerable to one, is almost intolerable to another. So various are likewise our palates for interior food, and so hard to learn is that capital lesson "to endure all things," and quietly to depend upon the everlasting arm of power which changeth not, nor forsaketh the poorest of the flock who trust in

his strength. Oh the need there is in this day often to repair to the just balance, and when weighed, steadily to dwell as at the centre of the beam, lest we should be unprofitably tossed up and down by the sleight of men, and prevented of that quiet habitation divinely appointed for the refuge and sanctuary of the faithful in their tribulated pilgrimage.

* * * * * * * *

I marvel not, dear friend, from my small experience, at the often tried situation of thy mind. The SEED, if it be visited in many places, must be sought for in prison houses, in mangers and deserts, and sometimes lamented for in a language similar to Mary's—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." And when the deep exercise and travail of spirit of the faithful laborers are blessed with a degree of success, in how abject a state is the pure life found! What need is there for such as minister to it, to be baptized into its sufferings, and content therewith as acceptably to clothe its nakedness, relieve its hunger, and visit its imprisoned state. Notwithstanding the impoverished situation of these, their deep self-abasement and fear respecting the uselessness of their services, yet undoubtedly they are held in everlasting remembrance, and, in the more triumphant state of the seed, we see even *here*, these are admitted to near access through the gracious invitation —"Come ye blessed of my Father."

* * * * * * *

I remember to have heard that S. Fothergill, in the last journey he took, was often so exceedingly stripped and tried, particularly after his public appearance, that the unity or approbation of the least child in the family would have revived him; and this led him to acknowledge that he was never more weak and apt to doubt the rectitude of his ministry. Yet a friend of much religious worth and spiritual discerning, who was often with him, told me that it was never more pure and baptizing.

But I am grieved with myself for writing thus to an old soldier, instructed in all the righteousness of both law and gospel. I had more need get to some Gamaliel and sit at their feet awhile, or, what would be still better, place myself as Mary

did, that by similar teaching I may be rightly instructed, and enabled to keep my own standing, which appears to be in slippery places.

I might say much to thee respecting the proved situation frequently portioned as my spiritual meat, which, though unpleasant to flesh and blood, is, nevertheless, when the mind is truly humbled, experienced to be substantial food; and by these things our life is preserved, as, through subjection of soul, the sanctifying power of Truth is not obstructed. When there is the least *certain evidence* that I am at all engaged in the good fight, and have not forsaken the faith, I am then encouraged to look with a degree of confidence to Divine Help for my future steppings; and, in order to run so as to obtain, to endeavor to run with patience.

We have not yet come to any conclusion respecting our future settlement. It is indeed by *getting deep enough* that we can be rightly directed.

THOMAS ROSS TO R. J.

Ballitore, 1*st. mo.* 25*th* 1785.

DEAR REBECCA,—Thou hast been of late brought up in my mind in great nearness of affection, in that love which distance doth not rase out; so that I find a freedom to visit thee with a few lines, to inform thee that I have been favored to visit Friends' meetings generally through this nation, and have been enabled, by that good hand which I believe hath sent me forth to labor in his vineyard, to clear myself in warning the rebellious to return; as also to encourage the youth to give up without reserve, that so they might come to fill up the seats of those worthies who are removed, and to be made useful in their day, to the promoting of the great cause on earth. Dear Rebecca, I think I know thou art a woman who travails in the deep, I travail with thee in my measure, for I think I may let thee know that I have been led along in a low way, and often baptized for

the dead, and yet have been preserved to cast my care upon him that can raise the dead. Dear R., thou hast been as an epistle written in my heart, and, in a fresh revival of the precious unity which subsisted betwixt us when at home, I have a hope that if we keep to our first love, we shall come to know an increase, and that will be more than the increase of corn, wine, or oil. And now I may let thee know that I am as a blank, but cannot see my way out of this nation. Yet I trust he who hath hitherto helped me, in his own time will open the way for me. Dear R. thou knows, and I know that unity which spreads over sea and land, a measure of which I have felt at times, that has brought not only thee, but *all* my brethren and sisters from America, fresh up in my mind, with strong desires that we might all be preserved little and low, and that we might be preserved chaste in our love to him who is the bridegroom of souls. Then he will take care of us, that we need not be anxious when we are going from one meeting to another, what we may have to say, but to keep to our gifts, and look to the Giver; not to lean to our own understanding, for if we do, we shall greatly fail instead of bringing honor to his great name who hath called us forth, we shall bring death on ourselves, and not administer life to the people, for life answers life, as face answers face in a glass, and there is nothing that can draw to him, but what proceeds from him. The province-meeting is to be next Seventh day at Castle Dermot, which I propose to attend, after which I have a view of going to Moate, where our friend Jno. Pemberton is, to see him: he has been confined there some weeks with a cancerous wart on his hand, under the care of a man skillful in such cases. He is otherwise pretty well in health. Though he suffered considerable pain, he has been preserved in patience and resignation. Mehetabel Jenkins has had the small-pox at Samuel Neale's in Cork, and is finely recruited. I should have wrote before now, only I am such a poor scribe, but now have an opportunity of writing by a female hand (one who a little like thee, has a ready hand with her pen.) I salute thee in near affection, with desires that

thou mayst bear up in thy mind, remembering that he who is the great helper is said to have been a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. My dear love to Rebecca Wright, Patience Brayton, Wm. Matthews, Saml. Emlen, Geo. Dillwyn and in particular Nicholas Waln, Geo. Dillwyn's wife, and brother's family, John Elliot and family, Saml. Emlen, Jr., and all other enquiring friends. Richard Shackleton and family join in the above salutation, also to thy dear companion C. Hustler.

Farewell, I remain thy brother in tribulation,

THOMAS ROSS.

R. JONES TO JOHN PEMBERTON.

Appleby, [*Westmoreland*,] 2d mo. 2d, 1785.

Beloved friend,—Yesterday, on my dear companion C. H. and self coming to Penrith, (where this day sat their Monthly Meeting,) I received thy affectionate letter, dated the 14th of last month at Moate, by which we were somewhat relieved from that anxiety and concern we have felt on account of thy diseased hand. It was cause of rejoicing to my poor mind, that I am still counted worthy of the near sympathy of the faithful servants in the heavenly family. Thy situation of mind is truly a desirable one; for to be "preserved in a good degree of resignation in hope that divine help and favor will be continued," is a distinguished favor from the Father of mercies. I have a letter from my H. C., who mentions thy brother James being on the recovery; that Thomas Wharton, Samuel Rhoads, A. Pemberton's son Israel, and Martha Noble, are released from the troubles of this life; that our other friends are pretty well, except Samuel Noble, who has had another stroke of the palsy, by which he is quite speechless, but sensible, and in a sweet frame of mind. I am rejoiced to hear of dear M. Jenkins's recovery. She is an innocent, humble handmaid. I am able still to please thee with the tidings of my dear C. Hustler continuing with me, and hope I shall yet be indulged with her mo-

therly assistance, if in the *Lord's will.* I expect Wm. Matthews is now in London; he often, while we were together, expressed his deep sympathy with thee, as do many other dear Friends. R. Wright and companion, got well out of Scotland, and are under the Master's direction and help. They, with N. Waln, W. Matthews, and myself, were at Leeds Quarterly Meeting, and mutually comforted in the fresh sense of true unity. It was a large, favored meeting. I rejoice in thy account of dear T. Ross, and hope that he will be kept by the power of God unto the end. Perhaps he may find his mind engaged to bear up thy hand, which, if he should, will, I have no doubt, be acceptable to thee. I had not been able for some time to find out where dear P. Brayton was, but I find, by a few lines from George Dillwyn, (since the date of thine,) that she has gone towards Bristol and Wales. George Dillwyn and S. Emlen, have been usefully engaged in visiting families in London. The first seemed low, but in the quiet.

My dear friend may find from my frequent epistles, that thou art often in my remembrance, and however poor and weak I see myself, yet I am nearly united in spirit to my fellow laborers, who are more strongly qualified for useful, lively service in the family. I would have thee give my love to such friends thou mayest fall in with, who may enquire after the weakest of the flock now abroad on Truth's service. Don't forget me, for I am at times so amazed and fearful, that but for the renewed confirming evidence that did attend my own mind, and the minds of my dear brethren and sisters, before I left the American shore, being at times livingly renewed, I should indeed faint by the way. The greatness of the work, and the insufficiency of my feeble endeavors towards its furtherance, are to my mind very humbling and awful; yet I am at times enabled to say, by a degree of comfortable experience, the Lord is good, and worthy to be feared, served and obeyed, in his own way, and according to his appointment. * * * *

JAMES PEMBERTON TO R. JONES.

Philadelphia, 23d of 2d mo., 1785.

Dear friend,—Notwithstanding my silence, I may venture to class myself with the foremost of thy friends here for remembrance of thee, believing no day has passed since thy departure, and thou unthought of by me with sincere desires, however feeble, for thy preservation, and that fortitude and strength may be thy experience in each day's service appointed; and "lo, I am with you always," is an unfailing promise from all-sufficient wisdom, not intended only for those to whom it was immediately spoken, but all others of his devoted servants. It has been an occasion of thankful gladness, that thou art furnished with a companion in whom I am persuaded thou hast found the benefit of "an harmonious laborer for Truth's honor," as we have often heard queried. She was amiable in my view in her youth at Friend Weston's, and being since dignified with a commission from the highest authority, for publishing the glad tidings of Peace, I think myself authorized by the precept of an eminent minister, to hold her in double esteem for the work's sake.

* * * * * * *

I expect thy beloved H. C. gives thee a minute relation of occurrences among us as they fall out, so that were I to particularize, it might be a repetition only; nor can I convey thee a comfortable account of the state of society being advanced for the better since thy leaving. The spirit of the world, in its allurements to trade and commerce, has captivated too many, to the hindrance of their spiritual progress, and to the manifest injury of some in their temporal concerns; yet there remain a number engaged for the general welfare. Our meetings are greatly increased in number by the removal of many from the country, without addition to our real best strength. The evening meetings of First day continue to be often crowded, and much attended by other professors; the labor in them rests for the most part upon W. Savery, Jr., and Daniel Offley. Daniel Burns

has lately become a citizen in the southern district, and takes his share with them. Thy Hannah is mostly a silent hearer, yet now and then, chiefly on Fifth days, gives proof of the validity of her call to the sacred office and improvement therein.

* * * * * * *

Sarah Harrison, Jas. Simpson, (from Bucks,) accompanied by I. Zane and M. England, are now employed in visiting families within our district. * * * *

Thy account of thy visit to Ackworth, is very agreeable. Whilst that school is maintained on its original intention, I expect it will prove of great use; but it too frequently has happened that good institutions have been perverted, which, I hope, will not be the case in that, and the judicious guard it is placed under, will be its preservation. * * *

With cordial love, thy affectionate friend, J. P.

On the 21st of Second month, she reached the hospitable abode of J. and C. Hustler, Undercliff, near Bradford, from whence she visited the families at Bradford, which service occupied her till the 20th of the next month.

A letter from S. Grubb to R. J., dated Third month 18th, contains, among much that is replete with instruction, the following paragraph, which, though not necessary to our narrative, appears so calculated to be of substantial benefit to some readers, that we fear to omit it. "There is so little in me that is comfortable, much less desirable even to myself, that I am ready to 'say to corruption, thou art my father, to the worm, thou art my mother and sister;' and were it not for the breakings in of immortality in the depth of this abasedness, which (though soon taken up again,) leaves a renewal of strength behind it, how abject would my state be! Were there not something which no outward gratification can satisfy, my husband and my situation in most respects might soon fix my mind in a sort of earthly paradise, and centre my enjoyments in what the world calls good, and what, under the blessing which makes truly rich, is really so. Thy kindness and my feelings have

urged me to write; an employment *from* which I am often led, believing that if it is my lot, to make a safe progress, I must learn more and more to salute but few by the way. There is an airy, unconverted mind, very prevalent among the professors of Truth, and may it not sorrowfully be said amongst some of the fore rank of the people; which is naturally seeking to attract us from the Rock of our strength, and though it is attended with a specious appearance of loving the Truth, and a readiness to say, 'blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,' (and there is something in me that loves to be courteous to these, rather than abide in the cross,) yet in those humbling abasing seasons wherein no human consolation can avail, except what is felt in the deep utterance of united spiritual exercise, *I find not such to be my fellow-helpers in the Lord;* and I have clearly discovered, that to support an unrequired familiarity with them, is to be in great danger of hurting myself, and if it should be grateful to any such, will rather strengthen their contentment in their present state, than turn them from the sandy to the true foundation. Thus, my dear friend, has a line sometimes opened to the view of my mind, which being opposite to my natural disposition, brings with it its trials, a daily call for circumspection, and a daily condemnation for want of it, and a willingness to tread, according to my measure, the suffering path of the great and holy Pattern, who, though he ate with publicans and sinners when salvation was sent to their houses, yet in no wise countenanced or approved those who boasted of being Abraham's children, but were under the power of the seducer. * * * To be sensible of our own infirmities, and therefore to be chaste to the Bridegroom of souls, when he is pleased to withdraw the sensible enjoyment of help, and discoveries of his putting forth, is a desirable situation for the mind to centre in, as it preserves us from joining with those spirits and things, either in ourselves or others, which we have once seen to be in the degeneracy from the pure life; and enables to possess the vessel in sanctification and honor."

R. J. arrived in London the 10th of Fifth month, taking her

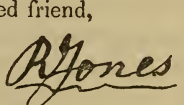
abode at Plough Court, (a locality familiar to the readers of W. Allen's life,) and remained in and near that metropolis till Sixth month 3d. During this time she experienced various interests and exercises. Meanwhile, she had parted with Christiana Hustler, her true yoke fellow, in whose absence she "felt like a lonely dove without its mate;" and she says, in a note to her about this time, "a living hope springs up just now, that as thou wast the first, so thou wilt be the last companion in this land;" a hope which, as will hereafter be seen, was literally realized.

The following note to John Pemberton, written in London some time in this month, might excite a desire to know something respecting its result, but we cannot doubt that such a band of disciples, reverently meeting together in the name of the Lord, would experience Him to be in the midst of them, realizing his ancient promises.

Beloved friend,—My mind has been thoughtful this morning on my own account, and feeling much love and sympathy with my fellow-laborers from our land, I was willing to propose, if it meet thy approbation, with the rest, that we might all meet at some suitable time and place, and sit down quietly together, not knowing what may arise for our mutual confirmation and benefit.

I am thy poor, tried friend,

6th day morning, nine o'clock



Whether there was a connection between the above note, and the meeting referred to as follows, in a letter to C. Hustler, it is not easy to determine, though it was probably not the case.

"My soul salutes thee under the precious uniting sense of the love of our heavenly Father, which so abundantly flows towards thee, that words would fail me in attempting to convey my feelings. The salutation which I am now about handing to thyself, can be done in no other language, if I am honest, than to say, I love thee as my own soul. Remember what I have often re-

minded thee of—'Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end,' and as he is humbly confided in, and depended upon by these, he hath determined 'none shall be able to pluck them out of His hand.' On Seventh day, (Fifth month, 28th,) we all dined at Samuel Hoare's, at Newington, that is to say, all our little band of seven that came over sea together,—was it not worthy of thankful commemoration? Without adverting to the circumstance till we all got there, we found it was just one year to a day, nay about the same hour of the day, that we landed at Gravesend. Our hearts were sweetly melted together when I mentioned it; we were made thankfully to acknowledge that we had '*lacked nothing*,' and we could unitedly set up our Ebenezer."

Referring in her diary to this gathering, she says—"we had to offer humble thanks for the Lord's mercies, since that time many ways extended."

R. J. TO SARAH HUSTLER.

London, 5*th mo.* 20*th*, 1785.

DEAR SARAH HUSTLER,—Thy dear mother, my precious companion, being gone to meeting, and I not quite well in my chamber, having thee with the rest of her beloved offspring often in my near remembrance, it seems as if I may tell thee, if thou art willing to be instructed by the divine Monitor within, which is the only true teacher, there will be little occasion for any of the Lord's servants, either to be grieved with any thing in or upon thee, or to fear thy coming forward answerable to the merciful intention of infinite goodness towards thee; who having drawn thy worthy mother out of the vanities of this world, called her by His grace, and established her among his humble children, and engaged her mind on thy account; will bring thee also into the same comfortable experience in thyself; why then should any *little matter*, things that thy own good sense and better judgment allow to be very little things, impede thy ad-

vancement towards an establishment in the Lord's favor? Is there any thing too great or too valuable to be parted with for the sake of that unshaken peace, which all these outward things united cannot furnish? Be obedient, then, my dear; give up every thing, however pleasing, when the divine requisition is, "*give up*," that so thou mayest be enabled to step forward in beauty and strength, when the further call is heard—"*Keep not back.*" O my heart is and has often been exercised on thy account, and on account of thy dear brother William, lest for want of an early conformity to divine manifestation, you should go wider and wider into the paths of defection; and in so doing render yourselves unworthy of a place in that succession which will be filled up in the Lord's family, whether they who are first indulged with the heavenly offer are willing or not; for he has determined that "his table shall be filled," and many from the highways and hedges are already brought in to sit down amongst his faithful children, delighting in the lifting up of his glorious countenance, rendering him the acceptable fruits of obedience and love in their season. And dear children, I am persuaded this is the season, the blessed season, for you to begin, by bowing under the cross of Christ, conforming to its humbling, restraining effects and with a noble and righteous firmness, disdaining to be brought under the power of the foolish customs and fashions of this degenerate and deluded age; for if you honor the Lord in heart and conduct, you will not only rise superior to them all, but, what is infinitely better, will be honored by Him, who hath promised to do it for such.

And as dear William is more in the way of temptation in divers respects, being often in an exposed situation, arising from the necessary business in which he is engaged, I wish him to be on his watch, and not give way to the subtile whisperings of the adversary, who may attempt to persuade him, that to keep in a plain, humble appearance, is unmanly, and that the road to preferment, riches and honor, is pleasant, and may be safely pursued in the time of youth. But that by an inward attention to the inspeaking voice of divine wisdom, he may understand its

intelligent indisputable language—"By humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honor, and life," and wisely prefer it. Thus, dear children, is my heart concerned for you—receive it as the fruit of love—feeling you near as if you were my kinsfolk according to the flesh; yea more near than some of these; and under this concern I do entreat you, "Be wise for yourselves," remembering that "the wise shall inherit true glory, when shame shall be the promotion of fools;" hereby you will be good examples to the younger children, beloved by those who love what is only lovely, and "Make glad your father, and give your mother joy."

R. Jones having written to S. Grubb, proposing that they should be associated in a visit to Ireland, S. G. being at the time from home on religious service, writes on the 31st of Fifth month, and, after expressing her apprehension that she should be most easy to lay the subject before her friends on her return, adds—"It has ever been a great trial to me to avow a concern to any religious service, and to act in obedience thereto most humiliating. I seldom attempt it as long as a stone is left unturned, in endeavoring to put it by, so that I hope my dear friend will have a little compassion on my doubts and hesitations; for the more I see myself, the greater need I find that all my prospects and feelings should be weighed in the just balance of the sanctuary, time after time, to prove whether they increase or decrease in pure strength. I feel near sympathy with thee, my beloved friend, especially in parting with a humble-minded sympathetic companion, whose trial and loss, will, I trust, with thine, be repaired by the Comforter from the Father."

S. Grubb in allusion to the desolating effects of unfaithfulness among some among whom her lot was at this time cast, says—"May I ever remember, in prospects so distressing, the instructive conduct of the archangel, who brought no railing acqusation, but wisely left the work to that Hand which can do all things, with or without us."

CHAPTER V.

1785—1788.

Gives up for Ireland—Various letters—Lands at Dublin where she visits families—Message from Captain Truxton—Family visits, at at Ballitore and Catleds. Remarkable anecdote of Geo. Dillwyn—S. Grubb arrives—Visits families at Lisburn—Completes her labors in Ireland and returns to England—Sickness, death and funeral of Thomas Ross—Labors in Wales—Family visit at York and at Leeds—Certificate of Ireland Half Year's Meeting—Attends London Yearly Meeting—W. Mathews' testimony of the growth in her gift—Illness of C. Hustler and of S. Grubb—Visits families at Sheffield, Warnsworth, and High Wycombe—H. Cathrall's integrity in returning 50*l.*—Certificate of London Yearly Meeting—Concern on account of Africans—Attends London Yearly Meeting—Preparations to embark Parting scenes—Tabular notes.

Her proposed mission to Ireland, closing from her view, R. J. made preparation for going into Sussex, and she esteemed it a favor that her friend, Deborah Townsend, obtained on the 31st the consent of Peel Monthly Meeting, to accompany her. Sixth month 2d, she makes this brief note—"At Plough Court, in great distress, gave up for Ireland." And on the morning of the 3d, she writes, that after a night of deep distress, this prospect so clearly opened, and every thing else so closed up, that her full resignation became absolutely necessary. "I have, therefore," she says, "yielded to it, as the path for me to pursue, in order to obtain that peace which no substitute, no contrivance of the creature, no human exertion can procure, because it is reserved for obedience only. The great lesson of self abasement and mortification has been singularly renewed to me, from which, through the Divine blessing, I hope to derive lasting instruction and benefit." On the same day she writes to C. Hustler—"Pray for me, that I may not be left to run at uncertainty, for I am likely to be led in paths that I have not known. I should be glad thou wouldst encourage dear S. Grubb to move forward. Her Robert, I expect, will accompany her over the water. Let her know that my heart is nearly united to her. I now feel, in this sudden movement, the force of the expression

—"Ye are not your own." But if I may in any sort be acknowledged by HIM, it matters not, whether or not I am owned by Abraham's descendants, or acknowledged by the nominal lifeless professors of Israel; those who are not doing the works of Abraham nor of the wrestling seed. Feeling thee in the precious heavenly fellowship to be of the seed, I freely open my heart to thee; thou knowest I love thee, and wish thee all "joy and peace in believing," that thou art one of the tried chosen number who will not be forsaken by Him unto the end, and in whom he will yet show forth his praise. Lift up thy head in hope, and trust in Him who is able to help thee over and through all—yea, He will do it."

On the 4th of Sixth month, with her "face turned toward the land she had feared, and without any certainty of a companion," she took her departure for Liverpool, where, on the 13th they embarked on board the Earl of Charlemont packet for Dublin, and landed at Rogerson's quay. Here, on the 20th, they commenced a family visit, which was completed on the 14th of Seventh month, comprising "in all 115 sittings, in which, though deeply exercising, at times Truth prevailed, and we enjoyed peace, and only —— and —— refused a visit from us.

"I have been," she says, "without a woman friend, except Sarah Dillwyn, who just went to keep me in countenance; yet the Lord hath been my helper, and I have abundant cause to bless his name, and to rejoice (however strange it may appear to some) that I came when I did. I have been a feeling witness of his great mercy, and love manifested towards this people; they received us joyfully; and though we have been exercised in much plain dealing, yet the influence of best love has been felt; and though all are not alike sensible, yet many feeling minds, have, I trust, been encouraged and quickened in right prospects. I never knew S. Emlen more favored."

A letter from Capt. Truxton to Samuel Emlen, received at this time, says—

"Present my best compliments to Rebecca Jones, and to that worthy old favorite of mine, Thomas Ross. May God of his infinite mercy

and goodness, continue his blessing towards you all; and after you are satisfied in your own minds that you have done your duty towards Him and towards your brethren in this eastern world, that He may be pleased to conduct you to your families, relations and friends in safety, is my sincere wish and prayer."

The following lines addressed to her by S. Grubb, and dated Seventh month 1st, have reference to the engagement just noticed: "My mind sympathises with thee and thy companions in your exercising engagement. It is a work in which, comparatively speaking, the weather changes many times in the day. Sometimes the clouds hang so low as even to baptize the inhabitants of that climate in them, from whence there is so blessed a connection with the great ocean of wisdom and strength, as to extend the baptism thereto. Here we find our spiritual Moses, through whose Almighty power the clouds break, the earth is refreshed with celestial rain, and the Sun of righteousness breaks forth. Then they who delight in his precious influence revive in vigor and press forward with new alacrity of soul. Thus may your spirits be supported to persevere in the Lord's work, and to do valiantly in restoring the ancient path of purity, simplicity and dedication of heart."

R. J. to James Pemberton..

Dublin, 6th mo. 29th, 1785.

Esteemed Friend,—Thy truly acceptable salutations of the 23d of Second month, and 13th of last month, came duly; the first received at London, the other yesterday, and both were occasions of comfort and encouragement to my drooping mind: having had many conflicts and exercises, through all which the Lord has been merciful beyond what I have even dared to expect, and among other favors received, having had the wing of a valuable, experienced mother cast over me, in my beloved fellow laborer, C. Hustler, is not one of the least. We have in many depths (few heights) with increasing love and truest unity been exercised together for the space of twelve months, and found it a close trial to separate at London the week after the

England,) I view it as an additional provision by kind Providence, which renews the obligation on me, to be still more humble and devoted in his service. I thought it was rather confirming to my mind that thou shouldst even think of my coming into this nation, which I did not give up to without great fear and much exercise of mind. I left London the 4th instant, and took a few meetings in the way, in company with my dear friends S. Emlen and son, G. Dillwyn and wife; got to Liverpool the 11th, and on the 13th in the packet, (a brig,) from thence crossed the water hither, landing the 16th, not without sea sickness, as usual, but resigned and quiet in mind.

And now I am engaged (till my companion comes) in going with G. D. and S. E., from family to family in this city; but whether Samuel will make a thorough visit of the kind, is not known; G. D. will hardly, and I hope soon to be released; but thou knowest S. E. is much led in this line, and is peculiarly gifted for it. He is at times weak and discouraged; but on the whole I do not think him in a much more enfeebled state than when in Philadelphia.

* * * * * *

It was cause of great joy to meet thy dear brother John at London, and the more so to find him so easy and cheerful in spirit, as well as that he appears improved every way, except that he is and does look older. Whether he will cross from Scotland, whither he has gone with Father Ross, (as Captain Truxton used to call him,) into this nation again, is a matter, I believe, not fully settled in his own mind. But I trust he will be wisely and safely directed.

I note thy brotherly desire on my account with thankfulness to Him who is so rich in mercy, and boundless in compassion still, that he is pleased to require no mighty works at my feeble hands, so that he should condescend to accept my little labors of love in his cause, is humblingly marvellous in my eyes, and must be so to others in whose hearts a place has been found for so poor a creature. * * * *

Thou wilt doubtless hear from different hands how and where

of love in his cause, is humblingly marvellous in my eyes, and must be so to others in whose hearts a place has been found for so poor a creature. * * *

Thou wilt doubtless hear from different hands how and where our American friends are. I can only say, I believe they are all well; and I trust in the Master's appointment; as well as that they are much in the acceptance of Friends where they travel. I may inform thee there is a large body of Friends in this city. Their meeting, when fully gathered, is in number, I think, equal to ours at the Bank, and no ministering Friend belonging to it but one woman Friend, who has a small testimony. Many of them appear hopeful, especially among the younger and middle rank. My landlord and his wife, Joseph and Jane Williams, are steady, valuable Friends.

Please give my love to thy wife and children, to H. Pemberton, (bid her be still resigned and patient on dear John's account; he is in good hands and prosperous,) to thy kinsfolk, * * and to other dear friends in thy freedom. 'Tis cause of humble thankfulness that I still maintain a place in the minds of my dear friends at home. May their prayers with mine ascend for renewed help and preservation.

* * * * * *

Thy brother John has left a sweet savor behind him in this land, and so have all the other Friends who have been here; and oh that I may be kept from doing any harm, for I do very little good, except 'tis secretly, yet I don't murmur, but am content. Thy account of dear W. Savery and D. Offley, is comfortable. May they be preserved through all. My love to them. Tell D. O. his letter came safe, and was acceptable. I should like to hear from my friends often, but I feel my own unworthiness, and knowing that others must know it, I forbear asking.

And now, desiring that I may not be forgotten, in this dark corner, by those who have my welfare and the welfare of the great and good cause at heart, which is increasingly dear to me, though a feeble servant, who can do little, very little, for its advancement, I conclude, and remain thy affectionate friend.

To H. Drinker and wife, and M. Sandwith

Dublin, 6th mo. 30th, 1785

Much esteemed Friends and old kind neighbors, H. D. and wife, and M. Sandwith,—I don't forget my former acquaintance, but often, (among many others) think of you and yours with continued desires for your preservation, every way, that as you with me have been made experimental witnesses of the care and kindness of our merciful Creator, many ways vouchsafed, we may neither distrust his continued mercy, nor withhold from him his due, even the surrender of ourselves and all with which he has blessed us, into his holy hand, suffering him to have his own way and work in and upon us in time, and finally lay down our heads in peace, in a happy and joyous eternity.

H. D.'s few lines of Third month 12th, accompanying G. Churchman's, were truly acceptable, and more than I expected, considering how many are his engagements, which, I understand, are not lessened. Should a suitable opportunity offer, I should like my dear love given to A. James and his precious wife and their children—I have sympathized with them all—to your connexions—to your kinsfolk the Jarvises, neighbors Walns, Hartshornes, Howells, and to other dear friends in your freedom.

Dear S. Emlen and son, G. D. and wife, with myself, left London the 4th inst., embarked from Liverpool the 13th, and landed here the 16th. S. E., whose service is great in families, with G. D., found their way opened to a visit in that line here, and, as a feeble link in the chain, I have been united with them. We have been engaged about ten days, and there being as large a number as I think there is in our Bank Meeting, the weather very trying in this crowded city, and some of the band weakly, we dont take above six in a day, so that if the whole is gone through, it will take me at least three weeks more to complete it. But S. E. often talks of going back to England, and taking ship from thence home, which, I apprehend, he will in a short

time. He is, as usual, often poorly and discouraged; at other times better and cheerful, but strong in his Master's service, and is, with G. Dillwyn, greatly owned therein. Indeed, it seems a day of precious visitation to Friends here.

* * * * * *

Our friends from America are, I believe, all well in different parts of England, and dear J. Pemberton has left an open door in the minds of Friends and others here; so have the other Friends who have visited this nation. May their honest labors be blest!

* * * * * *

"*Seventh month 25th*, 1785.—R. S. and wife, G. D. and myself, engaged in a family visit to friends at Ballitore, and Catleds. Began at Abraham Shackleton's school, amongst about fifty boys, mostly not members of our Society. This was a time of great favor."

During this visit, which, by a subsequent note, we learn, consisted of sixteen different sittings, R. J. was introduced into much discouragement. Her friend S. Grubb having arranged to meet her at Dublin, found herself detained to attend the Monthly Meeting at Warrington, and a meeting at Liverpool. She at length embarked in the Havre packet, and had a tedious and distressing voyage. Being compelled to put in at the Isle of Man, she was detained there two nights; their provisions were entirely exhausted. Rebecca had received letters addressed to Sarah since her embarcation, and also tidings that she had actually sailed. Hence she was in great distress of mind, and brought very low; ready to conclude that if through her means so dignified an instrument should have been lost to the church, she must be under a delusion, and her mission a mistaken one. On their way from Richard Shackleton's, (accompanied by his wife,) to visit some friends in the country, R. J. was riding in much mental depression. George Dillwyn being on horseback, rode up to the side of the carriage and said—"Be comforted, Rebecca, Sarah is safe on terra firma." When they had reached the house to which they were bound, R. J. found a

Bible in the window, and opening it, her eyes rested on 1 Kings xvii. 24. She said—"George, art thou willing to be tried by this?" He replied, after a solemn pause, "I am!" and she read aloud—"Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth." It had been their design to remain that night in the country, but in consequence of G. D.'s firm impression, they returned toward Ballitore. Whilst they were on their way, in the dark of evening, they met an Irish car, bringing S. G., who having landed, was hastening to join them.

S. Grubb says—

"In a few days we set forward together, viz, : G. D., R. Jones, and myself; our prospectus comfortably corresponding one with another, we cheerfully concurred therewith to travel in company." On the 4th of Eighth month, returning to their lodgings after a little mission to Christians Town, they had a solemn sitting with the family from whom they were about to part, on which occasion R. J. was enabled (as S. Grubb expresses) "in awful supplication to breathe for continued surport, and preservation in the path of obedience, which," she adds, "comfortably contented our spirits together."

Next day they set forward, leaving Sarah Dillwyn at Richard Shackleton's.

On the 1st of Eighth Month, she writes from Baltimore to Joseph Williams, who was her kind host at Dublin.

"I am yet a very poor creature, but hope to be content, and to feel the reward of peace in reviewing my labours in your city. May the professors of truth in that place be favored so to submit to the divine visitation, that the scales will fall from their eyes, and they see for themselves the necessity there is for many to come away 'from Lebanon, from the top of Amana, from Shenir and Hermon, from the mountains of the Leopards, and from the Lion's den;' that so our Heavenly Father may delight to dwell among them, even as He did among their forefathers, as they come into the experience of the fulfilling of his gracious declaration,—'This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise."

R. J. to C. H.

Grange, near Charlmont, 8th mo. 13th, 1785.

Dearly Beloved Friend,—So it is, whether we have any thing worth communicating or not, when we are brought near to them we love, and feel in the precious covenant of life and heavenly fellowship, we cannot forbear saluting each other; and this is so much my case, that I am obliged to take up the cross to the disposition I feel, or should run thee to much unprofitable expense. I wrote thee from Ballitore; since then we (that is, G. D., my companion, and self,) have taken the meetings at Rathangan, Timahoe, Edenderry, Old Castle, Coothill, and Castleshane; to the four last, the inhabitants had an invitation on G. D.'s concern, and they were held, I hope, to some profit, the people behaving well; and Friends being desired, at the breaking up, to keep their seats, afforded me an opportunity for some relief. We had a very large satisfactory opportunity at a newly settled town called Prosperous, a few miles from Timahoe, (no Friends residing there,) which was held in the chamber of a large unfinished building.

Came to Joseph Nicholson's last evening, feeling our minds more inclined hither than to Dungamson, and are comforted in the company of his grandfather, J. Morton, who, though laboring under an asthma, is "an Israelite indeed." Several young people here appear hopeful; after to-morrow we may move toward Tobberhead. We have had rainy weather mostly since leaving Ballitore, so that I am more reconciled to the old post chaise, which G. D. and S. E. strongly urged my accepting. My limbs are better: but I am still a very poor affair, and dont know what will become of me in this journey; for I feel very little more than resignation; and that, methinks, I hear thee say is a favor; I join thee; because, whether I live through it or not, it keeps me quiet, so that I dont look far before me, but just live from day to day, and that more by faith than by sight. And in some of these, my baptized moments, thou art brought

so preciously near to my soul, that the enjoyment of the unity of thy spirit, is indeed a brook by the way, wherewith I am refreshed and encouraged still to trust in that good hand who has thus inclined thy heart towards a younger tried sister; and who will, I do believe, suffer thee and me to be tried no further than He will enable us to bear up under, if we retain our confidence in him to the end; cast, therefore, my dear friend, thy care upon him, for he careth for his depending children; and though, in his unsearchable wisdom, He feeds with the bread of affliction, and dispenses the waters of bitterness, oh, they are measured in the hollow of his holy hand, and in that unerring wisdom are given us, for the more full effecting of His inscrutable designs, and our perfect sanctification thereby. I know not why thou shouldst be so constantly present with me; I sometimes think and believe thou art in near sympathy with my tried situation; at other times, that, perhaps, we are again to be united in service; and again, if thou shouldst have thy commission extended to America, and we in the Master's appointment, cross the great Atlantic together, it would be cause of humble rejoicing to more than myself; but let the cause be what it may, or ever so latent, the sensation is so sweetly comfortable! 'tis as a seal upon my spirit, that thou art under the special notice and regard of the heavenly Shepherd, whose voice is sweet, and countenance comely as ever, and will "put His own forth, go before them, and give unto them eternal life; and none shall be able to pluck them out of his holy land," nor any thing past, present, or to come, separate them from his love and favor!

I have letters from home as late as 20th of 6th month. All well. They have not yet heard that "my mistress is taken from my head." When they do, they will bemoan me, as I do my own situation, yet am thankful for dear S. Grubb's company, who is a valuable, steady, kind friend, and has been much favored in her service. I love her, and wish she may receive no damage through me. * * *

Now to Him that is able to keep us through all that may be permitted to attend, and to present us faultless before the throne

of His glory with exceeding joy, I commit and commend thee, with my own soul, and remain with undiminished love and well-wishing, thy poor fellow pilgrim.

On the 25th of 8th month, our friends attended the Monthly Meeting at Lisburn. S. Grubb says, "My dear companions were silently baptized under a concern to visit the families of Friends in that place, though the time did not appear to be then come." After visiting various other places, they returned to Lisburn, and, 9th month 2d, commenced the visit which occupied about a week; "the Minister of ministers being near," as S. G. remarks, "to hand forth in the needful time (often after long suffering silence,) suitable instruction and consolation to the visited." Shortly after this they found peace in the performance of a family visit at Timahoe. Having been very generally through the meetings in Ulster, they had several very large and satisfactory meetings at different places among other professors there and on the way, particularly Ballinacree, Ballymena, Charlemont, Rathforland, Prosperous, Rathangan, Edenderry, and Tullamore. Referring to these places, she writes to John Pemberton—"An opening is made for us through thy dedication, and many, both Friends and others, remember thee with love and esteem." At Moate they met with Zachariah Dicks, from North Carolina. "I expected," says, R. J., "G. D. and he would have united, but when companions are rightly yoked, great care should be exercised, lest a separation do harm; and though I stood freely resigned to the thought of our being left, two poor females, to struggle alone, yet George did not see his way clearly to join Z. D., and we parted from him in love and tenderness.* After a week spent in Dublin, under great discouragement, she writes from Limerick, 10th month 10th, to John Pemberton—"I need not tell *thee* how low the state of things is in this land. *The scarcity of living ministers fully evinces it*, as well as the deep feeling sense which has attended

*G. D. continued with them through their visits in Ireland.

our minds; yet there is room to hope that some young people will, if not turned aside by the many stumbling blocks, be brought forward in the Lord's time. I feel for thee, dear John, in the tried exercising path in which thou art led, but as often as I look towards thee, the passage occurs—'He that soweth plenteously shall reap abundance;' and I trust the sweet enriching crop of divine peace will be thine at last. But as for me, I need the prayers of my friends, for I am of no service only that I am daily led in the way of the cross, and wish to be obedient, but have little strength. I am humbled with the kindness of friends to so *nothing* a creature!"

Her services in Ireland were extensive, and from the testimony of her companion and others, it is evident that she gave full proof of her ministry, and was in numerous instances made helpful to her fellow probationers. Having taken at Dublin their passage in a collier, bound to Whitehaven, they were detained by contrary winds. S. G. says, "We found it safe to look around us, that if any little service was omitted it might then be performed. * * * Standing in the resignation, and not being detained of ourselves, divers opportunities for public and private labour unexpectedly opened, generally tending to invite the ignorant, and to encourage the sincere and drooping minds, to a faith in the sufficiency of the gift of God in themselves, for the sanctification of the soul, and the necessary supply of every spiritual enjoyment, and qualification acceptably to worship, which must now, as formerly, be sought for in the beauty of holiness and in newness of life. We staid over another First day, when my companions G. D. and R. Jones were enabled to bring up living stones of memorial to the sealing, I trust, of their testimony on the spirits of many; and my cup of affectionate fellowship seemed to overflow in secret. The next day a gale rose in our favor, which we thankfully accepted, and were gently wafted over by it in twenty-five hours."

On the 20th of Twelfth month, our friends (including G. Dillwyn and wife,) landed in England, and on the 27th she thus writes to her valued friend, Joseph Williams of Dublin.

R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Leeds, 12*th mo.* 27*th*, 1785

Dear Joseph,—George Dillwyn having undertaken to announce our safe arrival at Whitehaven, in gratitude and thankfulness to the great Preserver of men, it was less necessary for me to write at that time; yet feeling increasing affection to thee, thy family, and other dear friends in Dublin, I thought it would not be unacceptable, to hear again from us, and how we are at present circumstanced. We staid meeting at Whitehaven, and went to Graysouthern that afternoon, where G. D. finding his way open for a visit to Cumberland, dropped anchor. Sally will stay in the neighbourhood until the Quarterly Meeting for that county, which is to be held at Wigton, the latter end of this week; after which I know not how they may be disposed, as G. D. like myself, sees but little at a time. We parted, under a persuasion that it was the right time and place to leave them. My dear companion S. G. and myself, proceeded in a post chaise by Kendal and Settle, to this place, taking Wray, Bentham and Settle Meetings in our way, and arrived here last evening. The weather has proved very cold, and during the last two days much snow fell.

* * * * *

On taking a view of my late travels and small services in your nation, though I do find abundant space to write, *unprofitable servant*, yet I feel the evidence of peace, in a full persuasion that I went, continued, and returned, in the right time; and trust, the remembrance of the Lord's mercy and goodness, as witnessed by our little band, and felt to be extended towards a living, though small, remnant in different parts of your country, will follow me all the days of my life. I feel that thou and thy beloved valuable wife, with others, will be as epistles in our hearts, as we in yours, under the sweet influences of that love which many waters cannot quench. May your dear friends, stand wholly resigned to His all-wise direction, whose fatherly care and protection are, and will be over you

and yours, while the race begun is continued in. And finally I ardently breathe for you as for myself, may we be found in our lots in the end of days.

* * * * * * *

I hear that one of the Society from Congenies, in France, has come to London to consult with Friends, and has brought with him a long epistle, signed by about five hundred persons, giving a very full account of his people and their present condition ; that though he has been a warrior, he appears to be a solid, sincere-hearted, thinking man, and that he proposes staying awhile to acquire the English language.

The following is extracted from a letter from J. Pemberton to R. Jones :

"It appears there are in two places in our land, convincements similar to that in France, one about 150 miles from Danby, on the borders of Canada. A man who had been an officer in the army, grew dissatisfied and uneasy in his mind, retired home, and got into the quiet, and sat down with his family, retiring inward to wait upon God; this drew the attention of some of his neighbours, who came and sat down with them, but did not know there was any people whatever that held the same principle they were led to embrace, until some who had been in the army, and got some knowledge of Friends and their principles, called them Quakers ; they then sought to be informed respecting us, and meeting with R. B.'s apology, rejoiced to find there was a people who professed this inward principle ; their number is about 12 families who have embraced this doctrine. The other settlement is up the North river, on the west side of it, the number not mentioned."

At the opening of the year 1786, we find by a note, that she was enabled to look forward with the eye of faith toward the end of her pilgrimage through time, with something of a living hope that, "all remembrance of the necessary proving seasons, will be lost in Divine fruition, everlasting and eternal." The notes relative to the early part of this year, afford little materi-

al for our present purpose, whilst they clearly indicate industry in her religious engagements.

First month, 6*th*.—"My H. C. writes me—' Society concerns have greatly increased. Our Monthly Meeting (North Meeting, Philadelphia,) has become very large; but I may truly adopt the Prophet's language, *Our joy is not multiplied*.' She laments the ungathered, airy situation of many of the youth, and the unskillfulness of some Friends who have undertaken to nurse some of the precious lambs who have been immediately called by the heavenly shepherd's voice. She is, upon the whole, in a bemoaning, sorrowing situation, on account of divers, yet strong in faith, on account of her poor R. J., at which I marvel greatly."

2d Mo. 3d She notes—"T. Ross said to me," Dear Becky, I am waiting for the mesenger. Oh he will be a welcome messenger to me. Give my dear love to H. Cathrall, to H. Pemberton, and to all my dear friends in Philadelphia. I have heard that several are coming forward and growing in the truth, and I rejoice in it. Tell them so. Oh, I hope that he who has been with me in six troubles will not leave me in the seventh, but will grant me patience till my change comes, which will be a glorious change to me. Dear John Pemberton, I have believed that thou wilt be set at liberty to go home after the next Yearly Meeting: and I once hoped to be thy company—but that is over, and I shall finish my course here."

R. J. to Henry Drinker, (written at Robert Grubb's.)

Foston, near York, 2*d mo.* 8*th*, 1786.

Much esteemed friend,—I have abundant cause to be more humbly thankful to the Father of mercies, than any other of thy correspondents—not only for the innumerable favors heretofore received, among which the enjoyment of a living union and sensible fellowship with the members of the church militant, is far from being the least in my view. And thy cordial brotherly salutation of the 4th of Twelfth month last, which met me here under an exercise of both faith and patience, is an occasion of renewed gratitude. Thy several kind and brotherly

queries were replied to by the silent tear, which afresh flows on taking up my pen; and often has this been my experience on looking toward thee and thine, with some other dear friends in our native city of Philadelphia, where, may the presence of Him who so marvellously sustained us through a fight of afflictions that are past, be mercifully witnessed to preside in meetings, families, and the minds of individuals, and by his own saving power, keep and preserve my soul with yours in a state of humility, watchfulness, and dedication, to the end of the painful race. As no impossibilities are required, I have been for several weeks with my beloved friends Christiana Hustler and Sarah Grubb, in turn, using some medicines which have had a reviving effect, and have had an opportunity of frequently visiting our beloved aged friend, Thomas Ross, who is drawing gradually to "the house appointed for all living," with an unshaken evidence (which he often expresses,) that "there is a place of rest, prepared for him." He was much revived by thy letter to him, and often mentions great nearness to friends in Philadelphia. His disorder being in part dropsical, one of his legs has burst and discharged considerably, which has afforded him some relief, but we have no hope of his recovery. Our dear friend, John Pemberton, is with him at the house of Lindley Murray, one mile from the city of York, which will, I trust, prove recruiting to J. P., as his arduous labors have not afforded him much time for rest. He looks well, but considerably older.

I observe with concern that bodily weakness is thy attendant: it has often been so, and it has not checked thy best and most worthy pursuits. Let us then, dear Henry, take courage, in hope that "all things shall work together for good," as we retain our integrity and follow on to know His blessed will concerning us, whose will is the sanctification of the obedient mind. My pen can do but little towards setting forth the excellency of his loving kindness, but my soul even now worships with prostration, and daily craves ability acceptably to adore his unspeakable, unmerited and matchless mercy and goodness me-ward; that he should at all condescend to notice, strengthen and engage

one of the least in the family to proclaim his goodness and call unto others to come, taste, and see for themselves, that he is good.

I am pleased with thy account of the Friends from hence. May they be furnished with divine strength and wisdom proportioned to their need; and that dear N. Waln is so favored, is comfortable. The situation in which thou describes dear S. Emlen to be, was much his, when in Ireland: we often mingled our tears. I had a hope he would get safe home, but I regretted his hasty escape;* and though I do not wish to add to his uneasiness about it, yet I am still of the same mind, that if he had extended his visit in Ireland to the northern parts of this nation, his bundle of sheaves would have been increased. My dear love is to him and his, and to the other friends above named; though I did expect he would have written to me, yet I know I don't merit his notice, and therefore wish to be content. But thou mayest tell him his visit will not soon be forgotten by his Friends in Dublin. * * *

Our i. e., G. and S. D., my companion S. Grubb and self, leaving Ireland, &c., I expect, will be mentioned to thee by others since which, as before said, I have been attending a little to the body, and engaged a little among Friends at Leeds, and a few meetings in this county, and if no engagement at York prevents, I hope in a week or two to more towards Cheshire, &c., where I may probably be detained till the next Yearly Meeting. After which, whether I may be favored with leave

* It may not be inappropriate here to insert an extract from a subsequent letter from H. Drinker to Samuel Neale, dated Third month 10th, 1783:

Our valued friend, Samuel Emlen, hath visited our dwelling twice this day. He is, as thou must have known him, often feeble in body, but continues to be a vessel chosen and appointed to preach the gospel in the authority thereof—frequently animated and strengthened to the admiration of many. Ever since his last return from your land, he appears at times much bowed under a sense of too hasty escape, and an apprehension that he must give up to visit some parts of Great Britain once more."

to return home or not, some of our number, I expect, will. But as I remain a poor, weak, short-sighted creature, and G. Dillwyn says *it is best not to strain our eyes in the dark*, I crave that I may be kept in that resignation in which I left my native land—with an attentive ear, that when the sound of the trumpet is RETURN, it may with the same certainty and confidence be followed, as when the command was heard to GO FORTH. But the continued feeling of *unprofitable servant* so accompanies all my movements, that I am at times ready to fear on my own account, though my fellow servants, I am sensible, are greatly favored in their steppings. All of whom, I believe, are well, and in acceptance and love amongst Friends. And thou mayest tell N. Waln and R. Valentine, their labors will long be remembered by many. Robert Grubb and wife, join me in love to them.

Malton, Second month 10th.—(At David Priestman's). I forbore closing this, thinking I might have something to add respecting dear T. Ross, but find, by a few lines received this morning from Wm. Tuke, that I have only the account of his growing gradually weaker: and being easier, they have a hope that he may pass the little time that he is continued, with less bodily pain, though he is not likely to continue many days. I have also a letter from our dear friend George Dillwyn, dated the 6th inst., at Kendal, where he, with his wife, were in usual health. He is going into the dales of Yorkshire—mentions Patience Brayton as being there and well. I have also tidings of dear J. Pemberton's continued health, and that he is not easy to leave T. Ross.

With the salutation of love, I can feelingly subscribe myself thy sincere and obliged, though poor, friend, R. JONES.

R. J. and John Pemberton were detained awhile in the neighborhood of York, awaiting the release of their aged honorable friend, T. Ross. He quietly "ceased to be mortal" on the 13th of Second month, 1786, at the house of Lindley Murray, about a mile from that city; and was interred on the 16th in

Friends' burying ground at York beside the body of his countryman and friend John Woolman, "agreeably," says R. J., "to the good old man's desire." The time of his funeral was a favored season, Rebecca Jones preached with remarkable unction at the grave, as did George Dillwyn at the meeting house: a large audience being collected on the occasion. On the 15th she writes—"Dear J. Pemberton's tried path has claimed my sympathy, but he is so admirably supported, both body and mind, that I am therefrom encouraged to believe that all is *now and will be finally* well. G. D. has sometimes made a comparison between some of us and J. P., that we are as *fishing with a crooked pin and thread, while John is casting his net into the sea.* Oh that his labors may successfully gather many to the heavenly Shepherd. In Ireland, Friends and others love to speak of him, and also of our deceased friend, T. Ross. Indeed, they have seemed to labor more abundantly than us all."

On the 20th of Second month, in connection with George Dillwyn and Esther Tuke, she commenced a family visit to Friends of York: and on the 6th of Third month with G. D. and C. Hustler she began a similiar service at Leeds, which latter comprised fifty-nine sittings, ending on the 22d, with three satisfactory meetings—one with disowned persons—One with those in a tender, seeking state, who, though not members, attended Friends' Meetings—and one with fifty scholars and their teachers. The latter two, as also the Meeting on the ensuing Fifth day, are spoken of as crowning seasons, and an adequate reward for their painful labors.

A note from S. Grubb, received at this time, says, "Let me bid you *go boldly on*, and believe that your judgment and your work is hid in the holy treasury."

Writing from Stockport, on the 6th of Fourth month, to Esther Tuke, (who was stepmother to S. Grubb,) after acknowledging the favor of "the living loan from your family," she thus continues:

"Now that my back is turned upon Yorkshire, I cannot say,

notwithstanding I have had close and deep baptisms to pass through, what dear N. Waln, uttered when he had quit your borders, except this, which, I may say with thankfulness, that I have been enabled to keep from complaining to mortals, and, as dear S. F. advised, have desired "no confidant but Eternal Help"—which help I have been made sensible is near the true seed there, and will I believe be more signally displayed for its support and preservation, even when it may be more signally sought after and implored. I love Yorkshire—many friends in it are near to my very life. I have had to believe that under the precious, however painful, operation of the holy fan and fire, some of the present rising generation there will be preserved, and in the right time show themselves to Israel, equipped with the holy armor on the right hand and on the left. And I also do fully believe that a time is approaching when a discrimination will be made between the worshippers only in the outward court, and the deeply exercised suppliants in the inner Temple. Of which number, may you, my dear fellow travellers, both parents and children, be happily found."

Being joined by S. Grubb, they visited Wales and the western counties. This journey was rendered arduous by the ruggedness of the country, the road partly being "over the tops of very high mountains:" and the scenery impressed her as "amazing and awful." She speaks of meeting with honest hearted friends in Wales, "well worth visiting, and more in the simplicity than most other places. Great openness also among others many of whom understand our language, and gladly accept invitations to attend our Meetings."

R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Bradford, Yorkshire, 3d mo. 25th, 1786.

Dear Joseph,—Thou wilt probably be surprised to hear that I am still in this country; and I assure thee that my detention

has been as unexpected to myself as to any of my dear friends; yet having an humble hope that I have been in my right place, thou knowest it matters little where that may be.

Thy brotherly salutation of last month reached me at York, and was truly comfortable to my poor mind. Having just attended the funeral of dear T. Ross, I had an opening into some mortifying labor before me, to which, when our worthy brother G. D. came (who arrived in time to attend T. R.'s interment) I soon yielded. He joined dear Esther Tuke with me in a family visit there, and I may say that I was thankful in believing that George also was in the way of his duty; for besides his weighty and acceptable service in the divers meetings we there attended, one of which, with the inhabitants, was at the request of dear J. Pemberton, he was much favored in the visit. After this service was completed, we came on together to Leeds, where a concern of like kind came over me, and he united with my dear friend C. Hustler and myself in a family visit there, which was evidently owned by the putting forth and leading of the heavenly Shepherd. We finished on Fifth day last, having visited about eighty families. From thence we came here, attended the Monthly Meeting, which is large, and expect to stay their Meeting to-morrow, and to have a public meeting in the evening with the town's people. The Quarterly Meeting being held next week at York, I suspect I cannot avoid going thither, after which I shall again hope for a release from the North. Thou mayest judge by this how my way is hedged in, and feel a little for me in my situation. J. P. writes me from Whitley on the 20th, that he was visiting families, and having public meetings thereaway. Wm. Matthews, by a letter this day from him, has been held prisoner during the winter in London, where he has had many large satisfactory meetings with religious professors not of our Society. At the time of writing he was at Hertford, laid by with a rheumatic complaint in his head and face, and was low in every way. He says that dear C. Phillips is in a declining state of health; that Ann Jessop had been in Cornwall, and gets along finely, and that he hears our dear Z. Dicks

is mending. P. Brayton has gone towards Cumberland, and W. J. is in Westmoreland. I suppose she with G. D. will attend the Quarterly Meeting, held in about three weeks at Blackburn, in Lancashire; where dear Sally Dillwyn, whose abode has been for some time at Kendal, will meet her husband, and probably proceed with him to London. Dear S. Grubb is to join me after the Quarterly Meeting, and if her patience is sufficient, may perhaps set me down in London, where I shall be rejoiced to see thee and thy dear wife—and many others of my dear friends of your nation, whom I love, and wish well, here and everlastingly. * * * * *

I am obliged by thy sundry pieces of intelligence, and hope thou wilt continue thy truly agreeable and profitable correspondence, for I can assure thee I am the same poor thing as when under thy roof. * * * *

Farewell, dear Joseph, and be not of a doubtful mind; for faithful is He who has called us into His service; and I do believe He will not leave us destitute of His mercy and care while we follow Him in the way of His requiring. Though He may suffer us to be deeply tried, as in the depths of the wilderness, yet He will make way for His dependent suppliant ones where there appears to be no way. He hath promised that "The needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever."

I am, with unfeigned regard,

Thy affectionate friend, R. Jones.

From the residence of her valued friend Dorothy Owen,* at Tythn Ygarreg, she writes, Fourth month, 26th, to John Pemberton: "We came by way of Ackworth, where my dear C.

* Dorothy Owen was a lively minister, of whom R. Jones often spoke with great affection. She used to walk from her residence in Wales to the Yearly Meeting in London. In a letter to R. J. in 1789 she thus speaks of her family:

"My mother's name was Lowry: she was daughter of Evan Ellis. His place of abode was called Cevercruyn. She was of the family of Gwanes. One of the sons of her grandfather, Griffith Ellis, went to your parts. His name was Tudor Ellis. My father, Rowland Owen, was of the Tythn Ygarreg family."

Hustler, receiving a hurt, I went home with her into Lancashire, and so into Cheshire and Shropshire, taking the Meetings in those parts. After Shrewsbury my prospect was turned into this principality. I have been two days coming hither over a rough road and mountainous country. Had a comfortable meeting here this day, and, though divers of the Friends cannot understand English, it was a tendering time. Friends from other places met us here, because we cannot get to them on wheels. After taking Eskirgoch, Llanidloes, Pales, Almally, Leominster, and Pontypool, we are to be at Cardiff, where their Yearly Meeting is held this year. North Wales being then gone through, we may, should the prospect continue, visit South Wales before the Yearly Meeting in London. Thus I am led in a way that know not—but desire to be content and thankful, acknowledging that the Lord has been my help and support beyond all expectation or desert in me."

R. J. to C. Hustler.

Llanidloes, 29th of 4th mo., 1786.

My Dear Friend,—I wrote thee a few hasty lines from an inn at Welchpool, to inform thee of my coming into this principality, and to entreat thee to let me hear from thee. And now being a little at leisure, in a kind friend's small cabin, though in the chimney corner, with very little light, on my lap, and a book for a table, have begun this, which may perhaps be finished some future day, and some time reach thy quiet prison —from whence I do believe "the prisoner of hope will go forth," and that with songs of joy and rejoicing, in the Lord's time, which must be patiently waited for.

We had a precious meeting at Tythn Ygarreg; many who could not understand us, were feelingly sensible of the spreading of Divine love over us. At Eskirgoch, in the midst of high hills and great barren mountains, to the house where old Jno. Good-

win lived and died, came many not of our Society several miles on foot, and were solid and attentive. The Welch people are an industrious, hardy, plain people, and there are a few precious Friends worth visiting. I have a secret hope that there will be a revival in Wales, in His time, who doth all things well and wisely. The roads are in general sound and hard; but we were comparatively like a ship on the ocean, continually ascending or descending, and the steeps very great, with a deep precipice at the side for miles together; so that yesterday morning a very high wind taking us on the tops of the mountains, the probability of being overturned was very alarming. We had an honest Welchman with us, who carefully led us in the steepest; and one hill, a mile in length, I walked down, which was great doings for me, a poor cripple—so that I have daily need still to say, "What shall I render to thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits?" We got here last evening much fatigued, and though a small house, a very little bed, and holes on all sides to let in light and air, with plenty of company to keep off the lethargy, sensible of the kindness of our friends' disposition, we were thankful for past preservation and present favor—and are to stay here till Second day morning.

* * * * * * * * * *

Pales, in Radnorshire, 5th mo. 2d.

We have got thus far safely. Yesterday and to-day is held the Quarterly Meeting at Philadelphia; my mind has been much with them: dost thou think that I shall ever sit with them again? Whether I ever do or not, there is a precious number there, to whom my soul desires to be united now and for ever.

As we have a bit of leisure this afternoon, though the wind is high and cold, having had both snow and hail in showers, these two days, I would gladly undertake a walk of a couple of miles to make thee a visit, if it could be done; but, as it cannot be personally, feel my spirit, my precious, in that which is unchangeable; and accept the tenderest salutation I am capable of, with my desire that grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied to thee, that

thou mayest "Lift up thy head in hope"—for Infinite Mercy does not forget "the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals"—and hath promised, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." The present sensation is sweet—under it I renewedly feel an increase of Gospel union with thee, and drop my pen, in a reverent hope that "darkness will be made light before thee, and crooked things straight," through His love who is bringing "the blind by a way that they know not, and leading them in paths which they have not known."

4*th*.—Being got as far as Leominster, I now conclude, as the post goes from hence. For these two or three days past, much rain falling, has made the roads deep and trying, especially in Herefordshire, the soil being clay; but we have made out as well as we could. To-morrow, it is probable, we shall set off, having fifty miles to Pontypool, where the Quarterly Meeting is to be held on First and Second days—and next day to Cardiff, where, oh! if it were possible to meet thee, it would be almost too much joy for me to behave decently under, considering where we have been, and how I have fared every way; but, hush! my faithful monitor reminds me how little I deserve; so, complaints of every kind aside, I wish to be more thankful.

William Young, at whose house we are, tells me his sister Catharine Phillips is to be this week at Bristol, where she has been advised to come, and L. Hawkesworth with her, who is almost worn down with attending her; and that C. P. is in a very declining and doubtful way, not at all likely to attend the Yearly Meeting there much less get to London. * *

'Nathan Dearman," she notes, "presented me with a walking stick made of the trunk of an oak tree dug out of a morass, at a depth of 10 feet, near Thorne, and supposed to have lain there since the flood. Many such have been found, all pointing towards the west. The morass contains many thousands of acres, the surface of which, nearly 10 feet deep, is turf for fuel; and below it are often found large Fir as well as Oak trees—some of which have been used for timbers in houses built up-

wards of 100 years ago, and are still sound and good. Where the turf has been removed, the ground is in many places cultivated."

The following certificate was issued by the Half Year's Meeting for Ireland, held in Dublin, 5th mo. 7th, 1786.

"Our esteemed friend, Rebecca Jones, having paid a religious visit in the work of the ministry to the meetings of Friends in this nation, and in some instances to the families; and apprehending herself clear of further service in that way amongst us, by a friend requested our certificate. These may inform you that her labors of love in the gospel were truly acceptable, her ministry being sound and edifying, and her life and conversation consistent therewith. And we esteem it a gracious mark of Divine regard still extended to us, by the servants and messengers being thus sent to labor amongst us. May the great Master continue to strengthen and furnish her for every good word and work, which he may yet call for at her hands in the further course of her service in Europe; and when this is finished conduct her in safety to her habitation and friends, with the incomes of his sweet peace as a reward for faithfully giving up to labor in his vineyard."—Signed by 144 Friends.

After the close of London Yearly Meeting, R. J., in writing to John Pemberton, gives a beautiful instance of the tenderness with which the assembled church could enter into sympathy with a tribulated servant, travelling in the bond of the gospel. "Though thou didst not fully commission me," she says, "to apply for a certificate for thee, yet I felt a freedom to tell Friends at the select meeting, thy wish, the expression of which brought a solemnity over the minds of many, and led to the expression of their near sympathy with thee in thy deep and singular exercises. E. T., E. H., and J. A., severally informed the meeting that they had been eye-witnesses of thy dedication, and that they believed that thy services had been of great use in spreading the knowledge of our principles. The meeting desired me to convey to thee by letter the expression of their tender sympathy and concern, hoping that thou mightest be favored with a release from the very exercising path in which thou hast been led."

In the epistle of this year from the Womens' Yearly Meeting of London, to the corresponding body of Philadelphia, the services of the women Friends from America are thus acknowledged.

"It has been strengthening in this large assembly to have the company of our beloved sisters from America, their united concern and fervent labors for the furtherance of the Lord's work, will, we trust, be blessed to us."

She not seeing her way to request a returning certificate, was left at liberty to obtain one (if released before next Yearly Meeting,) from the Morning Meeting. She proceeded, accompanied still by S. Grubb, to visit the Western Counties, being, as she expresses, "made willing to go down into the imprisoned state of the seed, and in deep baptisms with and for it, to feel the supporting hand of Divine goodness."

On the 21st of Seventh month, she writes thus to Joseph Williams: "I have had a low and weary travel since we left London. We passed through Hampshire and some other counties on our way hither, where we have found the state of the church low indeed, as in the wilderness,—meetings very small, and very little of that living exercise by which our ancient friends had near access to the living fountain, drawing refreshment therefrom, through the precious current of light, life and salvation. Yet we have found a few true Jews, who are mourning on account of the desolation, and these have been encouraged to step forward under allwise direction, in the work of repairing and rebuilding the walls: and divers among the youth, appear under lively, tender impressions, but they have few, skillful nurses, or safe waymarks, among those who ought to lead on in wisdom and firmness. They have been advised to look to the Holy Head for preservation and strength, and I do hope that some of them will stand their ground, and in the appointed season advance to the praise of him who hath visited their minds with the dayspring from on high, and called them out of darkness into his marvellous light.

We are now drawing towards "Land's End," and expect to return by Minehead, Bristol, &c., &c. * * *

My way at present is quite shut up from any immediate prospect of home; I hope I may be kept in patience the Lord's time, yet confess, the thought of my dear friends leaving me behind is very discouraging. The country near the sea is so hilly we cannot be very expeditious. * * *

I conclude with desires that thou and I may persevere in faithfulness through all our buffetings, tossings and afflictions, so that we may be favored with a safe landing at last, on that peaceful shore where all sorrow will cease, and temptations will have an end, and where our wearied spirits will be forever at rest."

Penryn, Seventh month 28th, she writes to Hannah Pemberton: "I suppose thou art a little cheered in hope of seeing thy beloved husband before another year. But, though he has a certificate for returning, I would not have thee be too anxious, but, continuing in the patience, be thankful that thou art not exposed to the same necessity to expose thyself to the many jeopardies he and others have been in, for the sake of that peace, which, when obtained, is beyond every other enjoyment. Tell S. Emlen, that if he should be sent hither again, I shall be careful to write to him *quite as often* as he has done to me since his escape. * * Farewell, dear H.; mayest thou in the Lord's time be favored with the company of thy dear husband in peace, and, when these few fleeting moments are over, be received by the beloved of souls into that peace which is pure and eternal; which, on my own account, I often desire, finding nothing here worth desiring to be continued for, except that the suffering of the present day may work a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory at last."

In recording, after the lapse of more than half a century, these aspirations after a better, an enduring and an undefiled inheritance, the mind is brought in a degree to realize the deep meaning of the phrase, "*these few fleeting moments*," (though our friend had yet a score of years to tarry for the coming of her Beloved) and to rejoice, now that the lives of these valiants of Israel are as a tale that is told, in the assurance that they

are in the fulness of bliss, having received, beyond all that they could ask or think, the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls, being gathered with the just of all generations, and beholding their Redeemer face to face, and the glory which he had with the Father before the worlds were made.

Pursuing her journey with her valued Sarah Grubb, she notes respecting her, a growth in her gift, and an increased weight and clearness in the Discipline of the Church. Her mind being turned, with strong, natural longings towards her native land, she admired that her way for returning did not open, and W. Matthews being constrained to let the ship in which he had hoped to take passage, sail from Bristol without him, he was in company with our pilgrims at a number of meetings. Being deeply grieved in spirit at seeing how many were minding their own things, and how few coming forward as they ought, the query was often raised, "Lord, what wilt thou do for thy great name's sake?" connected with the petition that the Lord of the vineyard would "raise up, qualify and strengthen other laborers, successfully to search the camp, that so every accursed thing being removed and judged down, some of the little ones may arise and do valiantly."

"Why," she writes to a friend, "shouldst thou be ready to lay down thy arms and retreat from the field? It is a noble cause we have embarked in, and there is no doubt of victory if we humbly and industriously follow our holy Captain, seeing it is decreed that He and his followers shall have the victory. It is a time of suffering, and I look for little else. Can we expect to reign where the Master does not reign? Let us then be content with the necessary portion of suffering assigned us, and not increase it by wishing to be any thing but what He would have us be,—because *without Him we cannot be at all.*"

William Matthews having found it his place (being stopped from returning to America) to join himself to the Yearly Meeting committee in visiting Quarterly and Monthly Meetings; thus refers (Twelfth Month 16th) to the services of his pilgrim sister. "In most of the visits we had the company of our beloved

sister, R. Jones, who was eminently furnished, not only with gospel love and authority, but also with wisdom to point out, in our conferences with those we visited, the way whereby the waste places might be rebuilt. She has shown herself a workwoman, that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word. I may say her company and fellowship have been a strength to me whenever our lot has been cast together; and her growth in her gift greatly increaseth, through her honest dedication of heart to her Master's service."

Sarah Grubb left R. J. at the Circular Meeting at Gloucester, yielding her place as companion to C. Hustler. In the Eleventh Month this valued partner was taken dangerously ill, so that they were laid by a week at Dudley, and several weeks at Sheffield. In the prospect of C. H. being likely to be unfit for Winter travelling, R. J. says, "I shall be like a lonely sparrow, for there are very few that have so feeling a mind, and such real worth as this meek disciple." At another time she says, "It has pleased the Lord to knit us, as were the souls of Jonathan and David." In this place, (as previously at Leeds, Birmingham, and other places,) she found great peace in having select meetings with apprentices, female servants, "and those who work day's labour." She had also one with parents and heads of families.

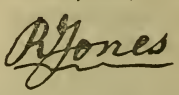
After a time of painful exercise at the Quarterly Meeting at Leeds, she left her invalid companion, C. H. at Undercliff, under great trial, neither feeling at liberty to separate from the other. Joined by S. Grubb, she tore herself from C. H., essaying to accompany H. Stevenson to Bristol. But passing to Sheffield and Chesterfield, the prospect towards Bristol clouded, and her distress greatly increased. Taking counsel from the unerring source, her mind was favored with a calm, and a former prospect of a family visit revived. Attending the Monthly Meeting at Warnsworth, First month 6th, 1787, Esther Brady, of Thorne, opened a like concern, greatly to Rebecca's strength and confirmation, and on the 8th the visit was commenced at Sheffield by the trio, R. J., S. G., and E. B. After sixty-six sit-

tings this visit closed on the 26th. During this service she expressed herself "deeply concerned for the blessed cause, lest, in this time of trial she should dishonor it:" and writing to J. P., she says, "I have been ready to think I might finish my course in Yorkshire, and be laid near dear John Woolman and Thomas Ross. * * Who is so *poor* as the Lord's servant, or *blind* as his messenger, &c. Very soon after this her companion, S. G., was taken alarmingly ill, and remained so for some time. Second Month 5th, S. Grubb dictated the following message: "Say to Rebecca, my affection for her is unspeakable: also that in this affliction I have been sorely athirst for the purest enjoyments. As the hunted hart panteth after the water brook, so have I after the living fountain: but my beloved has been a well shut up, a fountain sealed." And on the 19th, being again able to take the pen, she wrote to R. J., "The extension of infinite compassion is marvellous in my eyes. The hand of Omnipotence invisibly supported in the time of greatest proving and conflict, when, as Jonah said, 'I went down to the bottom of the mountains, the earth with her bars covered me, yea, and the sorrows of death compassed me about.' But for this support I had irrecoverably sunk under the sense of gloomy desertion. But I have thankfully to commemorate, that the accuser, and even that condemnation which I must have acknowledged my due, were mercifully restrained." We find that on the 26th of Second Month, R. J. commenced a family visit at Warnsworth, (consisting of 38 sittings,) accompanied by C. Hustler, Eliza Hoyland and Philip Mayden. The work, she testifies, was singularly owned with good—and an open door set before them. Fourth Month 8th, she commenced a visit to the families at High Wycombe. After this she appears to have been engaged about the neighborhood of London, in great bodily infirmity. Croydon Meeting being much on her mind, she was enabled to administer at that place close warning, and also consolation and encouragement. After this meeting she was taken ill with fever and acute pain, from which, being a little recovered, she was removed to London in time to attend the Yearly Meeting. The following letter was written about this time.

R. Jones to David Sutton.

Dear Friend,—Our dear friend, Hannah Cathrall, of Philadelphia, was a few years ago, presented by her relation, James King, with the sum of fifty pounds, understanding that she had suffered through the trials which were permitted to prevail in America. And she, being informed of the deplorable state of his affairs, was uneasy to retain this sum, which he, through intended kindness, had given her; having a tender regard for the reputation of our religious Society, and to manifest that uprightness which the principle we profess leads into, she has requested that this money might be returned to the assignee, and that the creditors may be informed thereof.

Our said friend is rather in low circumstances, but this did not prevail upon her to retain this money, which I have ordered into thy hands, and desire thee to pay. I am, &c.,



The money above referred to, being offered to one of James King's assignees, he refused to accept it, till the committee of the creditors should meet. Several of the committee being informed that a bill for the amount was ready for their acceptance, they said in surprise that it was such an instance of integrity and uprightness as they had never known, that "it reflected unspeakable honor to the Society of Friends," and that they thought the creditors would not take it. We find, at a subsequent date, the last sentiment repeated; but, whether the money was at length accepted, the compiler has not been able to ascertain.

To Joseph Williams, she writes:—

"I sometimes remember the precious bedewing seasons thou and I were favored with together when in Ireland; and I humbly pray, according to my small measure, that these may often

be renewed to us, when separated in body still farther than at present; and that thou may not be discouraged nor faint in thy mind, because of the great insensibility in which so many of our fellow members are centred, but that we may run with patience the race set before us, so as to obtain the glorious crown of Eternal Life which is at the end thereof. Let us keep this animatingly in view, and endure hardness as good soldiers; remembering that the Lamb and his followers will have the Victory, however the latter may be tried from within and without."

The following certificate was granted to her by the London Yearly Meeting, although she notes that she had no prospect of a time for returning to her home.

From our Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, held in London by adjournment from the 26th of the Fifth month, to the 4th of the Sixth month inclusive, 1787; to the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia for the Northern District, the Quarterly Meeting of the said city, and General Meeting of Ministers and Elders for Pennsylvania and New Jersey:

Dear Friends,—Our beloved friend, Rebecca Jones, having in a weighty and solid manner informed us that she apprehends her religious service and labor among Friends in this nation is so nearly completed, as that she may be likely to return before our next Yearly Meeting, and proposed to this meeting's consideration the granting her of our certificate; these may, therefore, inform you that in the course of her gospel labors in visiting the churches in these parts, she hath endeavored faithfully to discharge the trust committed to her; and in the exercise of her gift, hath been favored with renewed ability to labor to the comfort and edification of Friends, and hath been particularly serviceable in the promotion of our Christian Discipline; her conduct and deportment having been becoming her station in the Church. And this meeting, after weighty and mature deliberation, leaves her at liberty to return to her native country, if the Lord permit, when she may have finished the remaining part of her service. And, in the conclusion of this, her arduous engagement, we hope she will be favored with the evidence of peace and divine consolation.

We salute you in the love and fellowship of the gospel, and remain your friends, brethren and sisters.

(Signed by 204 Friends.)

About this time, she had in London eight meetings, exclusively for servants, apprentices and poor laborers. The whole number thus visited was 500, "many of them evidently under the notice of the great Master of us all."

Sixth month 2d, she writes from London to Joseph Williams,—"I have esteemed it among the Lord's mercies and favors, that I have been enabled to sit most of the meetings, and have thankfully rejoiced with my dear friends in the renewed sense of the heavenly Father's love, which has eminently attended this solemn assembly in its various sittings. More Friends have come up from the different counties and places than have been known for many years.

With solid satisfaction, I may inform thee that the newly established Women's Yearly Meeting here, increases in weight and experience; their deliberations have been profitable and solemn, and I am strong in the faith, that men Friends will not have cause to repent their indulgence to their sisters in this and other instances. Very pleasant has been the sight and company of so many of my friends from your nation; and they have had their use and service in the general muster. I hope it will be not only an easy, but a desirable thing in future, for surely the wages will be adequate to the toil."

From Plough Court, 7th mo. 25th, 1787, *she writes to John Pemberton*:—

"About half an hour ago, dear Patience Brayton, &c., left us, taking an affectionate leave of dear C. H., and *poor me;* I have striven for leave to go with them, but, it not being granted, I am desirous of obtaining strength to stand fully resigned to whatever may be permitted to attend. But this has been a bitter cup indeed. Our dear friends seem all sweet and easy. They go at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning to Gravesend, to be on board at 11." * * * * * * *

C. Hustler continuing with her, after the Yearly Meeting

they were engaged in extensive and arduous service. R. J., testifies concerning her, that she was eminently favored in the exercise of her gift, "though she does not take the lead as I would have her."

They parted for a season about the middle of Ninth month. E. Hoyland accompanying R. J., in a pretty extensive range, and then yielding her place to L. Hawkesworth. Our pilgrim was not only, in the companions of her journeys, blessed with a signal realization of Arthur Howell's prospect for her at her embarkation, that Queens should be her nursing mothers; but striking coincidences in the mode of her being thus furnished, evinced that these helpers were provided for her in the care of Him who put her forth. Sarah R. Grubb, in referring to a prospect, which was unexpectedly realized afterwards, of joining her, for a short space, in a particular service, thus instructively speaks of the authority needful even to act as helpers to others in these solemn engagements. "I am more and more convinced, that if we are right, we are not at our own disposal, and that even the most plausible inclinations are not in general to be followed, without they are accompanied with some little sense of *Divine bidding* to render them profitable and safe. The protecting providence of the Father of mercies, is, indeed, repeatedly manifested to those whose care is cast upon him, and whose blindness is that which is peculiar to his messenger."

R. J. to C. H.

Brecknock in Wales, 11*mo.* 8*th* 1787.

My last to thee from Worcester informed of my intention to move with my dear friend L. H. and John Dearman into this principality.—Know then, my precious, that we left Worcester last 2d. day morning in our own chaise, but found the road so exceedingly bad by the rains, that had fallen, by then we got to Bromyard, that from thence we took a chaise to Leo-

minster, and staid over Third day there, having a meeting with them, which tended to my relief.—On 4th day, as the weather continued unsettled, the badness of the roads, the season of the year, and the worn down state of poor Jack, (who had enough to do in dragging us to Broomyard,) were considerations inducing us to believe it might be best to leave our conveyance at L. to be forwarded to us at some suitable place on our return, and go in hired carriages at least as far as to Haverford west, and round to Swansea and Neath.—Accordingly, having our friend W. Young with us, we left L. about eight o'clock yesterday morning, had some showers in the way to a town called Hay, which is twenty-four miles, dined there, and came fifteen miles from thence to this place, where at a good Inn, we have lodged and breakfasted. But my mind was, on awaking this morning, brought under a very close exercise, which upon keeping to myself as long as I could, has at length issued in a belief that the resignation of my own will is required even in Wales, and on mentioning to the company the prospect of a meeting here, they have readily closed with it, and having procured the Town Hall, notice is now spreading for its being held at eleven o'clock.

Landilavour the 9th.—The meeting yesterday was small, yet I hope the great and good cause did not suffer. It proved the most steadily heavy day's rain that I remember in all my travels, yet we went in the afternoon about eleven miles to Trecastle, where we lodged. The wind was so exceedingly high that I was kept awake great part of the night, not only by the tempest, but in considering that we were now in a very mountainous part of the country, and no Friend within twenty miles, and moreover that I had been the cause of my three companions leaving their comfortable quiet homes, exposed every day in rain, &c., that we were altogether at expense in our journey, &c., (a variety of such fears and doubtings as thou art no stranger to in me.) So that my mind for a time whilst my dear L. Hawkesworth slept beside me, very much resembled the tempest of the night—yet towards morning, being enabled to

make my humble appeal to Him who knows the integrity of my heart, that I had given up to what I did believe was required of me, and that I had nothing in view besides an honest discharge of duty; it pleased my great gracious and alone helper, to quiet every disturbing apprehension, and favor with the lifting up of the light of his blessed countenance, even as He in His unutterable mercy had often condescended to do in many a "needful time of trouble." Under the humbling sense whereof I fell asleep, and in the morning resolved to go forward.

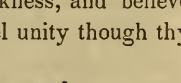
Haverford west, (12th,) at John Lewis's. Since writing the foregoing we have had steady and heavy rain, yet we have been favored through the Lord's mercy to get on to the far end of our journey in Wales, and are better in health than could be expected. We had a public meeting at Llandilo, there being only four Friends there—from thence, going round to avoid the water which by abundant rain had rendered going one way dangerous, we reached Carmarthenen the largest town we have been in. Here there is a Meeting House belonging to Friends. We held a large and satisfactory meeting on 1st day morning, after which (though the people expected another in the afternoon) we proceeded to St. Clare, and hoping we might have a dry evening; changed our chaise, and about forty set off for Narberth, which was thirteen miles further. There we were obliged to take four horses, or we could not ascend the mountain at five miles distance. Before we sent back the two fore horses a violent heavy rain came on, and it grew so very dark, that by the time we had got within four miles of N. we could not see either horses or driver—poor I. D. soaking wet behind us, not daring to pass the chaise, lest he should be lost in the storm. (W. Y. parted with us at C. and hoped to get home in three days.) Thou may judge of my situation, what a tossed state I was in! but after a sore conflict of spirit, I almost fancied myself on the wide ocean—remembering that, in passing over that, the "Lord on high (to his poor servants) was greater than the noise of many waters;"—and so I was helped into the quiet harbor of resignation, in which I was mercifully preserved through this

close trial. We lodged at N. and next morning, having only ten miles hither,—we got in about twelve o'clock, and, to our surprise, as well as mutual comfort, met dear M. Ridgway and companion, who were also very low and discouraged, having been here waiting about two weeks for fair wind to return home, and failed reaching their Half Years Meeting. I am now under renewed anxiety about poor Wm. Young, an old man, and alone in such inclement weather returning—so that my precious friend cannot help sympathising with me,—and the more so when I tell thee, I am in great concern about returning:—the roads are so bad, and still it rains. But then I consider that if I had not been accommodated in a close carriage it would have been impossible to have proceeded, yea, I doubt whether our Jack will be equal to the load again; and yet, when the great expense attending the present mode of travelling comes into view, I am ready to sink and call all in question—thus I unbosom myself to thy feeling mind!—I have endeavored to stand open—yea, have desired through the several stages of our journey, liberty to turn about, and wished for a discharge from the prospect;—but though I have by night and by day thus labored, have not obtained it, and therefore hope to cast my care upon Him whose wisdom is unsearchable and his ways are past finding out.

Among other damage done by the late gale last 5th day night, a Captain Blackburn, who has a wife at Whitby, supped here in the evening, and with four of his hands went in a boat towards his ship lying at a distance, was, with three of the men, drowned, by the boat overturning just as he had got near the ship, and the fourth person, is deprived of his reason through the shock; being saved by his foot somehow fastening to something in the boat, so that when she turned up again, he turned with her, this affecting circumstance has made deep impression on the minds of Friends here, as they valued the captain, and he had just before left their company.

To-morrow is the Week Day Meeting here, where there are only about five or six families, and no more Friends till we get

to Swansea and Neath. From thence I expect we shall proceed by Pontypool, Monmouth, &c., into Gloucestershire, so that thou will hardly hear from me again till we get into England, where I shall rejoice to meet thy salutation. Salute me to all thy kind family—accept my endeared love, and hold thyself in readiness to come to London and see the last "of the child;" pray for my preservation—pity all my weakness, and believe me to be thine in the precious bond of Gospel unity though thy poor tried,



R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Undercliffe, 1*st mo.* 4*th*, 1788.

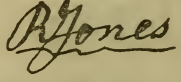
Beloved friend Jos. Williams,—Thou mayst perhaps wonder to find my letter dated from this place, and truly, it is marvellous to myself also, that having been, as I apprehended, fully clear of the North, I should again be directed hither, experiencing as a truth, that "the wind bloweth where it listeth."

Having just returned from a visit to Friends in South Wales, and expecting to go pretty directly to London, I felt a strong draught to the Quarterly Meeting held at Leeds last week, and being enabled to reach it timely, have been made humbly thankful in believing I was in my place there, and thou knowest, if this sense does but attend the mind, it matters little where we are. Mayest thou, dear Joseph, of whom, with thy beloved wife and children, I have of late often thought, having now been favored to feel thy proper place in the family, be encouraged to fill it with dignity and firmness, and become, under the renewal of holy anointing, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

I have been for some time expecting a line from thee, but I know my own littleness and unworthiness, and am therefore willing just to remind thee, that I was once thy guest, and don't forget thine and thy dear wife's kindness to me whilst with you.

It is likely thou hast accounts directly from J. Pemberton, who is yet in Scotland; and from G. Dillwyn, who has been mostly in London since the Yearly Meeting. * *

I am, with dear love to thy household, thy assured affectionate friend,



The next day writing to John Pemberton, she says: "I believe I shall spend some time in London this winter, where dear G. Dillwyn is still a prisoner; I trust a 'prisoner of hope.' Whether he will be at liberty to return with me, I cannot tell, and I desire to leave all to Him who has not failed to be gracious to us poor Americans; and who, I do believe, will not fail nor forsake thee. A concern seems spreading on account of the poor Africans. Many small and well written tracts have been published and dispersed, tending to set forth the injustice and iniquity of that trade, and the newspapers have continual strokes at it, so that I hope something will be done to put a stop to the diabolical business. The town of Manchester have formed a committee, and passed many resolutions, and they are opening subscriptions there and at York, and some other places, to forward the good design. * * * I hope, my dear friend, thou wilt not forget me when it is well with thee. Thou knowest not how many difficulties and discouragements I wade under, and the greatest fear of all is, that I shall dishonor the great and good cause which is indeed dearer to me than life itself. May the good hand be with thee in all thy goings, and crown thy labors with peace, whatever becomes of thy poor unworthy friend and tried little sister."

About this time she became fixed in the prospect of being at liberty to return to America in the spring, though she began to doubt whether she could with an easy mind depart before the Yearly Meeting of London, which would commence on the 11th of fifth month. Being solicitous to accomplish all the work required at her hand, she used much diligence, even going from meeting to meeting when the state of her health seemed to for-

bid the effort. She was much interested in the efforts which now became prevalent for the abolition of the slave trade, yet she was careful to guard Friends, in the modes of expression adopted in petitions addressed to the great ones of the earth, that in all respects a pure testimony might be exalted. This true Christian circumspection was not made a cloke for indifference, her interest in the "good cause" being in various ways evinced.

Reaching London the 4th of Second month, she sat (mostly in silence) the meetings for worship and discipline as they came in course, and noticing with much satisfaction an advancement among women Friends in the work of the discipline.

Third month 10th, she writes, "I am now a prisoner in London, yet peaceful in my allotment, going almost daily to meetings, but not blowing my horn in them all. Our dear friends R. and S. Grubb, and Mary Dudley, produced this day, to the Second day morning meeting, their certificates, given by Friends in Ireland for visiting London, France and Germany, and our brother G. Dillwyn revived his concern. The meeting freely concurred with them all, expressed near sympathy, and agreed to furnish them with certificates from hence. It was a solid time." "Shortly after this," she says, "I am waiting in the patience, as an *unprofitable servant* ought, for clear direction, and then shall not hesitate about going with the first likely opportunity."

The second sitting of the Select Yearly Meeting, held Fifth month 12th, R. J. mentioned to Friends, the cause of her detention among them, and at the next sitting, (the 15th,) a cordial endorsement, (signed by Wm. Tuke as Clerk,) was made upon her certificate, setting forth that her additional services had been to the comfort and satisfaction of Friends where her lot had been cast, and desiring for her, in her return, "the evidence and reward of true peace."

After the Yearly Meeting, attended by C. Hustler, she found herself still engaged, so that she could not with a peaceful mind take passage for Philadelphia. She went to Norwich, partly

to visit John Pemberton, to whom she was closely united, and with whom she kept up a frequent correspondence. She writes to him from London, Seventh month 1st, "I have hastened to the city, after a large, and I trust good meeting at Haddeston this day, in order to go on board the *Pigou* to-morrow, with some friends, that if this appears, on waiting for right counsel, to be the right time and ship, I may be accommodated with a good berth. I have the prospect of Ann Warder, and Susan Dillwyn's company, (Ann takes two of her children and a servant,) &c., &c. Now, notwithstanding I told thee at Norwich, that I should fear going in the same ship with thee, unless thou felt thyself clear to return, yet if, having had some time to deliberate and feel for the mind of thy great Master therein, thou art easy to come and take passage also, I then shall have fresh cause for humble thankfulness to Him who has so marvellously sustained us both to the present time."

R. J. to S. Hustler.

Carshalton, 8th of 7th mo. 1788.

My Dear S. H.,—As the time of my departure from this country seems to draw nigh, and as thou (with the other branches of my worthy friends J. and C. H.'s family,) hast often been the object of my tender solicitude, I feel disposed (as we have a day's quiet rest here,) to give thee one more testimony thereof in this way. Though it may probably be my last from this shore, yet I shall, if favored to reach my own country, be gratified, and rejoice in often interchanging these allowable tokens of mutual affection, and hope to be punctual in my remittances for every one that I shall be indulged with, by any one of the inhabitants of that hospitable retreat called Undercliffe, where I have been often received, kindly cared for, and tenderly treated, far beyond my deserts. Can I then forget those who have, through the precious efficacy of Divine love, been made so near to my best life, the connexions of a faithful yoke-fellow

and companion in the arduous service, through which I have been carried to my humbling admiration, in this land ;—an helpmate specially provided by kind Providence himself?—can I forget those who have been part of the hundred fold promised in the gospel, to those who have forsaken all in obedience to divine commandment? surely no: herein "my heart shall not reproach me while I live." Well my dear Sally, I do also hope and desire that the resignation of thy worthy father, the condescension and dedication of thy dear mother, thy sisterly kindness, and the works of love received from the whole family, will both be accepted and amply rewarded by Him, who declared that the giving even of a "cup of cold water" to one of the least, should obtain a disciple's reward. Mayest thou, therefore, become more and more the object of Divine care, and by an unreserved surrender of thy all into his blessed hand, be strengthened in full obedience to all His requirings, that so with increasing years, thou mayest happily experience increasing fitness to come up honorably in that line of service in the Lord's family, which, after having undergone the necessary preparations therefor, His wisdom may assign thee, and thus know His blessed will to be to thy devoted, willing mind, "thy meat and thy drink." This is my fervent breathing on thy account, to almighty goodness, who has been rich in kindness to thy soul, and has often made thy tender mind, under the bedewings of His love, as "a well watered garden," wherein He has graciously sown the seed of eternal life, which, if full room is allowed, and it is suitably cherished, will spring up with increase, to the praise of His ever adorable name, and thy enriching comfort both here and forever

I hardly know how to bid the last farewell! but as I apprehend it will be so, shall conclude in the fresh feeling of dear love, craving to be had in all your remembrance, and being thy truly affectionate friend, conclude such, and bid thee endearedly,

Farewell in the Lord,

R Jones

As the time of her departure from England approached, many and touching were the evidences of that Christian friendship and true unity of spirit which cannot be weakened by separation, though it adds solemnity to those partings which, so far as time is concerned, are likely to be final. Many a farewell scene was crowned with supplication and benediction, and, on these occasions, the holy presence which had gone forth with her, was thankfully felt and acknowledged. The 10th of Eighth month, the last First-day before her embarkment, was to her and her associates, "a day of favor." At Grace-church Street meeting, in the morning, she took for her text the words of David, "Give unto the Lord, oh ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength; give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." At Devonshire house in the afternoon, she notes having an exercising time. At 6 o'clock in the evening she had a meeting with men and women servants.

It has been already remarked, that she was curiously minute in some of her tabular notes. From these we find that from the time of her embarkation in the "Commerce," to that of her arrival in her native land, she had travelled twenty thousand four hundred and ninety one miles; had attended one thousand five hundred and seventy eight Meetings, two hundred and seventy five of which were those held for discipline, and in which, as her friends in Great Britain officially testified, she was particularly serviceable. She also notes having had meetings with Friends in the stations of servants and apprentices, and laboring poor Friends, to the number of one thousand one hundred and twenty individuals. At a time of mortal extremity five years subsequently, this last named service afforded her a peaceful retrospect. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor---the Lord shall remember him in time of trouble."

On the 13th of Eighth month, the whole company of cabin passengers who were to cross the ocean in the Pigou, together with various friends, dined at Plough Court, with R. J.'s noble host, Joseph Gurney Bevan, after which they went to Gravesend.

In some of her notes, made during the voyage and given in the next chapter, will be found interesting references to her embarkation, and to her final parting with the friends who attended her on ship board: especially with her beloved Christiana Hustler; who was her first companion in England, and the last to part from her, after the performance of every service which the most tender affection could suggest; and respecting whom R. Jones repeatedly said in after years, "*I have loved her as my own soul.*" As a parting token, C. Hustler, when about to be let down in a chair to the boat, took off her cloak and threw it upon her friend—when they immediately separated, with emotious too deep for utterance, beyond the *last farewell.*

"*But was it such?* It was! Where they are gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."

CHAPTER VI.

1788.

Return Voyage—Letters written on Board the Pigou—Lands at Salem—Attends Woodbury Meeting, and proceeds to Philadelphia.

Went on board the Pigou, the 13th of Eighth month, 1788, at Gravesend, about 7 o'clock in the evening of the 4th day of the week, accompanied by Joseph G. and Mary Bevan, George and Sarah Dillwyn, my dear companion Christiana Hustler, Mary Crowley, Thomas Crowley, John Townsend, Jr., Richard Phillips, Anthony Wilson Birkbeck, Thomas Jefferies, &c. Had a comfortable season at the Inn previous to leaving Gravesend; and with the above Friends on board the ship, before my fellow passengers came, we witnessed Divine goodness renewed to us. About 11 o'clock came Wm. Dillwyn and wife, and divers other Friends. [Here follows a list of all on board, commencing with the captain, Wm. Sutton.]

Passengers in the Cabin.—Wm. Poyntnell, Geo. Russell, R. Jones, Ann Warder, her son John and daughter Mary, her servant, Sarah Stewart, and Susanna Dillwyn.

Staid up till late, in order to adjust some things in my berth, (which, through the Captain's kindness, proved a large airy one,) and, as the wind was fair to carry us into the Downs, I got some sleep, but was sea sick, yet I felt easy in mind, and, parting with my dear companion, C. Hustler, who had been to me part of the hundred fold promised in the gospel, and my kind landlord, J. G. Bevan, and his wife, and many others, under the precious influence of the Father's love, the sense thereof remained so very comfortable, that I was enriched thereby.

14th. Our pilot left us about 2 o'clock, and the wind being contrary, we lay at anchor, so that by the tossing of the ship I was at times unfit for any thing but lying in bed. Yet a boat coming to us from Deal, I wrote to my friends J. G. and M. Bevan, to dear L. H., and to my beloved C. Hustler.

On board the Pigou, 16*th of* 8*th month*, 1788, 1 *o'clock*, *P. M.*—*My dearly beloved companion*, *C. Hustler*,—Here sitting on a hencoop, after a day and night's sickness, by reason of head wind, which keeps us at anchor just in sight of Deal, not knowing how long we may have to wait for a change of wind to carry us through the Downs, and thinking that, may be, some Friend may come and give a peep at us, from Dover or elsewhere—though hardly able to hold up my head, I have got ink and paper in one hand, holding it on my knee, while I salute my precious Chrissy once more before we lose sight of the British shore. Feeling the same holy cementing influence, by which we have been in the Master's appointment united, and now under the same direction separated, I dare not distrust His continued mercy, nor that He will fail His poor handmaidens. My heart and eyes now fill in thus saluting thee. Mayest thou be helped to think of thy poor R. J., now in her narrowed inclosure, and pray for her preservation in all things. Thou knowest I am a poor creature. I suppose thou art now on thy way some miles from London, and dear M. C. with thee. I

hope she will feel satisfaction in waiting upon a meek, humble disciple, who has long accompanied a lesser disciple with whom she has united in the great Master's service, and that she will be instructed by thy company and conversation, even as I often have been. I am so sick, that I cannot say all to thee and thy family that is in my heart. Let it suffice, my precious, that I feel thy spirit near, as in the days that are past, and what is more to be prized, I feel the Ancient of Days is near to us both now we are separated. Lift up thine head in hope, that thy condescension to the poor servant, out of still greater love to thy blessed Master, is accepted by Him, who did by His inspeaking voice say to my soul, when it was lifted up within me on thine and my account at Walden, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." * * *

Look towards me with sisterly kindness, for my whole heart salutes thee in the bonds of the gospel, believing the pure union will not be dissolved by time or distance. I am thy ever loving, grateful, though very sick companion. R. J.

17th. Being the First of the week, I told my female companions that I should think it right for us to hold a meeting in the cabin, to which they agreed, and leave being had of the Captain, I mentioned our intention to two men who were our fellow passengers, viz: Wm. Poyntnell, of Philadelphia, and Geo. Russell, of Birmingham, withal saying, if they were free to give us their company it would be acceptable, but if not, we should take no exceptions. Accordingly, the whole of our company in the cabin, also our captain and chief mate, sat down together in the cabin, where condescending goodness was pleased to own our first little meeting in our narrow inclosure. My mouth was also opened in a short testimony to his goodness, believing we were under his Providential care. The men before alluded to, were very serious, and they were very civil and attentive to us on the voyage.

18th, Second day. About 3 o'clock hoisted anchor, and got through the Downs well. What a mercy that my mind should

be kept in perfect peace, while the poor body is so distressed with sickness, and the ship in a continual agitation and tossing. Oh! my soul, trust thou in the Lord, who by his inspeaking voice said on my going on board this ship, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

20th, Fourth day. Made but little way. Passed Beachy Head. I was led to consider that having, according to the best of my ability, waited for and desired the Lord's blessed direction as to the time when; and the ship in which to embark home, and this detention in the channel being in the ordering of that gracious Being to whose requirings I had endeavored to stand faithful, was comforted in believing that I was under his mercy and protection, so that I was hereby kept from murmuring, gave up the idea of reaching the Yearly Meeting, and resigned my whole body, soul and spirit, to him who knows best what is best for his poor creatures.

21st, Fifth day. Awoke this morning in a quiet, sweet frame of mind, feeling my dear friends and late companions C. Hustler and L. Hawkesworth brought near to my spirit in the precious bond of love and light in which we had often rejoiced together. Also, found the cord of love very attractive to my beloved companion H. Cathrall, which was like a brook by the way, even in this my watery peregrination. Oh thou gracious Being, be pleased for thy great name's sake to keep us near to thyself and to each other, to the end of our time in this world, and whatever thou mayest see meet to deprive me of, or suffer me to be tried with, take not thy Holy Spirit and blessed protection from me, I humbly pray thee.

22d, Sixth day. Had a very sleepless, tossing night, so that I could scarce keep from falling out of my bed, by reason of a high head wind, occasioning a great swell in the sea. My mind was, however, mercifully preserved in a steady reliance upon that gracious Being who of old time was declared to be "mightier than the noise of many waters." I did not rise till near noon; was much tried with sea sickness, so that I was not able to move from my chair but with assistance, which Captain Sutton, John

Collett the mate, and our men in the cabin were all very willing to render. A. Warder also was in a like situation. Before I arose, my dear C. Hustler came sweetly into view, believing her to be nearly if not quite arrived at her own habitation, where, amongst her amiable family, she will be joyfully received; where I have at different times spent some weeks, and where I shall often be the subject of their agreeable conversation, and have the sympathy and prayers of the Friends with whom (next to my beloved H. C.) I have been most nearly connected in the Father's love of any in this world. May I be sensible enough of the favor, and may the aforesaid two dear friends, and, next to them, my beloved fellow laborer S. Grubb, and my other dear, kind, and benevolent companion, L. Hawkesworth, with my own soul, be kept under the precious influence of that love and life which covered our spirits when together, and united us in travels, visiting the churches, and in baptisms and sufferings for the Lord's sake; that nothing may be allowed to separate us from one another in him who went with us, a light and leader, our "Ebenezer," for ever worthy to be followed and obeyed. My mind is more exercised on account of dear L. H., whom I left in London, in a declining state of health, and under much discouragement. Yes, it was a near thing to take my last leave of one who had been so tender and *kind beyond expression* to me, from the time of my first landing, and rendered me many kind offices to the last. When I took from her the parting embrace, and our tears mingled together, she said, "My dear, may the Lord's blessing go with thee, yes, he will be with thee unto the end." This was the day before I left London, when she gave me a small parcel, with directions that I should not open it till I got home, on which was written, "A few specimens for the hand of dear R. Jones." Oh, it was like rending a part of my life to part with her, and with my ever dear C. Hustler, which last was on board the Pigou to which she accompanied me, staid near three hours, helped make my bed and adjust divers things in my berth, and was the last woman let down into the boat, by a chair fixed on ropes. We wept upon each others neck, and

repeatedly embraced; our feelings were too exquisite to admit of a single word more than the mutual "farewell," and then with difficulty we separated from each other, she to the boat for Gravesend, and I to my berth to feel my bereaved situation, which was more than supplied by the incomes of the Lord's goodness, whose loving kindness is better than all other enjoyments, yea, than even life itself. And my hope was revived in that salvation, which has been so richly manifested towards me and the worthy companion with whom Almighty Goodness has been pleased to favor me, in all our travels through England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. To him, therefore, the Holy Shepherd of Israel, be all praise and glory given, now and for ever, saith my soul.

23d. Seventh-day. Had a comfortable night's sleep, for which I was thankful; also that I was not so sick through the day as usual when at sea, so that I spent great part of it on deck, the weather being fine, though the wind was still against us, we not having got farther than Plymouth, which seemed trying both to our captain (who is of a kind, quiet disposition,) and to our fellow passengers. But I dare not murmur, believing that the mighty Ruler of the seas knows best what is best for all his depending children. This night I laid down my head in a degree of faith that the Lord was near to us.

24th. First-day. Rose humble and grateful, for the favor of another quiet night, and, feeling more able than usual, got into the cabin to breakfast. At 10 o'clock we sat down and held our little meeting as before, under some sense of the Lord's presence with us, and I had to mention some things concerning inward and spiritual worship, which seemed to gain both the attention and assent of the captain and men passengers. When the meeting broke up they withdrew, and then we settled again, (viz: A. Warder, S. Dillwyn, the children and myself,) and a word of counsel and encouragement was given me, for my dear female fellow passengers, which had an affecting tendency.

25th. Second-day. Was quite peaceful in mind. Our whole cabin company behaved with great civility. Susanna

Dillwyn very sweet and agreeable in her behavior and conversation, so that the detention for want of fair wind, was not so trying as it would otherwise have been. About tea time a fair wind gradually sprung up. We got quite out of the channel, and clear of Scilly Islands.

26th. Third-day. The wind continuing fair, we got on at the rate of about nine knots an hour till towards evening, when the rain ceased and the wind grew slack again. Retired to bed under a sense of divine care, and, having awoke in the morning with "Whom have I in Heaven but thee, or in all the earth in comparison with thee," it was a good day to me. Blessed be the Lord!

27th. Fourth-day. Awoke this morning less sick, but did not rise till after breakfast, finding myself less able to move about than in my former voyage, by reason of stiffness in my joints, &c. The weather was exceedingly fine, so that my fellow passengers were upon deck, which I also tried, but finding it too cold, I descended, and employed my time in working, reading, and writing. By staying below, I had a time of deep inward retirement before the Lord, and enjoyed the unity of His blessed Spirit, both with my near and dear friends whom I have left in England, and increasingly so with my dear friends in America, whom, if it be the Lord's blessed will, I hope to see in a few weeks in my beloved native city of Philadelphia. Which comfort (though I anticipate it with pleasure) will, I expect, be greatly alloyed by the many painful circumstances that will occur; for the hearing of which my mind had for some time been preparing, by a continual sense of sadness, in apprehension, that does attend, both by day and by night. Oh, thou most merciful Being, who, for purposes best known to thyself, hast been pleased to enlist me under thy holy banner of love and life, and hast, by a further display of thine Almighty Power, measurably enabled me to fight against the power of darkness; against spiritual wickedness in high places; grant, I humbly pray thee, for the sake of thy blessed cause, which I have endeavored, through holy help from thee, to advocate, (not

for any desert in me,) that nothing present or to come may be allowed to separate me from the sensible and comfortable enjoyment of thy love, shed abroad in my heart, nor from the precious unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, with thy little gathered flock and family the world over.

30th. Seventh-day. Spent the day chiefly in reading. I have often admired not only the kindness of our captain, but the quiet, civil, and sober conduct of the whole crew, among whom scarcely an indecent or unsavory word was heard. This, with the harmony subsisting in the cabin, the singing of a sweet bird in it, and the innocent prattle of A. Warder's children, made time pass on more agreeably. But my being less sick than in the former voyage, and (what is the greatest of all favors) believing heavenly protection and goodness were near us, often clothed my mind with a sense of gratitude to the great Preserver of men, who is, both by sea and land, to his depending children, a God near at hand, a present help in every needful time, to whom be high and endless praises given, because he is good, and his mercy endureth forever.

31st. First day.—At ten o'clock held our little meeting, composed as before: in which, feeling the spirit of prayer and supplication, my heart was poured forth to the Almighty, that He might be pleased to bless our little company, and to reveal Himself to every soul on board the ship, and favor them with the knowledge of His pure will, giving them hearts to fear Him and to love His holy law written therein. After meeting, A. W., S. D. and myself by turns read many chapters in the Scriptures. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Ninth month 3d. Fourth day.—Awoke this morning refreshed in body, and thankful for the favour of a quiet night. A gale suddenly came on, and heavy rain, with squalls, which, though fair, tossed us much about: during which my mind was inwardly retired to the Lord, in humble secret intercession, that for His mercies' sake and the sake of His blessed cause, He would be pleased to look down upon us, and preserve us over

the mighty deep: when the assurance which was given me on my first coming on board with my dear friends to feel after right direction, was comfortably renewed, viz: "Fear not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God." In about an hour and a half the sun broke out, and the wind becoming more steady we went on pleasantly. Oh, the unspeakable loving kindness of the great I AM! My mind this day was variously, and, I hope, not unprofitably engaged, taking a retrospective view of my steppings, in the arduous service in which, during the four years I have been separated from my native land, I have been steadily, and, I trust, honestly engaged. The consideration whereof, deeply bowed and contrited my mind, and qualified me afresh to admire, worship and adore that Power which has been experienced by me, a poor weak instrument; and excited a renewal of my confidence in the continued mercy of the Almighty, also raising living desires and fervent breathings and cries to Him, that I may be, through the blessed assistance of His Holy Spirit, enabled to walk with care and circumspection, on my return to my own country, and, to the end of this painful pilgrimage, be clothed with the garments of unfeigned humility, gratitude and fear. And now, under a precious sense of the Lord having in early life plucked me as a brand out of the fire, made me sensible of the multitude of my sins, which for His mercies' sake He was pleased to forgive, and to blot them out as a thick cloud; by the spirit of deep and sore judgment, and the spirit of burning, to cleanse and purify my soul from the pollution of sin and iniquity, and for purposes best known to Himself, to commission me, a poor unworthy creature, to testify to His goodness and the sufficiency of His mighty power: has been with me hitherto by sea and by land, provided me with suitable companions, and every necessary and agreeable accommodation, and favored me, from time to time, with fresh and sure direction as I have waited for it;—my soul is prostrate in great awfulness. I acknowledge myself worse than "an unprofitable servant"—and can set up my "Ebenezer" and say, with gratitude and thanksgiving, "Hitherto thou, Lord, hast

helped me!" Blessed be Thy great name, for ever and ever, Amen!

And now, in the prospect of my returning to my beloved friends and native country, without a home of my own, nor certainty of what place will be allotted me, there is at times the source of great anxiety. Yet I dare not distrust the care of the heavenly Shepherd, who both knows what I want, and how to supply with all needful things. If Thou, Lord, then wilt but condescend to be with me in the way that I go, give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and bring me again to my own country in peace; Thou shalt indeed be my God, and I will, according to the measure of light and strength afforded, for ever serve and follow Thee.

"My life, if Thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be,
And death, if death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee!"

The remembrance of an honest, upright-hearted remnant in the island of Great Britain, to whom I have been made near in the fellowship of the Gospel of Peace, and in the frequent soul-solacing seasons which we have enjoyed together under the covering of Divine Love;—the travail of soul I have witnessed on account of the dearly beloved youth, in the sense of the heavenly visitation being powerfully renewed to them, (divers of whom are preparing for service in the Lord's house);—and the strong desire that I feel on account of my three fellow laborers, Geo. Dillwyn, J. Pemberton, and James Thornton, whom I have left behind in the same field in which I have faithfully labored;—have fully taken possession of my thoughts this morning. And a humble hope has been renewed, that some good fruits, in the Lord's time, will be produced by all the labors and pains that have been immediately and instrumentally bestowed upon these parts of the vineyard, and that the honest laborers will have their reward, and the gain and praise of all be given to the great heavenly Workman, who is now and for ever worthy.

All the night it was at times squally, so that we were, I trust, properly thoughtful in the cabin: my mind being often lifted up in secret intercession to the Most High.

5th. Sixth day.—I went upon deck and staid about two hours: when our captain told me we had now made full one-third of our passage. May not only my poor soul, but all the souls in this ship, be fully sensible of the favor conferred, and endeavor to walk more worthy of its continuance. When on deck I took an opportunity with S. L., a young woman who is passenger in the steerage, where there is no other female, and where amongst four men passengers, and *all the ship's crew* (making twenty-two,) she is very much exposed. I endeavored to strengthen her mind in behaving with such a degree of propriety among them, that nothing may be unpleasantly remembered by her after she has gone on shore—advising her that when she cannot becomingly and consistently converse with them, she had better remain quite silent if she cannot withdraw. I also inquired into her stock of clothing, with a view of supplying her if necessary. With all which she appeared much affected. I felt much for her, as she appears to be a sober girl, and in a tried situation. May she be preserved!

7th. First day.—Rose early this morning; much refreshed, and thankful therefor. At 10 o'clock we held our little meeting, and, though it was a low season, yet I was glad that I was able to say that the Lord was near to us, and that we kept up our meeting every First day, having the company of the captain and all the cabin passengers. After meeting the captain went up to take his observations—we staid below, and each, by turns, read in the Bible.

11th. Fifth day.—My mind was comforted in believing that in the right and best time we shall be favored to reach my native land and beloved city, when, though I expect to meet with renewed and manifold exercises and trials, oh! that I may be kept in the hour of temptation, by the favor of my gracious Shepherd, that so nothing may be able to pluck me out of His holy hand in time and in eternity! Amen!

12th. Sixth day.—Rose this morning quiet and thankful in spirit, breathing for preservation to my Almighty Helper and sure Friend. A dead calm.

13th. Seventh day.—Awoke refreshed and humbly thankful, but found my berth more uncomfortably warm than I had known it before. On deck found the awning up—all hands on deck—some mending the sails, some repairing the rigging, and the chief mate preparing hooks and lines for fishing off Newfoundland Banks, towards which we seem approaching.

14th. First day.—On consulting together, we concluded, that with such incessant motion and tossing of the ship, we could not sit safely and hold our meeting at the usual time, so postponed it, in hope that we might sit down in the afternoon. But the same difficulty attending, and A. W. and myself being poorly, we were engaged reading most of the day. S. Dillwyn, while A. W. lay down, came and read to me. I was pleased and helped with her innocent company.

15th. Second day.—Was sea-sick in the morning, as were my two female companions. But having a fair wind, which carried us without much motion five and six knots, we all grew better, and were able after breakfast to do a little sewing and writing. Walked awhile on deck, but soon retired to the cabin, finding the sun very hot. I was awaked in the night by a heavy gale, with lightning, which prevented my getting any more sleep; yet, as I lay, my mind was inwardly retired to the Lord, and breathing to Him for preservation every way, for His blessed cause's sake.

16th, Third day. The wind increased—had several heavy squalls, and the sea ran very high, so that the waves seemed like mountains rolling around us. One wave, while A. Warder was on deck, was so near breaking over the ship, that they were quite alarmed, and we esteemed it a great mercy that it did not reach us. This gave the ship such a lee lurch that a large table, with our breakfast tray, which was on it, and S. Dillwyn's box of minerals, which was under it, all well cleated and lashed, broke loose, and was driven with violence to leeward, where A.

W.'s dear little children had just been sitting, and removed but a few minutes before it happened. What a signal display of Divine care over innocent children! When their mother came down, and saw and heard the circumstance, she sat down and wept in humble thankfulness—and well she might—for had they been in the way they must have been hurt badly, if not killed. Our captain informed us that we had passed the banks of Newfoundland, and that he believed we were crossing the Gulf Stream. During the course of this day, I was often led to examine myself, whether in any sort I was the cause of this distress; to look back upon my former travels, and to consider whether it might not be, in some sort, preparatory to my arrival in my native country, and to keep me watchful and careful while on board. And, under all these considerations, as I sat holding both with hands and feet to keep on my seat, those comfortable expressions arose in my mind, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation: therefore with joy shall ye draw water together out of the wells of salvation." This, with the enriching assurance given me on my first coming on board of the ship, "Fear not," &c., together with the prospect which my dear friends C. Hustler and M. Prior had at the same time—that we should get safe to our desired port—tended to settle my poor mind in humble trust in Almighty goodness and mercy, through the present, and whatever trials might in future attend. Went to bed about 11 o'clock, and was enabled to commit myself, body, soul and spirit, into the hands of my "faithful Creator," desiring his gracious protection for myself, my dear friends in the cabin, and all the ship's company. After which I soon fell asleep, had a good and comfortable night, and awoke refreshed every way. Blessed by my sure and unfailing Friend!

17th. Fourth-day.—I retired under some apprehension of a tossing night, and slept till about 2 o'clock, when I was awakened by great noise on deck, and the three usual stamps of the men, calling "All hands ahoy!—reef and topsails!" The

wind being high and the ship laboring hard, this at first a little alarmed me, and raised the humble prayer, "Lord have mercy on us!"—when presently A. Warder came to my berth, and sat by me two hours: in which time it rained heavily, with some lightning, and the wind, in squalls, very high. After another heavy squall the ship was put about, by which I was turned to leeward, and was in less danger of pitching out of my bed.

R. Jones to Esther Tuke.

On board the Pigou, on the great Atlantic, Latitude 40_0 42′ *9th mo. 20th,* 1788.

Dearly beloved Friend,—Being often favored, whilst floating on the mighty ocean, to feel near unity of spirit with such dear friends in the land whence (with my natural "life for a prey," and a degree of that peace which exceeds description,) I have now escaped, with whom I have enjoyed sweet fellowship, and who are still near to my best life; and thou, among others, having been pleasantly brought into view this morning, I have sat down in order to give thee some account of thy poor feeble sister. * * * * * * * * *

I have given up all thought of reaching our Yearly Meeting, so that if more is given me than I expect, I shall give it a place among the many marvellous displays of Almighty goodness, of which I have been a thankful, grateful witness. But not this mighty deep, nor length of time, will, I trust, ever erase from my remembrance an honest, faithful-hearted remnant, a tender visited seed, a highly favored people in that nation, whom everlasting loving kindness has so signally cared for, and at whose hands He is now looking for fruits adequate to his abundant care over them. May the upright, affectionate, disinterested labors of the poor servants, who have been sent amongst you, be in some degree promotive of this great end. May the hands of the faithful among you be made strong to the removing of

every obstruction in the way of advancement. May the dear youth who have been enamored with the brightness of the Divine power arising in their hearts, "keep humbly their solemn feasts, and faithfully perform all their vows." May the "north," through the softening influence of holy animating love and life, be prevailed upon during the day of offered mercy to "give up," and the "south," in a state of faithful obedience to the Divine will, "keep nothing back," is my humble prayer. Then will your light go forth with encouraging brightness, and the clothing of Divine salvation, on all the different classes in the family, be conspicuously clear "as a lamp that burneth." Nor shall I be, I humbly hope, deprived of the enjoyment of the bond of christian fellowship with those who meet at the approaching annual solemnity in Philadelphia, and at your Quarterly one held about the same time; but, by the great and good Remembrancer, may I, in this my watery peregrination, be raised as an epistle in your hearts, and feel the efficacy of the fervent prayer of the righteous, with whom I pray that I may now and forever be united. I know I am an "unprofitable servant," and yet can appeal to the great Master in a degree of childlike simplicity, that I have endeavored to do that which was required as a duty at my hands: and for the encouragement of other poor weaklings I have to testify to the goodness of that hand which "put forth:" it has gone before, made crooked things straight, and cast up a way, even when and where to my view there has appeared no way. So that now, though I am going to my own country and people, with no spoil taken, yet am I returning with that acknowledgment made by the early publishers of the gospel in reply to the query, "Lacked ye anything?" and can, with reverence of soul, say, "Nothing, Lord." I know that it will be still necessary for me to feel after and dwell deeply with the heavenly gift on my return; and oh, that under its blessed influence, I may be favored with patience, lest, for want of this profitable virtue, I should lose the things which have, through holy help, been wrought, and so miss of that consummate reward with which we are not fully entrusted until the end of the

painful race. May this, dear Esther, be thine and my gladdening experience when this short fight of affliction is over, is my fervent prayer.

I shall be much disappointed if I do not frequently hear from the houses of York and Holdgate. To all of them is my dear love, and to my other dear friends in your country, as if named. Thou knowest who they are: they are too numerous for insertion, but not too many "in order one by one to rise" in my affectionate remembrance. When you do write, mention how "the lilies flourish, and the pomegranates bud and blossom," and whether "the garden of nuts" has furnished any more ripe fruits for the King's table—with whatever is interesting to thee: for it will be so to me, because we are (dare I presume) soldiers in the same army, consequently entitled to hear of the several movements therein. * * * *

20th. Seventh-day. Awoke afreshed, and with an easy mind. But soon found, on getting up, that the wind blew fresh and quite contrary, which was a fresh trial of faith and patience, when, on considering a little what should be the cause, and why we have such an unfavorable prospect, my mind was silenced from enquiry by a secret persuasion that it was all for the best, though not for the present seen to be so. Whereupon I again resigned to the thought of not reaching our Yearly Meeting, which, had it been, or should it be the Lord's blessed will we should do, would have been a comfortable circumstance. But as I have often been fully convinced that our Almighty Shepherd knows best what is best for his poor sheep and dependent children, may his holy will be done in all things, saith my soul. Our captain spoke a sloop this morning from Grenada, out 18 days, bound for Newfoundland, and upon comparing the ship's reckoning, it appeared that we were not by three degrees as forward in our passage as we expected. This was unpleasing tidings to our company, who had fixed the 7th of next month for

getting to Philadelphia. In the evening the wind lowered, and it again grew calm, so that we retired early and soon went to sleep, *trusting in the Lord.*

21st. First-day. About 5 o'clock, the wind for the first time was on our stern. It blew fresh, and rained heavily. I rose early, in hopes that we might hold our little meeting, and once more in the cabin together wait upon the Lord. But the wind so increased that we kept our seats with some difficulty. The dead lights were all put in, and candles brought into the cabin. I, however, sat down in quiet about an hour, with my mind inwardly turned to the Lord, who is worthy to be waited upon at all times. The ship was the whole day in a perpetual roll, from side to side, and a day of the most heavy and steady wind, our captain said, that he ever remembered, so that the poor men were wet to the skin, and we could not stir at all out of the cabin. We went, through the day, at the rate of 8 and 9 knots. The great motion, rolling, and thumping of the waves was alarming at first, but our Captain told us we were crossing the gulf stream, so that if the wind had taken us ahead instead of astern, or had it been quite calm as before, we should have been in a much worse situation. This, and his further information that this wind in Delaware bay would inevitably run us ashore, humbled and deeply affected my mind, leading to the renewed inquiry, "What shall I render to the Lord," &c. A. W., having dreamed of her husband, pleased herself with the thoughts of getting to Philadelphia in a few days more. But having always found that I fared best when I was most fully resigned to the Lord's will, and having been favored to come to this desirable attainment, I did not dare to flatter myself with so agreeable a circumstance, though fully persuaded that all things are possible with our gracious Creator.

22d. Second-day. * * * Our company seemed highly pleased with hopes of soon getting on shore; but, on divers accounts, my rejoicing is in fear. Oh, thou great Preserver of men, condescend to fortify my mind with a reverent trust in thy goodness and providential care, and clothe me with humility and

watchfulness on my first meeting my beloved friends, and to the end of my time in this uncertain, fallacious and wicked world, for thy mercies sake? In the evening the wind shifted, and by 2 o'clock the wind again shifted, and blew a heavy gale directly against us. Captain Sutton ordered all sails made snug, and lay too about twelve hours, during all which time the dead lights were in, and the ship labored so much, and the sea was so high, that it made the most awful and gloomy appearance I ever beheld. Dear A. W., and I, not being able to keep safely in bed, sat up till day light. W. P., being much alarmed, sat up with us all night.*

23d. Third-day. The wind much lowered, though the sea ran very high, and it was dangerous moving from our seats. I staid in my berth, and, as in the night, my mind was often engaged in humble intercession to the Almighty for our preservation, and that he would be pleased, for His great name's sake, to have mercy upon us, and influence our Captain with wisdom, and his men with strength in so perilous a time. About 8 o'clock, P. M., it was nearly calm, and I was told that it was likely to remain so.

24th. Fourth-day. After a good night's rest, I arose refreshed and thankful for the favor. This day makes just six weeks since we came on board. Light wind, but fair. About 11 o'clock we espied a sail, which proved to be a schooner—Juno—from New York, laden with corn, and bound to Teneriffe. She had been out about a week—had met with a gale of wind last First day, when we were going before it at the rate of ten knots. Had been under the necessity of throwing overboard 60 bushels, and cutting in two her long boat, one-half of which she threw overboard to lighten the ship. Her captain desired Capt. Sut-

* Sarah R. Grubb, writing to R. J., says—"If I am not mistaken, since thy leaving London, thou hast had thy portion of awful sensations on the mighty waters. My heart was so almost continually with thee, and so affected sometimes, as to amount to painful conflict, so that I could hardly conclude that it originated merely in those natural, affectionate feelings, which a separation from one so beloved occasioned."

ton to take a letter for him, and, to bring it to us, they immediately launched a small skiff with one of their hands, who, with two oars, made his way very dexterously over the waves, and brought the letter, returning safe again. This was a pleasing circumstance to all our company, who were with one consent gathered to the larboard side to look at fellow men floating, like ourselves, on the watery element. But as I stood looking on, and considering how we had been preserved in that very gale, by which they had been distressed, my heart overflowed with gratitude and thanksgiving, and mine eyes with tears, and the more so when I adverted to what might have been the consequence had we been in the bay at the time. The sense of the Lord's protecting goodness extorted from me this expression in the hearing of all, "Thanks be to Him who is forever worthy." This sense continued sweetly the covering of my spirit through the day. We made some preparation towards going on shore when it shall please the Lord so to favor us, which, when granted, will, I trust, sink me in the deepest gratitude, fear, obedience and love to mine Almighty Helper and Protector, all the days of my life. In the afternoon we were easy and pleasant on deck, and in the evening came down to writing. My heart felt peaceful and humble, which, I pray, may be continued to me till landing on my native shore, and forever, Amen! Through the night I had not a wink of sleep, yet my mind was tranquil and easy.

[For several days they were subjected to storms and consequent discomfort.]

Ninth month 28th. First day.—After a good night, awoke with the remembrance of its being the time of our Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, where many worthy and dear friends are collected, and where, had it been the Lord's good pleasure, I should have rejoiced among them. But as it is so ordered, I desire to be content in the enjoyment of that blessed fellowship of spirit which cannot be quenched by the mighty waters be-

tween us, and is the solid rejoicing of the heavenly minded family every where. After breakfast, I informed the captain of a wish which I felt, that if he had no objection, an invitation might be given to the steerage passengers and to the sailors, to sit with us at our little meeting. He readily consented, and sent the steward to give them all notice. We sat down at ten o'clock. Some of those invited, came and behaved soberly, and my heart was enlarged in gospel affection towards them, and under the influence, I trust, of the spirit of true prayer, was enabled to intercede for our preservation, and for redemption from all iniquity. Oh, that the request may, in adorable mercy, be granted! —— ——, was much affected in the meeting, and appeared solid and thoughtful after it. * * * Our captain sounded and found no bottom.

29th, Second day.—May I be favored with patience and resignation in the present trying allotment, thus detained from assembling with my dear friends in Philadelphia, at their Yearly Meeting, because All-perfect wisdom knows best what is best for us.

30th, Third day.—Still an unfavorable prospect. Our captain found bottom in fifty fathoms water; on hearing which, divers of our company appeared very much elated, even to an exstacy; but my mind felt very much restricted from appearing outwardly to rejoice. Soon after, the wind sprang up so fair, that we ran into five fathoms. Upon this, our captain, who is prudently careful, stood to the southward. The wind increased to a strong breeze from the N. E., so that towards evening, we lightened sail, and about six o'clock, spied land ahead at about six leagues distance. All things then laid snug, we lay at the mercy of the wind and waves, which were under the direction of the Most High, till morning.

10th month 1st, Fourth day.—Wind still the same, and the sea running very high. About eleven o'clock we espied a pilot coming towards us, who proved to be Harry Fisher, a skillful man. On his coming on board, our captain and all the ship's company seemed relieved. He told me that he was last week

in Philadelphia, and that I was expected to the great meeting there. He brought us a few apples and peaches, which S. D. and I particularly enjoyed. Oh, how my soul worshipped in deepest prostration, and craved to be kept little, low, and humble in going amongst my dear friends, under the present mercy, which is indeed marvellous in my eyes. Blessed and forever magnified, be the name of the Most High, from this time forth and forever more!

Last night I was comforted in remembering that last Sixth day night, which was a time of sore exercise in a storm of wind, thunder, and rain, I was assured this would be the last storm; and that we should safely get to Philadelphia before the Yearly Meeting ended. So that I had no creaturely fears to contend with. But my health feels too much impaired to promise myself much enjoyment for a time, and having no fixed home to go to, feels discouraging; but I dare no more distrust Divine care, now nor forever.

Rain came on in the evening, and it was very dark, so that we were truly glad we had got to a safe anchorage within the cape, as the wind blew fresh against us.—Dropped anchor at eight o'clock, below Bombayhook, and in the cabin afterwards our captain and pilot spent the rest of the evening with us, the latter giving some accounts of Philadelphia.

2d, Fifth day.—A head wind, our ship could get no farther than within five miles of Salem, and being assured that unless the wind changed, we could not get up till first day, and being desirous of reaching the Yearly Meeting before it ended, I concluded to go with our company on shore. So our kind captain ordered the ship's yawl to be launched, and sent four of his men, who, with the pilot, (after the latter had taken a respectful leave of all on board,) took us on shore, to the house of a Friend named Clement Hall, who took us in his wagon to John Redman's in Salem, where we lodged, and found the family all very kind.

On Sixth day, the 3d instant, R. J. notes—"We rose early, and two wagons having been provided, having Emmor Baily

and Elgar Brown for drivers, we got on well and safely to Woodbury, just as Friends were going to their week-day meeting; whereupon I felt a draught on my mind to meet with them, and left my companions to their liberty. They not being inclined to go, I went alone."

Our pilgrims, halting at Woodbury, noticed a few Friends going to meeting, and anxious as they all were to reach Philadelphia, R. Jones could not feel at liberty to pass the first meeting of Friends after her arrival without attending it. Her companions left a vehicle and driver for her, and proceeded. Owing to the attendance at Yearly Meeting, the number of Friends assembled was of course small, and she was only recognized by one person present, Margery, wife of Samuel Mickle. Having relieved her mind, and after sitting a short time, feeling easy to do so, she informed Friends that she wished to attend the closing sittings of the Yearly Meeting, and desired that the meeting might not be disturbed by her quietly withdrawing. The Friend already referred to, followed her out. Her carriage soon overtook the one containing her friends, and, saluting them, she passed on before. They crossed the Delaware in company, no time having been lost by her attending Woodbury Meeting.

"We arrived," she writes to S. Alexander, "on the 3d, just two days before the close of our Yearly Meeting, (after a passage of seven weeks from Gravesend, but only thirty-six days from land to land,) so that I had the satisfaction of seeing my dear friends generally from the country, and truly our joy was mutual: and in the assembly of the Lord's people to give Him thanks for his mercies."

CHAPTER VII.

1788 to 1790.

Attends closing sittings of Yearly Meeting and returns her certificates —Diary letter to J. P —Letter from S. Grubb—Present from pupils of Clonmell school—Parts with H. Cathrall and takes lodgings with James Goram—Letter to J. Williams—Visits the Yearly Meetings on Long Island and on Rhode Island—Letter to Dr. Cathrall and to other Friends—Sickness—Journey to Maryland.

"On the first sight of my native city," she says, "my heart was so affected, that I seemed near fainting; but, after relieving myself with many tears, I felt deeply humble and thankful, under a sense of marvellous preservation every way experienced; but more particularly so on the mighty deep, as the Harmony, Capt. Willett, who sailed with us from the Downs, came into port about the same time in a wrecked condition, from a storm which we were favored only to feel in part. We landed at the old ferry," (this was about one o'clock,) "from whence, taking leave of my company, I went to Johns Hopkins',* where I dined, and dismissed a letter to H. Pemberton to let her and my H. C. know that I was landed. S. Emlen came in his chaise and sent me in it to Richard Humphreys,† where my H. C. met me. We were deeply affected on seeing each other, and together blessed the Lord for his abundant goodness and mercy. I was shocked in looking at her, and thought her every way more altered than any other person. At three o'clock went to the Women's Meeting, where a general solemnity soon overspread us, and I was engaged publicly to return thanks to my great and gracious Helper, Preserver, and Everlasting Friend, the Lord Almighty, who is worthy to be served, feared and obeyed, for ever and ever."

* Water street, between High and Mulberry streets.
† Next door to Market Street Meeting.

Her arrival was known to few Friends till her appearance at the afternoon sitting.

Soon after the meeting was settled, Rebecca appeared impressively in supplication, and the remarkable covering of solemnity was long remembered by those who were present. "Before the meeting broke up," she notes, "I went up to John Pemberton's, to avoid being stopped by the crowd of Friends who were glad to see me again, and in the evening several came to see me. I was much fatigued with this day's labor, but got some quiet good sleep."

Next morning in the Select meeting, she returned the certificate granted to her by that meeting in the 3d month, 1784, with endorsements from the Yearly Meeting held in London in the years 1787 and 1788, and from the Half Year's Meeting for Ireland, Fifth month 9th, 1786.

Her diary thus proceeds:

4th, Seventh day.—Rose refreshed, and with a mind deeply bowed in gratitude to the great Preserver of men. At eight o'clock went to the last sitting of the Select Yearly Meeting, where I returned my certificate which they had given me, and also delivered those given me from Ireland and England. And though I had not much to say for myself, I was enabled openly to declare that not only was the promise made to the early disciples when sent forth, mercifully fulfilled to me in every part, so that I could say on my return as they did, that I had *lacked nothing*, but that the reward of Peace was more than adequate to all the endeavor I had been enabled to use for the promotion of the one great and good cause. After this meeting concluded, I went to that for business among Women Friends, which was large and solid. Dined with many friends at J. P.'s, and before bed time, had an opportunity of seeing many of my dear friends who called there.

5th, First day.—This being the first First day after my landing, I chose to go to the Bank Meeting, that being the one to which I had always belonged. I attended both morning and afternoon, and sat in silence. Dined at Henry Drinker's; drank

tea at Wm. Compton's, and having much pain, did not go to the evening meeting; but after sitting an hour at Daniel Drinker's with G. and H. Churchman, went to my lodgings.

6th, Second day.—Was at the second day Morning Meeting; dined at James Pemberton's, and there, and in the evening, finished divers letters begun on board the Pigou, and sent them by the——, going to Cork.

Various letters commenced on ship-board, were finished on her arrival. In a postscript to one addressed to Jno. Pemberton, she says, (10th mo., 6th,) "I can't help wishing it may be thy lot to return in the Pigou, when it shall please our great Master to set thee at liberty—till when, may patience and holy stability be thy covering and girdle, that so thou mayest return with a clear evidence of having "finished the work" assigned thee, and in the right time. Which I can say with humble thankfulness, is in some degree my experience, though I am sensible I have not been fitted for great things, and am "an unprofitable servant." The reward of Peace is more than adequate to the exercise I have undergone for the sake thereof. So, dear friend, be encouraged through all to look to that good hand which has hitherto supported us, and is able to keep us to the end. I am now quietly seated in thy front parlor, with thy beloved wife, who is about as well as common, and received me very kindly into her house, though she appeared not a little disappointed at not receiving thee also—yet she bears it with becoming patience and resignation. We arrived at Philadelphia last Sixth day, the 3d inst., timely for the afternoon meeting for business. Next morning at the Select Meeting had my certificates read, and at the concluding Women's Meeting afterwards. So that I was at three meetings with my beloved friends, who were all, with me, mutually glad in seeing each other, under the humbling sense of the Lord's goodness in many ways extended to me, a poor, unworthy creature. An eminent display whereof we witnessed in a hard gale, a few days before we reached the land; which, though it did our ship no damage, was very heavy upon the Harmony, Captain Willitt, who left

the Downs with us, and arrived in a shattered condition soon after us—having carried away her mizzen mast and quarter galleries, washed away her caboose, with two men in it, several of her live stock, &c., and lay four hours on her beam ends, without her dead lights in. Which, when I heard, oh, how my heart was humbled within me in a grateful sense of Divine preservation over us, for which I hope to be forever thankful.

* * * *

I see great alteration in people and things, many look more than four and a half years older, and my dear H. C. is one of the number. We have not yet got a house, but hope we shall soon. But thy dear wife wishes us to be content with this. * *

May the God and Father of all our mercies, who has thus favored me to return in peace, be with thee in the way in which thou goest, and in the appointed season, restore thee to thy beloved wife and near connexions."

After her return to her native land, she accepted the hospitality of her friend Hannah Pemberton, until Tenth month 22d, when, having obtained a house, she, with her former companion H. Cathrall, removed to it. We find her domestic accounts and business records interspersed with memoranda, from which occasional extracts will be given.

"Tenth month 9th. 5th day. At meeting.—Warner Mifflin, and Ann Emlen, married. More in the simplicity, and with less parade than I have ever seen on the like occasion. I fear they will not have many followers in this city.

12th.—First day. Was at Bank Meeting twice, and in the evening at Market-street.

13th.—Second day morning meeting. Samuel Smith opened a concern for England

27th.—Second day. At the select meeting, dined and drank tea at John Warder's, where also dined Capt. Sutton, Geo. Russell, W. Poyntell, and Susanna Dillwyn—all my fellow passengers in the Pigou.

28th.—Third day. Monthly meeting at Bank. R. J. appeared. I gave in certificates to both meetings. S. Harrison ap-

peared in supplication. S. Emlen came into women's meeting.

11th mo. 1st.—Seventh day. At two meetings in the great meeting house, in both silent.

3rd.—Second day. Our Q. Meeting. Delivered my certificates in both men's and women's meeting. Adjourned at 5 o'clock, a good time.

9th—First day. At Bank meeting, twice in silence. In the evening kneeled.

10th—Second day. Was at the select meeting. Mentioned the black people's having leave of their masters in a morning for attending meeting."

Eleventh month 14th, she was comforted beyond expression by the reception of a letter from her beloved Sarah R. Grubb, the following extract from which will meet a response in the hearts of those of our readers who, being amid the conflicts of time, preserved in "the bond of peace," feel that they, like these precious sisters, "stand together in the unity,"—having in themselves the evidence that they have "passed from death unto life."

SARAH GRUBB TO R. J.

"I do indeed join thee in the grateful tribute of thanksgiving and praise to our ever-living Helper, who, blessed be his name has done, and will, my soul is renewedly and firmly persuaded, continue to do for thee, *great things ;* wherein his own eternal name will be exalted, and thy acceptance with him stand for ever. Ah my precious friend, these truly are great things ; not works of righteousness which the creature itself can do —no—his mercy and his truth are marvellous in our eyes, and that effectual washing, that fiery baptism of spirit which prepares instruments to convert sinners unto Him. I congratulate thee, as my spirit did in my last, which was written before I heard of thy safe arrival in Philadelphia, from whence thy rejoicing salutation of 10th month 6th. reached my hands a

little before meeting time last Fifth-day. It almost unfitted me for going, because my mind had been exceedingly tried about thee for a little while, both by night and day, towards the latter part of thy passage. But this meeting proved a salutary opportunity for me, under the assistance then afforded, to centre down to the ROOT which bears the branches, whose direction is as various as every point in the compass;—and yet they have all the same origin, where they meet together, and flourish through the efficacy of the one liberal source. There is a prospect now, that the salutation of my heart will be wafted to thee, and meet thy acceptance, in the renewings of that love which, I humbly trust no vicissitudes or future dispensations will ever be suffered to diminish.

I value it as a gift from the hand which is full of blessings, and wish to honor it as such. The affectionate part in us *fabricates a strong resemblance of gospel fellowship*, but, had we no stronger cement than it affords, we could not *stand together in the unity*, through many of those storms and combats with which the Christian traveller meets, from within and from without."

Our readers are supposed to be aware that the writer of the foregoing letter, had removed to Ireland, and taken charge of Clonmell school. The following inscription was worked with beautiful neatness on a sampler by the scholars, under her inspection, and sent to America as a memento of their close friendship and gospel unity. R. Jones had it framed and hung in her chamber. R. J. having spent about a week in Clonmell school, the pupils had become much attached to her, so that the offering was one of affection on their part, and not merely as made to their teacher's friend.

Clonmell-School
to
Rebecca Jones of Philadelphia;
On her return from a long and arduous visit to the Churches of the People called Quakers
in EUROPE;
sendeth greeting.

After a frequent and sympathetic conflict
with this her endeared friend,
and instructive companion;
SARAH R. GRUBB, rejoices in HOPE,
that by the POWER OF OMNIPOTENCE,
and in the COVENANT OF LOVE AND LIFE,
She is now restored to the bosom of the Church
in AMERICA,
and to the precious society of
her most beloved and constant friend,
in the TRIBULATION AND CONSOLATION OF THE GOSPEL,
HANNAH CATHRALL.

Eleventh Month, 1788.

Shortly after this, in an open conference between R. J. and H. Cathrall, as regarded their future mode of living, the latter announced the insufficiency of her health for resuming the charge of the school, &c. "My mind," says R. J., "was much sunk in the prospect of our separation, and my not being able to work for my living as I used to do, nor having enough to bear me out without labor. So we retired for the night with heavy hearts." We may anticipate, by noting that R. J. took lodgings with James Goram, No. 3, Watkins' Alley, on the 1st of the ensuing Fourth month, H. C. removing to the house of her brother. R. J., under that date, notes her "desire for preservation under the close trial of being thus separated. I rested poorly, yet was quiet in spirit, believing that I had no hand in our separation, and desiring patiently to wait the event."

Writing 11 mo. 18th. to Samuel Alexander of Needham, having related the incidents of the voyage and their preservation from damage in the storm, in which the HARMONY which "could not have been far distant," was shattered and almost wrecked, she says, "For this extraordinary circumstance together with the innumerable, unmerited mercies, in which I have been made a sharer, both in your country and my own, my soul worships in the deepest prostration before the throne of boundless goodness; adopts the humble inquiry, 'What shall I render unto thee, oh Lord, for all thy benefits?' and

desires to walk in gratitude and humility all the days of my life." After giving information on various points, she thus concludes :—" Thy kind epistle which reached me before I embarked, I esteem as a fresh proof of thy brotherly remembrance, and that thou art desirous of pursuing the one thing needful. May thy labor be crowned with success, and thy resignation to the despicable epithet of *fool*, introduce thee worthily among those *wise* who are ' to shine as the brightness of the firmament,' and as ' the stars for ever and ever.' When I look towards the honest-hearted living members in your land, I rejoice in feeling the current of precious unity flow even from this, and am still fervently engaged in spirit for the restoration of all the dispersed, scattered, and captivated children through the various tribes in our Israel. May the Most High hasten the day in which this great and good work will be effected, to the praise of his own adorable Name and Power, *and that without instrumental help.*

It was a great thing to part with my beloved friend and precious companion C. Hustler, yet it was made more easy than we could have expected,—and so have other *hard things* thro' the virtue of that love and life without the sensible enjoyment of which there is nothing worth desiring to live for. Farewell dear Samuel—" hold fast that which thou hast received—let no man take thy crown."

I remain in christian sympathy thy assured friend,

In accordance with the noble determination of Saul of Tarsus that he would " make his ministry without charge," and " with his own hands minister to his wants,"—our friend, not finding it expedient to resume her school, commenced a shop, which was kept in her parlor, (the articles being deposited in closets and drawers, so as to be entirely out of sight.) She imported gloves, shawls, kerchiefs, some articles of dry goods and trimmings, and various articles, costly and of superior quality,

many of which could be obtained no where else in Philadelphia. In the selection and importation, she received the willing aid of her friends on both sides of the Atlantic ; and thus her business which was never allowed to interfere with her religious duties and engagements, was made to her the means of " providing things honest in the sight of all men."

" Twelfth month 27th. Sixth day.—Was at Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Job Scott and Daniel Aldrich had the chief service. It was a good meeting. At its close I had a short opportunity with Warner Mifflin, and desired him to let patience have its perfect work."

R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Philadelphia, 12th mo. 16th, 1788.

Dear friend Jos. Williams,—Before this reaches thee, thou wilt have heard, that through the tender mercies of the Most High, I am safely arrived in this, my native city, which I was favored to reach two days before our Yearly Meeting ended; thereby having an opportunity of seeing my beloved friends from different parts of the country. They received me cordially, and we were helped together to set up our " Ebenezer " with thanksgiving and praise to our Almighty Helper and everlasting Friend. My beloved companion, H. C., was almost overset on my approach to her. I was favored with a good passage on the whole ; a very kind captain, and good company. But what calls for the deepest thankfulness, is, that even whilst we were much tossed with a tempest, about a week before we arrived, my mind was preserved under the calming influences of soul-solacing peace, under which I met my dear friends, and, through boundless mercy, it has been the covering of my spirit by day and by night since.

And now, my care and desire is, that I may be preserved from lavishing away the precious sheaf, which has been vouch-

saſed me as a reward: a reward far beyond my deserts, and more than adequate to my feeble endeavors in your land and in Great Britain. Moreover, my heart breathes after an increase of ability to "walk humbly with my God," who hath so marvellously condescended to my weak and low estate, having been "a very present help in every needful time," and having accepted the dedication of my heart in my late services, and who is now and forever worthy to receive the praise of His own works! May the honest and disinterested labors of love, which have, of later time, been bestowed by the Lord's messengers upon the different parts of his vineyard, be productive of fruits, answerable to His gracious design! May the living members of the church in your land increase in the holy increase of God! May the careless and lukewarm professors be quickened and made alive in the day-time, and repent and do their first works! May the camp be cleansed from the accursed thing! that so Israel may no more turn backward in the day of battle. And mayest thou, dear Joseph, improve thy time and thy talent faithfully, and with my poor soul, witness the answer of "well done!" at last.

I feel near sympathy with thee, whilst writing; I know the humble diffidence of thy spirit; but be honest, be vigilant, I beseech thee; then, the greater the cross, the weightier will thy crown be! Salute, for me, dear E. Pike; I think of her as a mother in Israel, worthy of double honor. Let thy dear wife and children know I remember them with a heart replenished with love, and fervent desire for their welfare in time and in eternity. * * * * * *

Do write to me soon, and let me hear if the "lilies grow and the pomegranates flourish" in your nation.

I am entering into a larger field of sorrow and exercise in my own land, where, though I find a faithful, upright-hearted number, there are multitudes of a different description amongst the professors of truth, some of whom, will assuredly be "corrected by their own folly, and be reproved by their own backslidings," sooner or later. * * * * *

In reviewing the past, with Friends in your Island and Great

Britain, I feel the precious unity of the one everlasting covenant, in which I can in spirit, though absent in body, salute, sympathise, and rejoice with the true born children of our Heavenly Father, and say, "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom!" Amongst these thou my dear friend, with thy faithful partner hast often been brought nearly into view, feeling tenderly solicitous for your welfare in every way; and I trust, though finally separated in this state of existence, we may, through boundless goodness, meet at last where we can unite in the ceaseless song, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!" * * * *

Thy assured, obliged, and affectionate friend,

R. Jones

"1789. Fifth month 4th.—Was at our Quarterly Meeting, where I mentioned an exercise for going to the Y. M. of Flushing and Rhode Island. Friends gave leave for mentioning my concern to the Monthly Meeting."

On the 2d of Sixth month, a certificate was granted by her Monthly Meeting, signed by sixty-four Friends, in conformity with the prospect above noted. Fifth month 20th, she writes:

"About this time, I suppose Friends will be going towards the Yearly Meeting of London, where, if I had the wings of a dove, I should be tempted to join the solemn assembly; but as this is altogether impossible, in *body*, I am thankful in believing, I shall in *spirit* be wafted there, to join the intercession with a faithful number, to the Father of mercies, for His continued help, preservation, and guidance in the weighty service of that meeting." * * * * * *

It is interesting in this connection, to observe the reciprocation of feeling on the part of her transatlantic sisters in the assembly to which her mind was thus turned, as expressed in the Epistle addressed by the Women's Y. Meeting of London, Sixth

month, 1789, to their Friends in Philadelphia. "We rejoice," say they, "in the extension of Divine favor vouchsafed to you, our beloved sisters, in your annual assembly, and that our endeared friend Rebecca Jones, with other gospel messengers who lately visited this land, were conducted in the aboundings of peace, to their native country. We are now favored with the company of our beloved friends John Pemberton, James Thornton, and George Dillwyn, with his valuable wife, whose services and gospel labors have been truly acceptable to Friends and others, where their lot has been cast."

Of this journey to New England, neither her notes nor her numerous letters (two excepted) have been discovered. Hence we can give the reader no connected details. An endorsement upon her certificate signed on behalf of N. England Y. Meeting, states that "her Gospel labors, exemplary conduct and conversation, have been much to our edification and comfort." And a very full minute, of similar purport, records her attendance at Sandwich Quarterly Meeting at Nantucket, the 30th of Sixth and 1st of 7th months. She had a meeting with a few Indians and Negroes on this Island, forty-five in number, also one with six hundred young females, and one with about four hundred young men and lads. "Our Friends," she says, "were very industrious in spreading the notice, and seemed well satisfied with them all. I have great cause to be humbly thankful that I gave up to the pointings of the great Master, and that he was pleased for his own Name's sake, to vouchsafe a portion of best help."

This service appears for a long time to have been in anticipation, as in a letter to C. Hustler, dated 5th of Tenth month, she says: "I have taken part of a house in a valuable family, where I am well contented, but I do not expect to be allowed long to enjoy my pleasing retirement. New England and Long Island rise full in my view. Thou mayst recollect that I used to tell thee those parts were yet to be visited. Well, I serve a gracious Master, who provided all things necessary in my late journey, and I still trust in his providential care."

Third month, 1789.—Her young friend, Dr. Isaac Cathrall,

(to whose skill and remarkable assiduity and tender attention, she was, some years subsequently, as will be seen, indebted, under Providence, for her life,) being about to sail for the East Indies, she addressed to him an affectionate epistle. "I wish to suggest by these few lines," she writes, "the warm and tender desire of my heart for thee, that, as thou hast hitherto been, through the tender care of the Most High (which is the arm of salvation) preserved from falling into temptation to gross evils; and as thou art no stranger to the principle of Divine Grace, thou mayst now stand upon thy guard, and acquit thyself with such a degree of uprightness and conformity to thy profession, to the sincere desire of thy well wishing friends, and to thy own solid and better judgment, as that, on a serious retrospection, *thy own heart may not reproach thee as long as thou livest.* Be especially careful of thy company both on shipboard and on shore. If thou beginnest right, it will be more easy for thee to keep so. To find thou dost so will give me real satisfaction. My heart loves thee, and my best wishes attend thee. Mayst thou be favored with a desire after retirement—(on first days thou mayst find it in thy berth) and know that power near thee which is greater than 'the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea.' Believe me when I say that if thou seekest the Lord he will be found of thee, and will do more for thee than all things without him."

8th Mo. 25th.—She attended Quarterly Meeting at Haddonfield, and was largely engaged, exhorting friends to beat their plowshares into swords, and their pruning hooks into spears, and to make war in righteousness:—thus seeking to arouse those who, in the spirit of this world, were taking their rest and laying up their treasure in sublunary things. D. Offley followed in supplication.

R. J. to Joseph Williams.

Philadelphia, 10*th mo.* 21*st*, 1789.

Beloved Joseph, * *

Yesterday about noon arrived our dear M. Ridgway and Jane Watson, after an easy passage without a storm, though longer than some others, (I think ten weeks.) I had been, by a hurt received from a fall, and an epidemic cold, confined for seventeen days mostly to my chamber, and had that morning just made out to crawl to our meeting, but on hearing of their arrival, and John Pemberton (at whose house they quarter) sending his carriage for my dear H. Cathrall and self, we went to see them, and truly our joy and greeting were mutual. They were calm, cheerful, and very well. O, that they may be as kindly cared for, every way, and helped along as I was in your land, is my desire. *I often think you have set us in America a good and noble example*, in your provision for such poor pilgrims, and I do hope Friends here will not be deficient towards these worthy handmaids of the Lord. * * *

Thy last, dated 9th of Seventh month, hints the low, deserted state of thy mind, like a pelican in the wilderness, and striving to wear thy sackcloth covered, &c. Yet I felt, whilst reading thy bemoanings, my mind meet thee in thy tried steppings, and hail thee as a fellow probationer, with affectionate breathings, that our confidence may not be allowed to fail us in Him who hath said, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." I do not marvel that thou and I are more deeply plunged than some others; *we are jealous of ourselves*, and it is good to be so; and we are, I humbly hope, jealous of that honor, which at times we desire may be advanced over all, however we may be thereby abased and humbled. Ah, dear Joseph, there is plenty of company when the triumphant song of hosannah is uttered! but alas, very few, who are willing to visit and abide at Calvary! Flesh and blood does not like it, it wants a more pleasant way. But let us keep near to him in whom we have believed, and be willing to

visit his precious seed, though it be in prison and to death ; for to those who herein are faithful, the promise is, " I will give thee a crown of life."

And still, Ireland is visited and revisited by the servants! May the labor bestowed be productive of some profitable increase. I am glad my dear friend Samuel Smith is thy guest ; I hope he will experience, as I did under thy roof, that the Son of Peace dwells there ; thou mayest interrogate him as thou pleasest respecting me and my present situation. I note thy sundry intelligence, and am obliged by thy continuing willing to give me a hint of matters and things interesting amongst you.

Our dear friends who have lately visited your land are, I believe, all well, except W. Matthews, who seems in declining health. S. Emlen moving about as usual, and sometimes grumbling at himself for coming home so soon. * *

* * * * * * *

In the 12th month of this year she was severely ill. During her confinement the precious reward of true peace was mercifully continued to her, and her mind was stayed upon her never failing Friend, with desires for increased purification and fitness for the exchange of the " earthly house" for the building " not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

To C. Hustler she writes, 3d mo. 10th, 1790. " We have had the company of the female Hibernians" (M. Ridgway and Jane Watson) " in this city since their arrival (except a small excursion for a few days to Burlington). They labor faithfully and zealously for our good, in public, and privately. They have finished an arduous and acceptable visit to the families of the middle Monthly Meeting (about three hundred) and are nearly thro' a like visit to Pine street Monthly Meeting. This they expect to complete by the general spring meeting (the last 1st day in this Month). Their services among us, (particularly in our large first day evening meetings, composed often of more than two thousand people) are very acceptable. Dear M. R. is a great example as well as a great minister, and her faithful armor bearer Jane Watson keeps her close company. May this

renewed visitation be blessed to us! May we rightly prize it and improve under it! else there is room to fear, that it will be an addition to that weight of condemnation which too many of the professors of Truth are already under. These dear women have been divers times at my habitation, and appear pleased with my visits to them, which are as frequent as my health and engagements will allow, they being near half a mile from my house. M. R. wishes to have me with them at least every first day.

was last Second day in our Morning Meeting, so dipped into sympathy with our two brethren now in England, especially our dear George Dillwyn, that I told friends how I felt, and that I did believe the language of their spirits was unto us, as formerly uttered, "Brethren pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you." It had a baptizing effect on the meeting, and several, after it broke up, said they had also been in like manner in company with those two friends.

John Pemberton is now with S. Emlen and others waiting on Congress on behalf of the oppressed Africans."

In a letter to Mary, wife of Joseph Gurney Bevan, dated 4th month 15th, after referring to her frequent indisposition during the late winter, which frequently confined her for weeks at a time, she says, "I am often with you in spirit, and strong in desire that you may encourage each other to do all the good you can, while your faculties are continued bright and lively. I feel mine on the decay, and am secretly comforted in believing that I was divinely helped to discharge, in the right time, the very heavy debt to your land, under which I had long waded. To the Lord alone be the praise! His time, dear M., is the only right time. I frequently see thy cousin Samuel Powell Griffitts. He is in good repute here, both as a physician and as a member of our society."

A visit which she paid to Maryland, of which no particulars are preserved, is believed to have been performed in the Spring or early in the summer of this year. The summer was chiefly

filled up in attending meetings near Philadelphia, as she found herself drawn forth, different friends alternately taking her in their carriages. At one of these meetings, on the 30th of 9th month, she was largely engaged in enforcing the duty of frequently reading the holy Scriptures in families, and also of supplying poor friends with them. This concern, she was, on suitable occasions, engaged to impress upon her fellow probationers. And surely those who believe in the Divine origin of the sacred volume, and that its contents are given by "the only wise God," for our instruction, should be careful not to be deterred by indolence, by the cares of life, or by any subtle presentation of the Tempter, from a diligent and frequent perusal thereof.

R. Jones to Esther Tuke.

Philadelphia, 10*th month* 30*th*, 1790.

* * *

My soul bows in deep abasement, in consideration of the little fruit as yet brought forth in my vineyard, in return to that gracious Being, who, to magnify his own praise, hath done marvellously for me, a poor, unworthy creature. My bodily health is confirmed; he hath made ample provision for this tabernacle; yea, he hath condescended to make up every deficiency for his mercies' sake! What then shall, or can I render. Nothing have I of my own! All is of and from *his own* inexhaustible source, who hath determined that "no flesh shall glory in his presence."

Thou hast, doubtless, heard that I have shaken my hands from the gain of school-keeping; though, by the way, I may tell thee, my present gain is not so delicious, nor do I feel so every way complete, as when my uncontrolled sway was love, among my numerous tribe of varied dispositions, circumstances, and ages. But as I cannot be *ground over again*, nor renew my

youthful sight and other requisites for the service, I endeavor after contentment in my present situation, and hope that I shall wind up my accounts as to worldly matters, without even the shadow of bankruptcy. If my more solemn and important account prove as fairly stated and as fully clear, then shall I, in an advancing awful hour, have nothing to do but to die. Oh, may this, my dear friend, be our joyous condition at last, (whatever shall attend us in time,) is the breathing cry of my whole heart! On this ground, I feel thy spirit meets me. I rejoice in thy company, even now, 3000 miles distant. Hail, fellow-traveller, then! We are near the journey's end; and we have nothing to rely upon but boundless mercy and unfailing goodness, of which we have often been made joint partakers, and which will never be withheld from us, if we patiently continue under the holy harness, and cleave steadfastly to the law and to the testimony.

I am glad thou wast enabled to attend your late Yearly Meeting. I thought I felt thee and our dear C. Hustler, there, united like old standard bearers; for, I may tell thee, that however desirous I might be, at many other times, to keep mind and body together, I am not able to do it at the time of your general assembly. My spirit wings its flight—I see you collectively in Devonshire House—I run to Plough Court, Bartholomew Close, Duke street, Lamb's Conduit street, and other places,—and salute, first one, and then another, of those whom I dearly love. I am refreshed with these ideal excursions, and have a sentiment of my own about such visits, which is strengthened by thy saying, that I was "much in thy remembrance." Thy account of that meeting is very descriptive of our late annual solemnity, where, to our comfort, we had dear M. Ridgway and Jane Watson. These brave soldiers are greatly beloved and honored, both by the Master and by their fellow servants. Soon after the meeting, they went, with dear J. Pemberton, S. Emlen, &c., into Maryland.

I am pleased to find that you are likely to have a more convenient house for the Yearly Meeting, and that thou lovest my

faithful brother, S. Smith. I hope he will visit both my *nest* at York and at Undercliffe, else I shall call him to account. I shall not be sorry to hear that he is *obliged* to visit the sprouting seed in Scotland. Tell him so with my love.

Dear G. and S. Dillwyn, and R. and S. Grubb, wrote to me from Amsterdam, to my comfort. Surely their sheaves will be very large, for they do not "sow sparingly."

CHAPTER VIII.

1791.

Decease of John Hustler and of Sarah R. Grubb.—Letters—Visits Long Island, &c.

1st Mo. 27th, 1791. She thus notices the decease of John Hustler.—"I feel near sympathy with my dear companion and sweet-fellow traveller, C. Hustler, on hearing of the departure of her beloved husband. He was a man of great talents, much tender sensibility, and of a noble spirit. He will be missed by the public—by the church—and by his own amiable family. We pass away, one after another, experiencing the verity of the Divine decree, '*they shall perish*'. May we who are suffered to survive a little longer, obtain through our love and obedience to the Holy Shepherd, that enriching confidence, which will enable us to say, 'BUT THOU REMAINEST.' And when we pass through "the valley of the shadow of death," if favored to feel Him near us, we shall 'fear no evil;' but having been guided by His counsel, be received into His glory."

On the same day, in a letter to C. Hustler, after expression of tender sympathy, she adds—"Thou knowest, my dear C——, from whence soul sustaining help is derived. Thou hast often been permitted to draw near to it, and thou art fully acquainted with its healing virtue. Mayst thou now, under this close con-

flict, for thy own sake, and for the sake of thy dear children and other relatives, and for an example to others when introduced into the like path of sorrow, be strengthened to say, thy will be done—yea,

> "Confess aloud with holy Job, and say
> The Lord, who gave, hath right to take away."

A letter from George Dillwyn to R. Jones mentioning the decease (in her 35th year) of Sarah Grubb, (with whom he had been associated in recent religious service on the continent) says, "She closed the relation which she gave to the Quarterly Meeting of Cork, of our mission to the Continent, with a declaration of her belief that altho' *we* had done little, THE LORD was doing much in the Earth: concluding with these words 'My day's work seems almost accomplished, and I shall adopt this language of scripture, Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' The last expressions she was heard to utter (a little before her exit) were those of her dear Lord, *My peace I leave with you.* Thus fell a valiant in the church militant, whose endowments and dedication are equalled by few of the present generation, and to whose memory, I believe, as general a tribute of tears has been paid, as to any person with whom I was ever acquainted."

In writing to C. Hustler, 4Mo. 29th, 1791, after referring to the peaceful exit of John Hustler, she thus continues:

"I trust your minds are, with mine, fully persuaded, that with him, the end, being happy, crowned all. And this must be cause of thanksgiving and praise to our great and gracious helper, who, I perceive, hath also been with you, and remains to be thy comfort and support, my ever dear friend.

"I have from many kind friends received accounts of the last illness and death of our dear Sarah R. Grubb who also hath left this vale of tears for an eternal resting place in the abodes of peace and felicity. May the loss be supplied to the militant church through the faithfulness of her visible members, is my fervent prayer!

"I expect divers friends are preparing to go up to the Gene-

ral Assembly, which I pray may be a 'feast of holy convocation'—I hope thou wilt be strengthened to take thy proper stand there, and 'do valiantly'—I am also preparing for a journey to Long island, where I expect to meet our noble warriors Mary Ridgway and Jane Watson. Dear Samuel Emlen is now with them at Rahway—and John Pemberton and wife also talk of getting to the Yearly Meeting to be held next month at Westbury. Our ancient friend Robert Willis was interred about twelve days ago, and we have, within a few months, been stripped by death of divers valuable friends, both in city and country. Thus we are all passing away, from time to an awful eternity."

In retrospect of the visit to Long Island, her prospect of which is above alluded to, she notes, 11th Mo. 15th, "Thro' the continuance of the heavenly Shepherd's care, I have been helped in the performance of some religious services on Long Island, New York, &c. and had the company of our dear Rebecca Wright therein; also to some meetings in New Jersey, &c. I felt on my return the incomes of sweet peace, for which I desire to continue thankful to the great Author of all good." About the same date she says, "I received a letter from dear Jane Watson from New York, where she and dear Mary are engaged in the arduous service of *cross ploughing* the field over which dear Rebecca Wright and I hastened last summer: i. e. visiting families." In this journey R. J. attended the half Year's Meeting and most of the meetings on Long Island, and visited all the families of Friends in the city of New York. Arriving at her home 6Mo. 21st, she notes her attendance of Yearly, Monthly, Preparative and nine particular meetings, and having visited eighty families and travelled three hundred and ten miles—"in all which, being mercifully supported, and sensible that I am still a poor weak creature, my soul humbly worships, and ascribes praise and thanksgiving to the Lord God and the Lamb, now and forever worthy—Amen—Amen!"

In her memoranda respecting New York Yearly Meeting, we note, that on the 31st of 5th Mo., "was a very favored season, and, under a weighty exercise, Friends we were named to visit

the Quarterly Meetings, and assist there in inspecting the necessities of the poor *with respect to Bibles &c.*" It appears that R. Jones and Jane Watson went into the men's meeting with this concern, where it was readily agreed to, and at a later sitting a committee of men was appointed to join their sisters in this truly christian work.

10th month 14th, she notes—"I hear that the Pigou, with George and Sarah Dillwyn, and Samuel Smith on board, is in the river"—and on the same day, she adds, "Soon after penning the above, our dear friends arrived. They look well every way, being, I trust, sweet and peaceful in their spirits. We met on the wharf; it was a joyously melting season, and I waited on them to their respective lodgings. Friends, generally, rejoiced to see them, and I am truly thankful to the Father of mercies for this renewed favor, vouchsafed to them and us. Blessed be his worthy name now and forever."

George Dillwyn, in a letter to Joseph Gurney Bevan, thus refers to their landing, and to their reception by R. Jones, &c. "We landed in the midst of a considerable number of our relatives, friends and acquaintance, who waited to receive us. The first we discovered on the wharf, from the quarter deck, when we dropped anchor, were James Pemberton and Rebecca Jones, just coming down. Two or three days before, they had heard of the Pigou's being in the river; and Rebecca was prompted by several, the day before we arrived, to go down to the wharf and look out for us, but she felt no inclination then to comply, but, (mark the woman!) on *this day*, dining at James Pemberton's, the cloth was scarcely removed, when she exclaimed, 'Now Phebe, let's get on our cloaks and bonnets, and set off—we'll go from wharf to wharf till we meet them.' And a precious meeting it was!—for which the language of humble, silent praise rose, through much tenderness of spirit, to the gracious Preserver of men, the Leader forth and rereward of his people."

This interesting scene is well described by herself in the following letters.

R. Jones to Mary Bevan.

Philadelphia, 10*th month* 28*th*, 1791.

* * *

"Our dear friends G. and S. Dillwyn, and S. Smith, landed in this city last 6th day (the 14th inst.,) about 3 o'clock, P. M., amidst a great number of friends and others, on the wharf. As it happened, my friend Phebe Pemberton and self were the only females who knew of the ship's coming to an anchor timely for going down to the wharf. Thou can conceive better than I can express, how we all felt. Tears of joy and thankfulness flowed plenteously. I went with G. and S., first to their cousin James Smith's, where was Susan Dillwyn. We next proceeded to Sarah Dillwyn's sister, Margaret Morris', where they dropped anchor, and all their connexions in the city soon collected. The scene was sweetly affecting. Lastly, I introduced them to the chamber of their disconsolate sister Moore, who was composed on the occasion. Here we all sat down in solemn silence, and together were enabled to set up our Ebenezer in our own land, sensible that 'the Lord had helped us.'

So, after leaving them all together, (this I thought right to do) I proceeded to the house of my old acquaintance and neighbor, S. Smith, where, after a dish of tea, the like experience became ours. I asked him divers questions, the first of which (about friends,) was after my kind friends J. G. and M. Bevan, of whom he gave me a comforting account. The particular trials on their passage, thou wilt, I have no doubt, have from themselves. They look particularly well, and appear to be in possession of the reward for faithfulness." * * *

11th month 3d, she writes to Esther Tuke,—

"We received our dear friends G. and S. Dillwyn, and S. Smith joyfully, on the 14th ultimo. Taking J. and P. Pemberton with me, I hastened to the wharf, against which the Pigou anchored, and we embraced each other amidst a concourse of friends and others, in open daylight, with tears of thankful rejoicing.

Among all my friends who were at your Yearly Meeting, not one thought of sending me transcripts of the memorials read there, concerning my late dear companion Sarah R. Grubb, but that prince of a man, Wm. Rotch. They reached my hand in our Yearly Meeting week, and I thought myself warranted in offering them for reading to our Women's Yearly Meeting. That meeting appointed a committee to inspect the contents, (which should always be done if the subject be not specially addressed to them) who reported their opinion that they might be usefully introduced; so they were audibly and affectingly read by my H. Cathrall, who is clerk, and had a seasoning tendering effect on the minds of friends who were desired to "go and do likewise."* I may say of a truth, "She being dead, yet speaketh;" and scarce a day passes but I am in secret sweet converse and communion of soul with her sanctified and exalted spirit. * * Her memory will long live in my heart, and amongst "the just" will be *blessed* to many in different lands, who were acquainted with her pious, upright example of humble, unreserved dedication of body, soul and spirit to the service of that God, whom to obey and follow in all things, was her meat and drink—yea, her all in all, unto the end."

R. J. to C. Hustler.

11*th month* 15*th*, 1791.

* * * *

Our friends Samuel Smith and George and Sarah Dillwyn, seem peacefully at home, and are in good health. George and Sarah staid but a few days in the city, and then went to their beloved retreat, Burlington. Samuel Smith being my near

*On the reading, in this meeting, of the London epistle, in which mention was made of the decease of Sarah Grubb, R. Jones stated that she had in possession the memorials alluded to, and offered them, as mentioned above.

neighbor, we have had divers pleasant interviews, and much agreeable conversation about thee and thine, and divers other dear friends in your nation, and I have the satisfaction to find that he and I harmonize in sentiment on most subjects that have occurred. But what dost thou think of our Mary Bevan and Deborah Townsend's comparison? They both, by letter, express their having found a striking similarity of voice, manner and disposition in Samuel Smith to their friend R. Jones. At which I greatly wonder—however, it is no disparagement to the latter, and I hope S. Smith's feelings will not be hurt thereby, for he is a brother beloved of mine.

I have a choice letter from dear Esther Tuke. She tells me they are compiling for the press our dear S. Grubb's notes, &c., and requests extracts from her letters to me, in making which, I propose, if I am spared, engaging the evenings of this winter. Oh, what a loss to the Church, is her removal! Yet I believe it is in Wisdom and mercy unutterable."

R. Jones, in compliance with the request conveyed by Esther Tuke, made copious extracts from the numerous letters of S. Grubb to herself, and to H. Cathrall, (which are now before the compiler) but it seems that they were not prepared in time to be used in the highly interesting and instructive account which has long been valued as among those standard works, without which the library of a Friend would be incomplete.

The following passages from a letter to Martha Routh, bring so vividly to remembrance, the pleasant, familiar conversational vein of the subject of these memoirs, that those who knew her may almost fancy her before them. The "English hat," a large beaver, with its broad brim, and crown about half an inch in height, is well remembered by the compiler. Such an appendage to the head of one of our female ministers, would, in this day, make quite a sensation.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th month 5th, 1791.

Beloved friend, Martha Routh,—Thy kind letter, by my old friend and near neighbor, Samuel Smith, has laid me under suf-

ficient obligation, without the addition of *a new English hat.* Why, dear woman, I can never compensate for former marks of thy sisterly attention, and thou must needs increase the debt! So thou must look for thy gain from the right quarter, and then thou wilt have thy reward, with suitable interest.

Leave off complimenting my tongue and hand, I entreat thee; for the first never came up to thine, and the latter, through failure of eyesight, is in danger of forgetting its old cunning, I do assure thee. And yet, with thanks to Him who is for ever worthy, I may say, that at times my heart is helped in the inditing way—whether all the matter be good or only insipid, I must leave—and in it, just now, a sisterly salutation springs, dear Martha to thee. Having heard that thy worthy aunt, S. T., had entered into her rest, oh that thou mayest be helped to come up in her footsteps, and be divinely qualified to turn many to righteousness, through the efficacy of the heavenly gift which thou hast received, (let it turn whithersoever the great and all wise Giver shall see meet,) that, in the evening of thy day, peace and comfort may be thy crown of rejoicing, and thy glorious arrangement be forever among the stars.

I often feel like a soldier put upon half pay, and not at all fit for great exploits. And yet, the little bread and water graciously dispensed from Royal bounty, keep the soul alive in famine, and cut off the occasion for distrust in that mercy and goodness which have followed me all the days of my life. May I but be counted worthy of this provision and succor unto the end! is all a poor unworthy creature can or dare to ask; and if these be in boundless mercy granted, I am, and shall be, with the deprivation of every temporal good, thankfully content.

It comforts me to hear thee express thyself with so much genuine affection, concerning that beloved disciple, our dear Christiana Hustler. Her sorrows have oft been concealed under a meek and pleasant countenance, and I trust the holy staff will be her support, now in her declining years

As to the accounts of your late Yearly Meeting, except what I felt at the time it was held, I am left by all who have written

me, saying, as thou dost, that there is expectation of my being furnished "by a more able hand." But where is it? And yet, thou hast done more than any other, for which I am thy obliged friend. * *

Thou wilt like to know that Mary Ridgway and Jane Watson are now at New York, cross-plowing *that* field, after thy friends, Rebecca Wright and R. Jones. We visited all the families in that city, last Sixth month, together, on our return from Long Island, where we had attended that Yearly Meeting, and most of the meetings; and we returned home in as hot a spell of weather as I ever remember. But we were so brisk and lively that we walked about without our staves.

After relating an accident to R. Wright, who, she says, "after having driven safely so many thousands of miles in Europe and America, separated from her dear Nathan, made out to overturn herself in a chaise, near her own home, and *he* with her, on horseback"—R. J. adds: "In our late partnership journey, thou wast frequently the subject of our conversation, in that love which many waters cannot quench; and if thy Master should commission thee to this continent, whilst these two Rebeccas are in the body, thou mayest be assured of a couple of affectionate and well wishing Friends, to hail thee into *our* field of arduous labor—the Master of which has dispensed unto *us* the penny, and commanded us to "be content with our wages." * * * My love is to thy beloved husband, who, I desire, may continue to believe, when the voice which formerly separated unto the Lord, Barnabas and Saul, is heard commanding the surrender of his second self to the Lord's service, that his reward will also be in proportion to the acquiescence of his will to the divine call, wherever it may lead. With this desire, and with dear love, I conclude, thy poor little affectionate sister, R. Jones.

She continued to board with James Goram till the year 1792, when having concluded to rent a house, she went to look at one which was to let in Brooke's court. Calling at the adjoining house for the key, she found it to be occupied by a woman who

had been her next neighbor in Drinker's alley, but had fled with her husband, who was in the British interest, to Canada, during the revolutionary war. Their exclamations of surprise and pleasure were mutual, and this decided R. J.'s choice of a residence.

On the decease of William Mathews, his widow communicated to R. J., the following message, which was taken verbatim from his lips. She accordingly forwarded it to C. Hustler, who had been associated with her and W. Mathews, in various journeys, to be used in her judgment, and especially to be communicated to young Friends, to whom W. M. had been "made more especially a minister"—a list of some of whom she furnished. The message is as follows:

After a time of great weakness, he said—"I wish one of you, soon after my change, to write to R. Jones and inform her of it, and request her to write to my friends in England, and remember my very dear love to them. For to some of them I believe this language to be proper—'In my bonds and afflictions have I begotten you in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Several of them, he added, could testify that he had been made instrumental in turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan, to serve the living God:—that it was the Lord's doings, and marvellous in his eyes. He also said that R. J. had been more with him than any other fellow-laborer in that land, and nearly united in the same exercises and afflictions, and that he trusted their labor had been productive of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. That his mind had for several days past been much and remarkably in Europe, and seemed to pass along through almost all the meetings which he attended when there; remembering how it was with him in most of them,—saying that he wanted R. J. to write, and communicate to Friends there his affectionate regard, and that he had intended to write to her himself, but it now seemed too late."

To S. Rodman, of Nantucket, she writes, 4th month 1st, 1792: "The paper respecting the disuse of West India produce, has made many converts here. Although I have not yet wholly

declined sugar, I do prefer that made from the maple, and have procured a keg from my friend Henry Drinker, which answers all the purposes of the other, and is clear of the *diabolical trade.*

At our spring meeting, dear Samuel Emlen and Sarah Harrison, were set at liberty, by certificates, to visit England. May the good hand go with, bear up, and preserve them, through heights and depths, is my humble prayer."

To Joseph Williams she writes a few days subsequently, coinciding with his views respecting the disuse of West India produce, and avowing her preference for maple sugar. John Hoyland, in a letter dated 4th month 17th, thus intimates the extension in England of a similar feeling. "I enclose a newspaper containing the debates upon William Wilberforce's motion for the abolition of the slave trade, if it be not too black to be read, also a late publication respecting sugar, supposed to be written by a Friend, upon which I desire thy sentiments. I don't know whether I acknowledged the receipt of the dried peaches sent to us via Undercliffe :---we have had some tarts made of them, and find they retain their acid better than our apples. But as *Friends generally disuse sugar, pies seldom make their appearance, and are little in demand.* It seems to be apprehended that those in that country who conceive themselves interested in the continuance of the slave trade, will yet have power to prevent an immediate and total abolition."

R. J. TO S. H.

Philadelphia, 6th mo. 9th, 1792.

My dear S. Hustler,—Thy truly acceptable epistle of the 17th of Second month, came duly by the ship Grange, and is now before me. Its contents are all interesting to me, as my love and friendship to and for your whole family remain undiminished, and will, I trust, so long as I am capable of recollec-

tion, and with a sense of that mercy and goodness which were so signally around about the habitation of my endeared companion, thy worthy mother, who is a sweet and lively epistle, written upon the table of my heart, which I trust will never be obliterated, whatever we may each of us have to pass through, of an afflictive nature. Salute her for me; tell her I was sure from my feelings, great part of the winter and spring, that she was in a poor way, and if I was within a few days' ride of your house, poorly as I have often been myself, I should have visited, and helped thee to nurse and cherish her. A widely extended deep is now between us as to the outward! What a favor it is, that we can in spirit visit and salute each other, and as I have done this morning, say, "Be of good cheer, He that hath called us is faithful—He hath promised to be with his own to the end of the world!"

I have frequent conversation with my near neighbor, S. Smith; that S. S. thou thinks so much resembles poor me, though by the by *I* don't think so, or else I might be proud. We often talk about you, and his account of thee and some others, is what comforts me, and, in some degree, answers my expectations. I want to write to B. S.; she has noticed me more in this line than any one of that house; my love to them all. I am sorry to learn that dear E., is so declining, but she having been "diligent in business," whilst able, will now reap the consolation derived from a sense of having, with great "fervency of spirit, served the Lord;" which I trust is also thy beloved mother's enriching experience in times of weakness and bodily pain. May we all have an eye to the blessed recompense of reward! and not cast away our confidence in the sure arm of divine support in times of dejection and discouragement, which are often my attendants, but "continue stedfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord"—that when called upon to render up our accounts, we may stand acquitted in His holy sight, as was the poor woman, concerning whom her Lord and master said, "Let her alone, she hath done what she could."

Say for me, to thy brother William, that as the eldest son of the family, I much desire his steady example may tend to dear John's preservation, and that they together may grow up in their youth, "plants of renown," to the praise of the great and good husbandman, who having in a peculiar manner watched over, cared for, and many ways blessed you in basket and in store, will most assuredly demand the conspicuous fruits of humility, gratitude and fear before Him; and which, if happily found with the widow and fatherless, they may with holy confidence look up in future trials and difficulties, and availingly cry, Abba Father, for "in Him the fatherless find mercy."

And now in the fresh flowing of that pure spring, which was often encouragingly witnessed to arise for our mutual strength and consolation, when we were together, do I salute thee, dear child, desiring the Almighty Father, friend and helper of His people, may keep and preserve us among His own sheep, and finally own us as His, when done with time."

To Esther Tuke.

Eleventh month 30th, 1792.

* * * "I believe from some peculiar sensations and late intimations, that more are preparing for the solemn embassy from this to your land. Why are you so slow in your remittances? Surely, in due time, we are to reap from your country. In the prospect whereof, I desire not to faint, whether I may be continued to rejoice in the completion or not. * * *

I have a letter saying that Richard Reynolds and Priscilla Gurney, have openly preached the gospel. May they prosper in it and live of it, is my fervent desire.

In our particular meeting we have divers new appearances in the ministry: and among them a mulatto woman, named Hannah Burrows, who has sometimes kneeled, and the meeting has risen. In her appearances, Friends savor the gospel."

The colored woman above referred to, continued to speak occasionally in meetings to the satisfaction of Friends. A Friend who knew her, and who mentions her peaceful death, remembers T. Scattergood calling to her, in North Meeting, "Raise thy voice, Hannah."

Fourth month 15th, 1793, in a letter to C. Hustler, she says—"I have a prospect of again moving about in that line of service which opens as the path of peace; being likely to set off in a few weeks for Long Island and Rhode Island, and to have Lydia Hoskins, a choice-spirited young minister, for my companion; also the company of my very near and faithful friends, Samuel Smith and wife. In the ship 'George,' by which this is intended to be sent, our dear friends, George and Sarah Dillwyn, and my very particular friend Elizabeth Drinker,* have taken their passage. The first two will doubtless have a welcome reception by thee; and the latter will be found a minister of the Spirit, to whom I wish that the same kind notice which was shown to me, when I was on the like errand, may be extended, as also to dear Sarah Harrison. Perhaps we may not hear so frequently from each other as we have done, by reason of age and many infirmities, as well as increasing troubles amongst you. Be that as it may, I deeply sympathize with thee on many accounts; but, if the Lord be on our side, we need not fear what man can do. To him, therefore,—to his blessed guidance and protection—do I commit and commend thee and thine, my precious Chrissey, with my own poor soul: praying that we may be helped so to steer through the troubles of time, as that we may, of His unmerited mercy, find an everlasting resting place with Him, when time to us shall be no more."

The epistle of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, to the corresponding body in London, issued Ninth month, 1793, thus affectionately refers to the Friends mentioned

* Elizabeth Drinker died in London, Eighth month 10th, 1794. She was wife of that honorable elder, Daniel Drinker, and mother to our late beloved friend, Abigail Barker.

above; and evinces also the readiness on the part of Friends in this country, to receive, with cordiality, for the Truth's sake, the ministers of Christ, when sent forth as ambassadors for him.

'Your mention of our dear friends, Samuel Emlen, Job Scott, and Sarah Harrison's acceptable service with you, is truly comfortable; and we desire that they, with dear George Dillwyn and Elizabeth Drinker, may be sustained and strengthened to finish the work which may be assigned them, so as to obtain the full reward of peace in the Lord's time. The Friends mentioned in your epistle as likely to embark in Truth's service, for this country, are not yet arrived. We hope, when so favored, they will be acceptably received, and aided as necessary, by such as may be continued, willing to entertain strangers, and to wash the disciples' feet."

The same epistle thus notices the awful scourge which will be more particularly mentioned in the next chapter.

"Our meeting is unusually small by reason of great sickness and contagion in this city—yet divers friends from different Quarterly Meetings, having resigned their lives into the Lord's hand, have ventured in—and their countenances, with the sensible help of their spirits, have been witnessed as balm to our minds."

Fourth month 23d, 1793. Our friend was furnished, by Northern District Monthly Meeting, with the following certificate, addressed "To our Friends and Brethren in the governments of New York and New England."

"Our beloved sister, Rebecca Jones, having for some time been under a religious engagement of mind to visit the approaching Yearly Meetings on Long Island and Rhode Island, also some other meetings in those parts, laid her concern before this meeting, which, obtaining our approbation and unity, we hereby certify that she is a Friend well approved amongst us; exemplary in life and conversation, and her ministry sound and edifying. We therefore affectionately commend her to the care and regard of Friends where her lot may be cast, desiring that her labors may, through the Divine blessing, prove to the comfort and edification of the church, and her own true peace. We salute you in gospel fellowship, and remain

(Signed by 84 Friends.) Your loving friends."

Of this visit, in which she was accompanied by Lydia Hoskins, little record being found, we subjoin the testimony of the church.

The Yearly Meeting held at Westbury, declared, by its endorsement to her certificate, that "her gospel labors, both in the line of the ministry and discipline, have been truly edifying and comfortable to us." And a similar minute of New England Yearly Meeting says—"Her company and gospel labors, both in the line of the ministry and discipline, have been cordially acceptable, strengthening, and comfortable to us."

At the suggestion of R. Jones, the Women's Yearly Meeting held at Westbury in this year made an essay toward a correspondence with the Women's Y. M. of London, "which," said they in their epistle, "if it meet your approbation, we hope and trust will, under the divine blessing, tend to our mutual comfort and edification."

Newport, Rhode Island, 10th of 6th mo., 1793.

Dear Friend, H. Drinker,— * * * Through the care and protection of kind Providence, L. Hoskins and myself have been helped thus far in safety on our way. We arrived here, after a 40 hours passage,—about twenty in company—in the packet from New York, which place we left last Fifth day morning, early—the day on which S. R. Fisher was married to a precious girl named H. Rodman. The disappointment was great, but the marriage was not suspended on that account.

I expect our friend S. Smith, will give thee all the needful intelligence about the Yearly Meeting on Long Island. His company would have been agreeable to me here, but he was most easy to return from New York. This I also wished for myself, and sought for a door of escape, which, not being found, I now humbly trust I am where I ought to be, and am in pretty good health at the house of our friend Thomas Robinson, whose daughter Mary is like to become "a crown" to John Morton. They have passed one meeting.

P. Yarnall and Elias Hicks, are on their way hither by land, and expected this evening. I don't hear of any other strangers coming to the yearly meeting.

I hear that our North Meeting have altered the hour for Meeting in the afternoon to the 4th, with which I unite, and should like to hear that it has answered a good purpose. Please tell me whether any account has reached you respecting our dear friends in the PIGOU, about whom I have been very thoughtful during the late succession of easterly winds.

As I have not any thing very interesting to communicate—though our sex are often charged with prolixity,—I shall not trouble thee, as E. Tuke says, with "a lengthy speech now," but as I do feel very sincere esteem and love for thy dear wife, sister and children, please let them know it. * * * * *

CHAPTER IX.

Yellow Fever of '93—Death and character of Margaret Haines—Letter to her children—R. J. is ill with the fever—T. Scattergood's visits and notes—Assiduous attentions of Dr. Cathrall—Letters—Family visit.

A NUMBER of our readers will vividly remember the malignant fever which prevailed in, and almost depopulated Philadelphia, in the summer and autumn of 1793. For an interesting account of this awful visitation, we refer the reader to the Memoir of Thomas Scattergood, Friends' Library, vol. viii., page 57. To that interesting memoir we also refer for some letters from R. J. to T. S., which we do not think it necessary to transcribe.

Among those to whom this fearful epidemic was made the summons *into life*, was R. J.'s beloved friend Margaret Haines, an Elder of Market Street Meeting, the loss of whom was long and extensively felt and mourned. She was no ordinary woman,

being possessed of singular energy and efficiency, able, as some of her contemporaries said of her, to attend to many things at once, and her capabilities being both sanctified and fully developed by the Grace which was not bestowed upon her in vain, she was eminently useful in her day. In a quiet unostentatious way, she seemed, almost as if by intuition, to discover cases of suffering and need; and knowing no distinction of sect in her expansive benevolence, she was to all classes an invaluable friend and helper. Entering, with the sweet insinuations of private sympathy, into the minute wants of her friends who were less amply supplied with the good things of this life, and particularly those who were called to go forth in the service of Truth, she would provide garments and other things suited to their need, and make valuable presents with a beautiful delicacy and privacy which did not wound those who were thus benefited. In her capacity as a Mother in the Church she was sympathizing, judicious and faithful. To the diffident she administered appropriate encouragement, and to those who needed counsel and reproof, she extended it with a tenderness which precluded offence, and thus she avoided plucking up the wheat together with the tares. In her final sickness she was peaceful and trustful, clothed with love to all, and even amidst her suffering making provision for the poor: and the language of David may be applied to her, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble." As an evidence of the close union of spirit which subsisted between Rebecca Jones and this honored friend, we subjoin a letter written on the morning of her decease.

To Caspar and Catherine Haines.

Tenth month 3*d*, 1793.

To dear Caspar and Catherine,—I awoke this morning about half past five o'clock, under such a solemnity and sweetness of spirit, that it seemed almost like the end of all conflict,

and which I lay under till near seven; then I believed all was well over with your dear parent, my truly precious friend. And as Rebecca Scattergood has just called to let me know that the awful scene is closed, my feelings now are sweetly joyous on her account; she is blessed for ever and ever, and my sympathy is renewed with you, who feel like my own children. You will, I trust, be helped now in the needful hour, and if, by my coming down, I could render you any essential service, I would run all risks. Don't think at all about me; the Lord hath helped hitherto, and I bless his ever worthy name. My dear love salutes you and dear H. Hastings. I cannot add, my heart is too full for utterance, more than that I am your sincerely affectionate and sympathizing friend,

On the 11th of Tenth month, R. Jones was seized with the yellow fever, and for two weeks there was little prospect of her recovery. Her illness continued for nearly two months, and it may not be out of place to note, as an evidence of the difficulty in obtaining aid in this contagious disease, that the wages of her nurse was two dollars per diem. Thomas Scattergood visited her daily, and sometimes frequently during the day; and from his diary we quote the following passages:

"Tenth month 23d, 1793. Called to see Rebecca Jones, who was seized with great pain, and could hardly talk to me through extreme suffering, though the day before she seemed bravely.

"23d. Dear Rebecca Jones appeared under much discouragement about getting about again; but was in a heavenly frame of mind, and glad to see me; telling me that I felt like bone of her bone. On my telling her that I had not seen but that she might be raised up to bear testimony to the Lord's goodness and truth, she replied—'I am a poor atom, unworthy to be employed in the Lord's work. Dear Thomas, many have fled

from the Truth, but the Lord will meet with them. I have been an exercised woman for thirty years past, and often grieved to see the pride and forgetfulness of many in our Society; the multiplying of pleasure carriages, formal visiting, &c.' And at another time, when with her, she said, 'there is another dispensation in store for this people, depend upon it,'—repeating it more than once—'if the people are not humbled by the present.'"

"25th. I called to see dear Rebecca Jones, who lay with her eyes almost closed; and although I spoke to her and took her by the hand, she answered not, which was affecting. After meeting, I went again, and going near to the foot of the bed, she said, 'Dear Thomas, I saw thee,' alluding to the morning visit, 'but I could not speak; I am in waiting, there is nothing to do.' She lifted up her hands and seemed to wish to say more, and several times gave us a look of much sweetness and love; and at length, looking up again, she said, 'Go, and the Lord go with thee.' Being with her again in the afternoon, she said, 'Dear Thomas, if the Master renew thy commission, and should send thee over the water, mind the time, and do not deal it out to individuals, but spread it before thy friends, and thou wilt find sympathizers; and when thou gets there, remember the poor servants in families—they are too often neglected. The Lord dealt bountifully with me in that land, and I have had comfortable seasons with such.' I asked her what she had a view of in the morning, when she looked up at me and said, go, and the Lord go with thee. She replied, 'I could not tell thee before J. J., though I love him, but I alluded to thy going over the great waters. The Lord has, in some instances, entrusted me with his secrets, and I have not betrayed them.' After some more conversation, she appearing inclined to sleep, I left her with much sweetness, and could say in my heart, that flesh and blood had not revealed these things unto her, but our heavenly Father, for my confirmation and encouragement."*

* This, as we are informed in the instructive biography of T. S., was before he had disclosed his prospect to any one.

This sickness, as it proved, was "not unto death." About the 1st of Twelfth month, she attended meeting, and, as T. Scattergood notes, "bore testimony to the goodness and mercy of God."*

R. Jones was so reduced in this fever, that not only was her life despaired of, but her decease was currently reported. There are those who remember her name being officially announced one morning—supposed Tenth month 25th—among the deaths of the preceding night; nor is it strange that such should be the case, as all hope was relinquished the previous evening, and the nurse was about to remove the pillow, and lower her head, that her close might be more speedy and more easy, when Dr. Cathrall, her attending physician, exclaimed, "No! No! *I can't let her die*!" He assumed the post and duties of a nurse, and remained with her all night, dropping into her mouth alternately, water and diluted wine; and when, in the morning, Dr. Physick —who, besides being in consultation with Dr. Cathrall, was greatly attached to R. J. as his mother's friend—called in, he was amazed to find her not only living, but a little revived.

And now it pleased her Divine Master, having made all her bed in sickness, and filled her soul with peace and rejoicing in the very valley of the shadow of death, to prolong her life for his service. And as in her extremity she magnified the Lord, so in her renovated health she recognised, in dutiful allegiance, his perfect right to do with her as it pleased him, and praising him upon the banks of deliverance, she reverently dedicated unto him, as a whole burnt offering, the residue of her days.

In a brief account of this epidemic, after mentioning the death of four thousand of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, from the latter part of the Seventh month to the second week in the Eleventh month, R. J. remarks, "But the visitation and awful judgment of the Most High were singularly mixed with mercy,

* On page 61 of the Memoirs of T. Scattergood as published in "Friends Library," may be seen a weighty epistle addressed to him by R. J. bearing date 5th mo. 10th, 1794, with the endorsement—"To be opened when at sea, and recurred to in Great Britain and Ireland."

in so many instances, that no serious mind can forbear exclaiming, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints!'" After recording the names of one hundred and eighteen of her "near friends and acquaintances" who died with this fever, she adds, for many days I had no other prospect but that I should also, by the same disease, be removed; but the Lord had mercy on me and healed me; blessed forever be his adorable Name, Mercy, Goodness and Truth."

R. J. to C. Hustler.

Philadelphia, 2d mo. 24th, 1794.

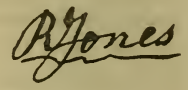
My beloved companion C. Hustler, and her dear children, may, by this salutation of my true love, be informed that I am still on this uncertain stage, and a monument of divine compassion, goodness and power. I am weak, and my eye-sight very dim, both rendered so by my long late sickness, called the yellow fever, from which I was spared, until the weather grew cooler than it had been during the two months before, for which I desire to be thankful. I was not taken down till the 11th of Tenth month last; and before I was able to go out again, the disease, which had raged with great violence, was marvellously checked, and the people who left the city through fear, had mostly returned. However, it pleased the good Hand which was stretched out over the city, and permitted upwards of four thousand of its inhabitants, of all ranks, ages, sexes, conditions, and denominations, among whom were seven of our select members,* and many others of my near friends, to be deposited thereby in the silent grave. Oh, what a humbling season this

* Margaret Haines, Huson Longstreth, Daniel Offley, Samuel Lewis, Samuel Taylor, Charles Williams, &c. In addition to these, she notes the decease, in the fever of this year, of the following select members, whose residence, we believe, was not in Philadelphia: Thomas Lightfoot, Joseph Moore, Owen Jones.

has been to many! And how I fear that the people, concluding that the bitterness of death is past, will, by returning to those things which have drawn down the Lord's displeasure upon us, furnish occasion for another and perhaps yet more heavy judgment, for, "verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth." To return: let it suffice, my dear friend, to say, that I was confined three weeks to my bed, and to the house near eight weeks; during which time, and when at the worst, "my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour," in that he condescended to my low estate, and, by the incomes of his love, sustained me; granted to me more than I dared to petition for, and was to me ALL THINGS. Blessed now and forever, be his adorable name! I refer thee to my beloved brother Thomas Scattergood, who is bound in gospel love to visit your land—and probably John Pemberton may be again with you—for any particular information thou mayest wish to have, concerning me, as he (i. e. Thomas Scattergood) fearless of danger from infection, was my frequent daily visitor, and was made near to my best life; as also respecting the deplorable state of this once joyous city during the late visitation, for I have no language whereby I can convey an adequate idea thereof. And now, having been raised from the brink of the grave, I am desirous to stand ready to answer all the requirings of my great Lord and Master, who hath a right to do as he pleases, by, with, through and upon me, and to whom I desire to be enabled to offer the daily tribute of thanksgiving and praise, which is his due alone, now and forever more. Thy letters per D. Darby, with others from thy daughter Sarah and other friends, arrived whilst I was confined to my bed, and my doctor, and those about me, detained them many days, thinking me unfit to peruse them; but when I grew better, they all proved cordially acceptable to my poor mind. * * * * Present my dear fellow laborers, now in your land, with my sincere love, and bid them quit themselves like good soldiers: be strong, and stand fast in the faith. He who hath appointed to them this service, will not fail them nor forsake them. Dear Job Scott is, I hear,

happily gathered from further labor and pain. * * * * My love to thee, my dear friend, and to all thy children, remains unabated. I should have great joy in hearing that they were all so listed under the heavenly banner, as that, by their conduct, they may evince *this* to be their resolution—Let others do as they may, as for us, we will serve the Lord.

Pray for, and pity thy poor, weak and affectionate friend,



Philadelphia, 2*d mo.* 17*th*, 1794.

Dear Friend J. G. Bevan,—Thy last acceptable letter remains unanswered, but thou hast doubtless heard what a humbling season has in infinite wisdom been dispensed to the inhabitants of this city, and that upwards of four thousand have been through the prevalence of a malignant fever deposited in the solemn "house appointed for all living,"—that I expect thou and other dear friends in your land, in whose debt I am in the epistolary line, will excuse me. I am however now disposed to let thee know that as a monument of Divine mercy and compassion I have been raised, amongst many others, from the brink of the grave! O, saith my soul, that it may be to the praise of the holy Physician ascribed! for had not he condescended to interpose, and by his power check the disorder, "I had gone down to the grave also, I should have beheld man no more, &c." I pray that I may never lose the sustaining sense of his majesty as well as of his mercy! both were at that time marvellously in my view, and remain unspeakably so; that I have no words whereby I can convey an adequate idea of what has been my lot during the progress of the disease, yea for many weeks before I was taken down, and after I was brought upon the bed of languishing. Let it therefore suffice to say, that with respect to myself, all that I petitioned for and more than I dared to crave was graciously granted: wherefore, and for the special blessing of a resigned and quiet mind, I desire to be helped to live and walk

humbly, gratefully, and acceptably the few remaining days of my pilgrimage, that when the solemn summons is indeed sealed, I may be counted worthy of a resting place with the many near friends who are happily gathered from all sickness, sorrow and pain! I wish as opportunity offers to let my dear friends who are laboring amongst you know that I often think of them with affection. I have just heard of the death of Job Scott, in Ireland, with small pox, and so sweet a calm succeeded the tidings, that I exclaimed thus: "Doubtless he is taken in great wisdom and mercy, and I have a lively hope he is gathered in peace." Many of his friends here and in his own country, New England, will be much afflicted with the account. As I before desired thee to impart this letter to G. and S. D. and S. E., I now add that my little handmaid, Mary Brooks, died about one month before I was taken sick. She lay but four days, and in that time slept much, and experienced but little pain. The evening before she was seized, she desired me to explain to her the meaning of Abba, Father! which when I had done she replied, that is what I thought, but I wanted to know if I was right. By her removal I have sustained a loss, but I am resigned herein to a wise Providence who knew best when to gather her innocent soul to himself.

I could stain a deal of paper with ink and tears, if my way opened so to do, but as little is required at my hand in this way, I desire to close this, and with submission to the will of my heavenly Father, who can repair all losses, and sanctify all his dispensations to his poor creatures, I pray to be helped to live without carefulness, and no longer than I may be of some use in his Church, and amongst this people."

Her princely host and beloved friend, Joseph Gurney Bevan, writing to her from London, Fourth month 30th, 1794, thus tenderly and appropriately refers to the visitation of the previous summer and autumn:

"I am rather cautious of what I say respecting the sickness which prevailed last fall in your city, lest I should speak below the standard of those minds who have been witnesses of the

affliction, and sharers in it; for in this case it may be eminently said, 'feeling has no fellow.' The soul has had an almost unaccountable knowledge of its own bitterness; and, for the mercy of preservation and support, has found a joy with which the stranger cannot intermeddle. I see no solid ground of comfort at such a time, but the blessing thou mentionest of a resigned and quiet mind; which, although it *cannot be commanded*, is, nevertheless, sometimes afforded; and indeed, from the very circumstance of being received as a gift, becomes more precious and consoling than if it could be."

R. J. In writing, after receipt of J. G. B's letter, to Mary Bevan thus refers to the above passage, "The remarks in Joseph's letter respecting the late sickness and mortality in this city are such as might be expected from a sensible feeling mind. They obtained the full consent of my heart, and have afforded it both comfort and instruction. Our friend S. Emlen and I have conversed about our friends at Plow Court, and his account confirms the persuasion of my mind, that the Shepherd of Israel is graciously near to you. May He be eyed and followed, in all his leadings and directions, with that submission which becomes the sheep of his pasture, the lambs of his fold. I rejoice in believing that you are together stepping on in the path of holy rectitude and increasing dedication to the service of Him who intends, I verily think, to make you strong for his work, yea, pillars in his house to go no more out. I hear," she continues, "that Joseph has quitted business. Of this I am glad—perhaps it is in the desire I feel for his increasing usefulness in the family, and that he may fill up his station therein with that dignity which can look down upon the world freed from its shackles, as well as its snares."

An impression of duty to visit, in the love of the everlasting gospel, the families composing the Northern District Monthly Meeting, pressing weightily upon her mind, it is thus referred to in a letter to T. Scattergood, Fifth month 10th, 1794—"When thou arrivest on the British shores, remember me, and pray for me when thou canst, for though I have been, through the Lord's

ever adorable mercy, favored to see for, and feel with thee, yet now, under the prospect of a family visit, I am ready to sink, and very much doubt my ability to get through to the honor of my great and good Master, being a much poorer creature every way than thou hast any idea of." This concern was weightily spread before and united with, by her friends, in a monthly meeting capacity, in the Third month, and a minute of Fifth month 27th, referring to the service as having been entered upon, and to the "propriety in enlarging the number of those who should be encouraged to afford her their aid and company," thus concludes—"It is therefore agreed, to mention to women Friends, for this service, the name of Jane Snowdon,* and that such of the overseers—both men and women—as may find themselves at liberty therefor, should be encouraged to attend thereto. Such an addition appearing to be agreeable to Rebecca's prospect."

In a letter to a friend, she thus refers to this engagement—"I have been favored, beyond all expectation, to visit the families of our Monthly Meeting—about two hundred and fifty in number. It was almost my summer's work, as my bodily and mental powers were so reduced the autumn and winter previous, that I went on very gradually; my friends being disposed, in great sympathy and patience, *to take my pace.* Now it is got through, my heart is solaced with the evidence of peace, and centred in reverent acknowledgment to the great and good Shepherd, who not only put forth, but went before,and sustained through those unavoidable baptisms which attended from day to day. To him be the praise of his own works—I am an unprofitable servant." To another friend she says, respecting this visit, "I was mercifully helped through it, and though I began in a very enfeebled state of body, and little and low in mind, and was obliged to stop in very wet and hot weather, yet our elders, &c., who gave up to accompany me, held out in the patience, and, through the Lord's adorable goodness, I was

* This Friend was acknowledged as a minister by Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting in the ensuing Eighth month, during the course of this family visit.

enabled to get through, to the peace of my own mind, with the sentence of an UNPROFITABLE SERVANT."

R. JONES TO JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia 6th mo., 1794.

Dear Friend, Joseph Williams,—Nothing but the love and esteem I bear thee and thine, and the fear of being thought ungrateful, could induce one in my present weak state—in every sense—to set about writing at this time. Of my late situation, thou must have heard; also, how we, in this city, have been visited; and this, I should have thought, would plead for my not having written to thee lately: but I find by a letter to James Pemberton, that thou art for "exacting the uttermost farthing," so I will send what I have, and thou must forgive me the whole debt.

I hope, that by this time, my beloved brother, Thomas Scattergood, is arrived on the British shore, and that dear John Pemberton will be there shortly, as he embarked about the 27th ultimo. May they, with those before separated from us for the gospel's sake, be helped every way to finish the work given them to do, and in the Master's time, be restored to us, with the wages of unshaken peace. I am, through the Lord's goodness, so far restored in my health, as to be engaged in a family visit here, though I get on but slowly, not daring to go out much in wet weather; yet trust I am in the way of my duty Godwards, and pray that the few fleeting days that remain to me, may be filled up with increasing dedication of heart to the service of Him, who hath, in so marvellous a manner, raised me from the brink of the grave, and is now and forever worthy to be obeyed in all things. * * *

We are in expectation of shortly seeing D. Darby and R. Young; they are on the return from their journey southward, where I hear they have labored faithfully, and where, I have no doubt, they have had a pretty full share of suffering, both of body and mind. It is likely, from accounts received, that

dear Martha Routh is on her passage hither with Wm. Rotch and family; but what port in America they intend for, I know not; New England likely, for Wm. R., belongs there.

I wish thou wouldst learn to give without expecting returns from me; that would be truly noble; and tell me how R. Grubb, M. Dudley, S. Shackleton, and E. Pim come on—how Clonmell school flourishes, with other interesting accounts; and whether S. Grubb's works are reprinted, with any addition or alteration thereof. * *

Believe me to be unchangeably thy assured friend and little sister in the Truth,

R. Jones

N. B. I omitted, in due place, to mention another ambassador, viz., David Sands, from the government of New York, who has obtained certificates to make a religious visit to Friends in Europe. He is a near friend of mine. Surely, there is still a precious seed left in these lands, or so many would not be constrained to visit you. May their labors be more availing than those of some, who also have done their best. And mayest thou, my dear friend, be encouraged to hold fast, and occupy with the precious gift, which thou hast received; that so the Lord's work may prosper in thy hand, and thy evening close with the sweet reward due to faithfulness.

The arrival of the Friends referred to in the above letter is thus noticed in the Epistle to London from the Women's Y. M. of Philadelphia, (1794,) the draft of which is in R. J.'s handwriting.

"We have had the acceptable company, and partaken of the Gospel labors of our endeared friends Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, in the several sittings of this meeting, and are also bound to give thanks to the Father of mercies, on hearing that our dear friends Samuel Emlen, John Wigham, Martha Routh, &c., are safely arrived at Boston in New England—so that the exclamation of the Royal Psalmist is feelingly adopted by some of our minds,—'How excellent is thy loving kindness oh Lord!—therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." Unto whom we desire to render thanksgiving and praise, both now and forever."

CHAPTER TENTH.

1794.—1799.

A young friend joins her family.—R. J.'s last letter to E. Tuke.—N. Waln's prospect for England.—Visit in N. Jersey.—Letter from S. Harrison.—Death and character of Catherine Phillips.—Attends New York Yearly Meeting. — Letters.—Establishment of West Town School and of Indian Committee.—Letter from W. Savery.—R. J. delivers her message in Monthly Meeting.—Fever of '97.—R. J., goes to Edgely.—Death of Thamazin Clifford.—Returns to Brooke's Court.

An interesting child, who had been with R. J., as a daughter, being removed by death, the bereavement was keenly felt by her; so much so, that in much disconsolate feeling, not knowing how to think of supplying her place, she lodged alone in her rented house in Brooke's court, for six months. In the 9th month, 1794, a young Friend (B. C.) was, as R. J., expresses it, "providentially afforded unto me." "I am furnished," she notes, "with another daughter, of a lovely, amiable disposition. She often so freshly revives my late dear Mary, that the tears flow involuntarily." Thus divinely joined together, they were associated in sweet and uninterrupted harmony till the marriage of the younger; calling forth from very many visitors, in religious opportunities and otherwise, allusions to Naomi and Ruth, a comparison which was more fully justified when Bernice became a widow, and, renting the house in Brooke's court, adjoining that of R. Jones, a door was made to communicate between their chambers. Some years previous to R. J.'s removal from time, some reasons rendering their residence in the court ineligible, B. A. took a house immediately opposite to the North Meeting, in which they dwelt together till this venerable mother in Israel was removed to the triumphant church. This brief notice is given in anticipation of the course of the narrative, the compiler being unwilling, in a biography of R. J., to

omit recording the close union which subsisted for 22 years, and to which, in the loose manuscripts before him, almost innumerable references are made. A less interested compiler would have quoted much more freely from their correspondence.

To Esther Tuke.

Philadelphia, 1*st mo.* 25*th*, 1795.

* * * * * * * *

Some sketches of the late awful dispensation to the inhabitants of this city, and of that share therein which in perfect wisdom was allotted me, thou hast doubtless had through divers channels. Let it therefore, my dear friend, suffice to say, that He who is mighty hath, in this, as well as in former seasons, done for poor, unworthy me, great things. Under the fresh sense whereof I feelingly acknowledge, "holy and reverend is his name." Yea, worthy is he to be confided in and trusted to, now and forever more, Amen.

I received some comforting information from your land, such as I know makes thy heart glad; because in the present day the Lord hath given the word, and great is the company of them that publish it—amongst the dear youth especially. For many of them I also have travailed, according to my small measure; and I wish this renewed proof of the continued care of the one great and good Shepherd, may animate his ancient devoted servants, more fully to commit their work and ways to Him who doeth all things well, and who, having given some of these to see, as good old Simeon did, are ready to adopt his language, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c., they having, like him, waited for the consolation of Israel.

Our own country hath not yet been cast off in anger, though closely and heavily punished by the hand of infinite Justice. Many of my dear cotemporaries have been gathered to their everlasting rest, and, though too few appear to lay these things rightly to heart, deep instruction has been sealed on the minds of an humble remnant, and resolutions have been formed to hold

fast that which they have received from the immediate hand of the Father of mercies, the alone fountain of all light, life and blessedness. A hopeful succession is also furnished of rightly anointed female ministers in this city, and several of them are acknowledged by the Church as such. A niece* of dear S. Harrison, gave up, at my request, to accompany me in my late visit to the families of our large Monthly Meeting, the sympathy and weight of whose spirit, and the tender, patient assistance of divers other Friends, were truly strengthening to my poor bowed down mind. It is now, to my unspeakable comfort, as well as great admiration, completed; we having been at about 250 families. May the praise be given where it is only due, by me, a poor, unprofitable servant. Our dear friends, Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, are in this city, engaged in like manner amongst the families of Pine Street Meeting. They have general acceptance and good service amongst Friends and others, and are, in the fulness and authority of the gospel, often led to "other sheep which are not of this fold." May their steady example in the service of their great Master, and their labors under his direction and help, be productive of lasting benefit to the visited, and tend to their own establishment in righteousness and peace. The like ardent desire I feel on account of our dear friends, J. Wigham and M. Routh. Our being deprived of dear J. Pemberton's help and example, is sensibly felt by many; but the vacancy which I feel most, is that made in the circle of my nearest fellow laborers by the absence of dear Thomas Scattergood, with and for whom, great has been my sympathy and unity of soul. His tender frame is so little attended to by himself, that unless he has a feeling companion, I shall fear that he may, like dear E. Drinker, never return to us. But as *her* meat and drink was to do the Master's will, believing as I do that she now reaps the reward of faithfulness—with dear Job Scott, who quitted the field a little before her—although I sometimes lament the loss which the churches have

* Jane Snowdon.

thereby sustained, I dare not call in question the wisdom of the God of the whole earth, knowing that he doeth all things right.

* * * * * * *

Now in that love, which is not subject to change, do I salute my endeared friend, greatly desiring that we may so steadily trust in our all sufficient Helper, as that, like Mount Zion, we may never be removed, but that, when this short fight of affliction shall terminate, we may, through his adorable mercy and goodness, be counted worthy to join the song of his triumphant church, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God and the Lamb, worthy of all glory and praise for ever and ever.

I remain thy poor fellow pilgrim,

To the above letter was appended the following postscript :

"If my beloved E. Tuke is beyond the reach of this salutation, I hope for some reply from survivors. May a double portion of her dedicated disposition, rest on all her family, saith poor R. J."

The foreboding implied in the postscript, was to Esther Tuke blissfully realized, she having, before the reception of this letter, put off the earthly tabernacle in which it had been her chief concern to do the will of Him with whom she was favored to partake of "communion large and high." And ere R. J.'s salutation had been wafted across the ocean, she had doubtless been led, by HIM who is in the midst of the throne, to living fountains of waters, and had joined with the redeemed of all generations in the holy anthem of the triumphant Church.

Speaking in a letter to C. Hustler, First month 26th, 1795, of her daughter Sarah Hustler, subsequently an eminent minister of the gospel, R. J. says, "May she suffer the candle to stand in its allotted place, that so the light of her innocent, upright and humble example may become happily influential on

the spirits and conduct of the younger children. I am rejoiced in hearing that she has wisely submitted to the appointment of your Monthly Meeting, and the call of the collective body at your last Yearly Meeting; and trust that, as she offers herself, willingly and devotedly, to the Lord's service, she will be strengthened to do what her hands may find to do—so will her peace flow as a river, and her righteousness, those successive acts of obedience which may be required of her, follow in succession as the waves of the sea." In the same letters he says, "Samuel Emlen's son is on the eve of marriage with Susanna Dillwyn,—they are a hopeful couple. Reay King is lately married to one of my old scholars, Anne, only child of William Wilson, a valuable elder of this city—a choice girl: and the only daughter of my late much loved friend E. Drinker is to be married next week, agreeably. Oh, how my feelings have been tried on hearing of the departure of my two dear friends, Job Scott and Elizabeth Drinker, and my beloved friends Catherine Phillips and Deborah Townsend: but they are happily landed on the peaceful shore. Oh that I may be favored to join their and thy purified spirits, by and by, in incessantly celebrating the praise of our ever adorable Helper, Father and Friend, who lives and reigns, and is forever worthy."

Katherine Howell, in her diary, says, First month 27th, 1795—"Our Monthly Meeting this day, was a season of great favor to some, whose states were pertinently spoken to. After the minute was read of R. Jones having performed the family visit to our meeting, Deborah Darby arose, like a mother in Israel indeed, and spoke somewhat after this manner: 'See, Friends, how you have been favored, beyond the rich man formerly, who requested that one might be sent from the dead to warn his relations; but it was not granted to him. But you have had one raised up to you again, therefore I entreat you to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.'"

Nicholas Waln, having obtained the united concurrence of his friends, in his prospect of a visit to Ireland and part of England, R. J. was solicitous that he should have the comfort of a suitable

companion; and she notes, Fourth month 3d, "I have this evening heard that one of our most upright pillars, David Bacon, an Elder worthy of double honor, has yielded in sympathy with dear N. Waln, in order to accompany him over the great deep, which must be a precious seal to N. W.'s commission. What joy will dear S. Harrison and Thomas Scattergood feel, should they be permitted to meet; D. B. being a father in the Truth to both. Thomas' first wife was D. Bacon's daughter, one of my scholars."

"1795, Eighth month 15th. Being poorly in health, and having obtained leave of my friends, my kind friend, Catherine Haines, offering to take me into the country for the benefit of the air; we crossed the Delaware about 3 P. M., in company with several Jersey Friends, and had a pleasant ride to Woodbury, where we staid at the house of John Tatum, during the Quarterly Meeting there. Two meetings were held on First day, and that for business on Second day—all large, and measurably owned with good. There were also from Philadelphia, N. A. S., E. Foulke, Daniel Drinker, Margaret Elliott, &c. The first two had acceptable service. We visited, at different times, Sarah Whitall, Joseph and Hannah Whitall, J. Blackwell and wife, David Cooper, in a low but favorable situation, S. Mickle and John Reeve.

19th. In the afternoon came to Haddonfield; lodged at John Hopkins,' and attended their Week day Meeting—an exercising time. Martha Allinson, and three of her children, met us and came with us to B. Swett's, from whence we had purposed to go that afternoon home with M. Allinson, (at Cropwell,) but a heavy rain coming on, and a strong wind blowing from the north-east, we suffered M. A. to depart, and we being both infirm, were most easy to abide with our kind friends, B. and M. Swett, that night.

21st. It having rained steadily during the night, and continuing wet, we were easy to give up going to Cropwell Meeting, hoping to get there soon."

Next day the 22d, she visited the Friend mentioned in the

succeeding note, and participating with her hostess in true gospel fellowship, they were enabled to

"Gird up each other for the race divine."

At the dinner table, before partaking of the repast, R. J. commenced with referring to "*the provision which is now graciously offered to our acceptance*," and spoke with a weight and solemnity which remained, though many years of vicissitude, impressed upon the minds of those who were gathered around the board.

22d. "Went to Martha Allinson's, and after an open time there, D. A. took us to Burlington, where we attended their two meetings on the 23d, being First day. We went home with John Cox and lodged. Next day dined at John Smith's, and came in the evening to Burlington.

25th. Concluded to stay till to-morrow, when, if most easy to go to Buck's Quarterly Meeting, we shall have but seven miles to go, and John Hoskins has agreed to go with us."

Her diary, which breaks off abruptly, was probably interrupted by illness. After attending Bucks and Burlington Quarterly Meetings, and spending a short time in Bucks county, she returned to her home with an intermittent fever.

In a letter to J. G. Bevan, 5th mo. 22d, she says—"The affecting accounts of dear John Pemberton's departure reached us two weeks ago. His wife has kept her room ever since, and with many others, is sorrowful indeed. On his account there is, I trust, no cause for mourning. He was a brother beloved and honored by me. If dear G. and S. Dillwyn are with you when this comes to hand, tell them I continue to love them as a sister and that I also continue in the belief that if their lives are spared a little longer, they will return to dwell among their own people." In the same letter, referring to business affairs in Philadelphia after the Yellow Fever, she says—"The spirit for building, for purchasing and selling estates, is amazingly great. Every article in housekeeping is so raised in price that one might almost fancy oneself in Great Britain, and be awake too—so that I, with others, am of the mind that the present face

of things will be changed, though the time as well as the manner I desire to leave." Expressing a wish to be at New England Yearly Meeting, "if it were my proper business," she adds—"at present I have not much prospect of going from home, and yet I hardly think I shall be allowed to stay all summer in port. * * * I am wearing away gradually under a load of complicated trials—some of which have been more pinching than any preceding: so that, did not He who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities condescend to succour and sustain marvellously, I should sink below hope and faint in this day of adversity. May all things which are permitted and dispensed in unerring wisdom, work together for my increasing fitness to enter into Everlasting rest when this sore fight of affliction is over—is my fervent prayer."

Extract from a letter from Sarah Harrison to R. J.

Leeds, 4th mo. 4th, 1796.

* * * * *

'I do not wish to burden thee with my troubles, for I find thou hast enough of thy own, and my feelings are awakened, and my sympathy hath been renewed with thee, in the late fiery trial through which thou hast had to pass, though I know not from whence those bitter waters spring, and therefore I am a stranger —that is, from information—to the nature of the case. But as I was pondering it in my mind this morning, the language of the apostle was brought, with some degree of clearness, to my remembrance, inducing me to take up my pen, poor as I am, just to remind thee of what he says—'Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings;' and, indeed, it is good for us, on such occasions, to remember who it was that suffered so great contradiction from sinners, even from one who had dipped in the dish with him, which we may suppose made it

harder to bear than the same treatment from a professed enemy would have been. For, as said David, 'if it had been an enemy, I could have borne it.' And amongst the many perils that Paul met with by land and by sea, he looked upon them that were brought upon him by false brethren, to be the worst. Dear friend, if thou hast been tried with any thing similar to what I have hinted at, and thy soul made sorrowful by any of those with whom thou hast heretofore taken sweet counsel, and you have in those days gone up to the house of the Lord in company, thou art to be felt for, and I do feel for thee as much as my nature is capable of. And my desire is, that thou mayst take that ancient advice, 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers,' but let such be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican; though it is reasonable to suppose that the feelings of thy mind on such mournful occasions will produce the moving language, 'how is the shield of the mighty vilely cast away!'"

Well, what more shall I say upon an unknown subject, except it be, fear thou not, for though thousands may fall by thy side, and ten thousand by thy right hand, none of these things shall come near thee, only thou shalt see them with thine eyes, and mayest have to go heavily on thy way on their account. But oh, mayest thou remember that it was those to who sighed, and cried for wrong things, which prevailed in days of old, that he who had the writer's ink-horn was sent to set his mark upon them. And with him there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning; so cast not away thy confidence, but trust in the Lord for ever. On my own account, I have reverently to acknowledge, that he that is mighty hath done for me great things; he hath taken me as from the dung-hill, and set me among princes. The consideration thereof hath often humbled my mind, and leads to the enquiry, 'What shall I render unto thee for all thy benefits!' And persuaded I am that nothing short of the dedication of my whole heart will be accepted; and I am very sensible, that the time is coming wherein I shall stand as much in need of the prayers of my friends, as I have at any time since I left home. And therefore I most sincerely desire

to be remembered by thee, and by all that desire my preservation." * * * * *

In this year died Catherine Phillips (formerly Peyton) whom R. J. called "my beloved parent in Christ, through whom I received the first awakening stroke." The following well condensed sketch of her life and character (taken from a manuscript copy preserved by R. J.,) being apparently not written by a Friend, and presenting some valuable traits not fully set forth in her printed memoir, is thought worthy of insertion.

From the Gentleman's Magazine for 1795

Died, at Redruth, county Cornwall, at an advanced age, Catherine Phillips, one of the people called Quakers, relict of the late W. P., a gentleman of large concerns in that mining country, and of great respectability, whom she married late in life. Her life and talents were too extraordinary not to merit record. She was a native of Dudley, county Worcester, and sister to the late James Peyton, of that place. Her natural powers were uncommonly comprehensive; and, just as she arrived at the prime of life, she believed it her duty to give up all other considerations to engage in the Gospel Ministry, among the Society in which she was born. Her conceptions of the purity and glory of the Gospel, and that real sanctification of heart, which it not only teaches, but furnishes the means of effecting, were deeply engraven on a mind devoted to God, and filled with love towards mankind. Thus animated, she visited the congregations of the Society throughout most parts of England, and several times those of Ireland; and with the concurrence necessary by the discipline established amongst them, she visited the Society in North America, in company with a young woman of Ireland as extraordinary as herself; thus foregoing ease and affluence for a very arduous and laborious service. Many who attended her ministry, were surprised at finding such powers of unfolding the Christian doctrine in a woman then in her youth; and a dignified clergyman, we are told, once said, "he wondered where she attained them." A singular testimony to the excellence of her preaching, is given by a person of great credibility. A gentleman went to her at Cambridge, and took two youths, then under his care, with him, on purpose, as he said, to convince them of the futility of all pretensions to inspiration; but owned that he left the assembly with very different impressions from those with which he entered it. She had very considerable knowledge in medicine and botany, and published something on planting and beau-

tifying waste grounds, of which her travels and practical knowledge rendered her a good judge. Her charity and attention to the poor were extensive; and she was deeply concerned for the reformation of their morals. With this view, she drew up an address to the gentlemen of Cornwall, who were met a few years since on the mining concerns in those parts; and on the agitation of the public mind since the French Revolution, she wrote to the miners, to convince them of their duty and interest in "studying to be quiet and mind their own business." This she knew would be her worthy husband's advice, had he been living at such a time, who had great influence with them. This paper was thought so salutary, that a neighboring magistrate had it printed and dispersed in the country. She was an ardent well wisher to the governors as well as governed of this realm, desiring to see that righteousness which exalteth a nation "so to flourish as to draw down the divine blessing on this island and its dependencies." For some years before her decease, she was rendered a perfect cripple by a rheumatic gout; and during the confinement which this occasioned, her mental faculties suffered with the body, and rendered her, like some other great minds, after a series of uncommon exertion, an object of commiseration. From these clouds, however, she at times shone forth again, and wrote with precision on the subjects alluded to; and also a tract to show why the Society of Friends could not fully unite with the Methodists in their missions to America and the Indies. She left also some MS. poems. During this time she could not distend her fingers so as to write in the usual way. To the last of her ability, she endeavored to devote herself to the service of mankind, and has left an example of exalted virtue, although in a line unusual to the generality of her sex. Her uniform, upright conduct in her own community, gained her great esteem; and her Christian courage to oppose licentiousness among the gay, covetousness among the rich, and fanaticism among the weak, rendered her one of the most useful and distinguished members of it.

From New York, where she appears to have been attending the Yearly Meeting, accompanied by Catherine Haines—a minute from her Monthly Meeting being sent after her—she writes, Fifth month 27th, 1796, to Henry Drinker: * *

"'Tis expected the Yearly Meeting will close to-morrow. It has been large, and, so far as my weak judgment goes, a solid instructive time; though by reason of an attack of chill and fever, I was prevented attending on Third and Fourth days,

since which I have just made out to get to meeting, in C. Haines's carriage, and returned immediately to my chamber at E. Prior's, where I have all necessary attention and care. Thy messages of love have been given to all intended, except H. Barnard, who is also laid by through indisposition. She was, however, at meeting this morning, and spread a concern before the meeting, with which Martha Routh and myself could not fully accord, yet in sympathy with her, and at her request, we bore her company into the men's meeting, where it was decided against. I hope she will be relieved thereby.

"Thy account of the departure of our dear friends, and that they went out on Seventh day, was gratifying to divers Friends here, particularly J. Wigham and M. Routh. These dear friends, with myself, have a treat in the company of Wm. Rotch, &c., who arrived here on Seventh day. He looks, I think, full as well as before he went to France, &c., only that his hair is a little changed. If my health should be restored by the early part of next week, I hope to turn homewards, though I may, perhaps, stop a few days at Rahway, &c."

After referring to the removal by death of some Friends, she continues :

"But I consider that it is but a little while that we, who are now moving about, shall have the opportunity of evincing, to such as are advancing on the stage of life, that we prefer the welfare of the cause of Truth to our chief joy, and in so doing, be 'laying up a good foundation against the time to come.' Therefore, my humbled spirit craves that I may, in an especial manner, cleave closely, now in my declining age, to that good Hand which, in early life, visited and bore up my tribulated soul; which has been with me in every varied scene, and which is still to me, however unworthy, the alone Helper—the Physician of value—the unfailing Friend! May the sense of his unmerited kindness keep me through the remaining part of my painful pilgrimage, where only, as I am abundantly convinced, is safety, even in a state of humble watchfulness and child-like simplicity—weaned from all creaturely dependence,

and fully resigned to his blessed will in all the future dispensations of his unerring Providence; and finally, allow me *just an admittance* within the gates of that Holy City, towards which, with longing desire, the eye of my soul has been turned since the sixteenth year of my age! Unite with me in desire, my dear friend, for this! that without seeking 'great things for myself,' I may devote myself *more faithfully* as the evening approaches, in seeking after an *establishment* in His favor, which is better than life, and which, if but happily obtained, will more than compensate for all that my poor exercised spirit hath endured for more than forty years: being the crown that will never fade, but abide for ever and ever.

"If I have exceeded, tell me so, and believe me to be thy much obliged, and sincerely affectionate friend,

Fifth month 30th, in a letter to B. C., she mentions, that although she had suffered with an attack of chill and fever, she attended all but three or four of the sittings of the Yearly Meeting. "We have had," she says, "a large and solid meeting, and last night a parting meeting with the youth, which was a blessed season, in which I thought of thee, with strong desires that thy tender mind may be duly impressed with a sense of the Lord's preserving goodness and fear, and be kept in a watchful innocent state. Hereby will my joy be greatly increased. John Wigham lodges at John King's, William Rotch and his daughter Mary, at John Murray's, where are also Martha Routh and her companion L. R.—so we are scattered about. I hear that R. Cathrall* is going fast, so thou seest, my dear, that the youth, as well as the aged, are called away —that we need all endeavor to be in readiness to meet the Lord in the way of his coming. I do not suspect thy being in more danger than other young persons; but as my soul is deeply concerned for thy preservation, and as many dear friends

* Sister to Dr. Cathrall, and niece to H. C.

have taken most especial tender notice of thee, and do love thee, and, what is far better, I believe thy heavenly Father loves thee, and has not been wanting in his secret and blessed intimations to thy own mind, I do therefore earnestly entreat thee to beg of Him for help and power, to resist all manner of temptations, and to walk before him in humility, innocence and holy fear. Then will he delight to bless thee, and both inwardly and outwardly to prosper thee, and crown thy tender mind with the incomes of his enriching peace. Farewell my dear girl—may the Lord keep thee and me near to himself, that, if we meet again in this world, it may be with minds suitably impressed with a sense of his goodness, and if, in his wisdom, he see meet to order it otherwise, oh, that we may meet in the mansions of rest and peace. So live in that which will help thee to love thy poor, weak, affectionate friend,

Eleventh month 3d, 1796. In a letter to James, son of her beloved Catherine Phillips, she says: "I expect thou hast accounts of our great works which are in contemplation,*—such as attempting to civilize the inhabitants of the wilderness, and

*It was not without reason, that Rebecca Jones referred to the measures in question as great works, then in contemplation. In the autumn of 1795, the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia appointed a committee to endeavor to promote the civilization and improvement of the Indians residing chiefly in the State of New York. Funds to defray the expenses were raised by voluntary contribution, aided by a liberal donation from Friends in England. A number of young Friends, of both sexes, were engaged to reside for a time, among the natives in various locations, and endeavor to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, such as farming, domestic economy, and several of the mechanic arts.

It would exceed the limits of a note, to given even a concise history of the operations of this committee; but it may be stated that the appointment is still kept up, though our valued friend Thomas Wistar is the only one of the original number now remaining. The care of the aborigines in various parts of our extended country, has, since that time, engaged the attention of several other Yearly Meetings, and the attention of the Philadelphia committee, has been, for a number of Years, chiefly directed to the settlements on the Alleghany. Al-

to establish a Boarding school after the manner of your Ackworth ; build a large meeting house, (after your example,) to accommodate both sexes at the Yearly Meeting ; admit black people into society fellowship, &c., &c. Well, my heart wishes well to every great, noble, and virtuous undertaking ; but such is my declining state of health, advanced age, and dimness of sight, that I have no expectation that these things will be so perfected, as that I may adopt the language of good old Simeon thereon ; yet am in the faith that success will attend the endeavors of such as have at heart the promotion of the good cause of Truth therein."

though the progress of those people, in the arts of civilized life, has not fully answered the anticipation of their friends, their condition is greatly ameliorated. Instead of the bark wigwam of that day, many of them now occupy decent and comfortable houses, not inferior to those inhabited by their white neighbors ; and instead of the precarious subsistence afforded by the chase, they generally rely upon the cultivation of the soil, and deposit the produce of their farms in barns erected by Indian workmen. The ancient Indian costume has almost entirely vanished, at least among the men ; and the savage practice of cutting the margin of the ear into the form of a ribbon, which was so prevalent sixty years ago, has quite disappeared.

It was at the Yearly Meeting of 1794, two years prior to the date of this letter, that the plan of establishing a Boarding school, under the superintendence of a committee of that meeting, was adopted. The farm at West Town had been purchased, and preparations were making for erecting the necessary buildings ; but the school was not opened until the spring of 1799. The important benefits which that seminary has conferred upon our religious Society, and the stimulus which it gave to education among Friends, are too generally known to require particular notice in this place.

The Admission of black people into society, to which she alludes, may seem to imply that a rule to exclude them had previously existed. That, it is apprehended, was not the case. But in the autumn of 1796, a question from one of the Quarters, whether black people might be received into membership, was submitted to the Yearly Meeting. The doubt which gave rise to the inquiry, was probably owing to the paucity of applicants among the colored race for admittance into membership. Upon due deliberation, the Yearly Meeting adopted the just and liberal conclusion, that " where Monthly Meetings were united in believing that the applicants were clearly convinced of our religious principles, and in a good degree subject to the Divine witness in their own hearts, manifested by a circumspect life and conduct, said meetings are at liberty to receive such into membership, without respect to nation or color."—Ed. Friends' Review.

It may be briefly noted, that R. J. was greatly interested, and much consulted, in planning the building at West Town; in arranging the rules for the government of the school, &c. Pewter ware in great varieties, having become very much obsolete, was still stored away, and nearly useless in many families. R. Jones interested herself in collecting articles of this kind, which were sent to her house by wheelbarrow loads; and these utensils, some in their original form, and others remodeled, were placed at the service of the institution.

We now extract some passages from a long and interesting letter, bearing date Twelfth month 30th, 1796, addressed to her from Amsterdam, by her friend William Savery.

"It has been a consolation to my spirit to feel thee interested as a partner with me in my present engagement, both before and since I left my dear native city: yet that feeling always brings with it a sense of my own unworthiness. I love thee as an elder sister, whose counsels, drawn from long experience, have often been a comfort to me. Thy account of thy journey to New York, and the movements of our brethren and sisters to and fro in the Lord's service, was acceptable, all but that part respecting thy being afflicted with a fever. Subsequent accounts give me hope that thou art recovered. Dear Rebecca, thy pen was rightly directed, when thou wrote that it would be a comfort to me to know that our holy Shepherd hath not forsaken the flock at North meeting. They have been long and tenderly endeared to me in bonds of gospel affection. My spirit often accompanies thee when I apprehend you may be assembled. The preciously visited young of the flock, both of that and the other meetings in our beloved city, still lie very near to my heart. May the good Shepherd of the flock protect and defend them from all that would hinder their progress in the way of present peace, and future glorification with him. Please convey my unfeigned love to as many of them as may be convenient. It would not comport with the bounds of a letter to particularise."*

* This message was communicated to the womens' Monthly Meeting.

" With regard to myself, I shall tell, as concisely as I can, how I have fared. We had a pleasant and agreeable passage of four weeks, after which thou mayest have heard that I staid about seven weeks in England, and had several appointed meetings in Liverpool, Birmingham, and London, which were large. It appears to be a time of openness to other professors in England. This was an unexpected service to me. I humbly hope the cause of truth was not wounded. In the multitude of my heavenly Father's mercies, he gave me as companions to Germany, my dear friends G. and S. Dillwyn, D. Sands, and our W. Farrer and B. Johnson. This, thou mayest conceive, my sister, had an animating tendency, and was quite unlooked for. I could not have chosen brethren with whom, as partners, I would venture my little stock more freely. George told me of thy hint in a letter to him, which, he acknowledged, hit the mark, as he had this journey on his mind before. G. and S. D. have continued longer at Pyrmont than the rest of us ; I believe rightly so. D. Sands and myself have spent about five weeks there, first and last ; were present at two of their Monthly Meetings, which are now established in more regular form than heretofore, and contain about sixty members, (and several more have applied.) It would do thy heart good to be a witness of the power of truth, in the simplicity of these innocent people. As we stood round the grave of dear John Pemberton, something solemn accompanied, with a comfortable evidence that he was landed, through many tribulations, in the arms of everlasting Mercy. There is a little flock at Minden, one at Hanover, and one near Hertford, that keep up Meetings in the manner of Friends, and all over this country where we have been, there are more or less pious people,—separatists from

by R. Jones, in a remarkably sweet and heart tendering communication. She had risen to speak to business, but her exercise soon extended beyond what was her prospect on rising; and while the words flowed from her lips like oil, her persuasive eloquence deeply affected many hearts. She mentioned the reception of this letter, the place of its date, &c.; the writer thereof being very highly beloved by the congregation. "There were giants in those days."

outward forms. Some are attached to the mystic writers, (Jacob Bœhm, Lady Guion, &c.,) but appear to be honestly enquiring for a right foundation. By these we have been received with open arms, and by the people at large with much civility and respect; as well the great and officers of the army, &c., as the poor. D. Sands and myself have been led much in one line of service, and have been nearly united in travelling together about one thousand miles, having our two companions, and Lewis Seebohm as an interpreter; for though I have sometimes interpreted for my friends, as well as delivered my own concern in meetings, yet I do not find myself perfect enough in the German to refuse an interpreter, especially such a one as L. S., who has a peculiar talent for it, and enters into the subject feelingly with us, so that I think he loses nothing. This may be an encouragement to some of my fellow laborers who may have a concern to visit this people, and who are unacquainted with the German. In several places, the tender people at parting, expressed a hope that the Lord of the Harvest would send more laborers among them, and I cannot doubt, that if Friends stand open to the pointings of truth, their desire will be answered. Here is a new and very extensive field opened; the influence of the Priests is decreasing, and the hearts of Princes enlarging, to allow more liberty of conscience than heretofore,—although the fruits that have yet appeared in Germany, are but small, compared with America. The Prince of Waldeck has been kind to the Friends of Pyrmont in several ways, and allows them the free exercise of their worship. The priests, however, still exact some fees, for offices which they do not perform, as christenings, burials, &c. We have visited Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and several other cities in that kingdom, as Magdeburg, Brandenburg, Halberstadt, &c. &c., in all of which are many honest enquirers after Truth; and we had a number of meetings with them, which were generally solid and satisfactory. At Berlin, in particular, we had seven or eight at our Inn, where we had four chambers—some of them upwards of two hundred people, many of whom, though they

had never heard of Friends, were nearly united with us in our doctrines, being taught by the great Teacher of his people. These are of different ranks in the world, but mostly separated from the public worships. They appeared like thirsty ground, and received us and our testimony gladly, parted with us in the most tender affection, and must long be remembered in near fellowship. I do not remember at any time to have sat more humbling and contriting meetings than those: the praise is the Lord's."

1797. In 8th month, the Yellow Fever having again broken out, the inhabitants, following the instinct of self-preservation, rapidly removed from the city, and R. J.'s small household was left quite alone in "Brook's Court." Although she was preserved from being "afraid with amazement," she returned an affectionate acceptance to Catharine Howell's invitation to spend the season of the infection at her country seat at Edgely, on the Schuylkill. The day previous to her leaving the city, she fell down the stairs and hurt her leg severely. This hurt for a time seemed more painful than dangerous, and although unable to go abroad, she received and enjoyed the society of many visitors, and wrote many letters. With the family and guests, and servants, she had religious opportunities, in which "the sensible spreading of the holy canopy," was witnessed. In the exciting state of the general mind, various and conflicting reports of the state of the city were conveyed to her, but her abode was in the quiet pavilion, and she remained peaceful, though by no means insensible.

Ninth month 7th, she notes, "By C. Haines, Sarah Cresson, and Leonard Snowdon, we had more comfortable accounts of our poor city, yet find that the fever continues. Oh Lord, be pleased, for thy mercies' sake, once more to look down with compassion upon us, and in thy own way and time deliver and spare thy people, the workmanship of thy holy hand. Grant, that now thy judgments are in our land, its inhabitants may truly learn righteousness!"

On First-day, the 10th, remembering that Catherine Phillips

went to meeting with her fractured arm in a sling, although she was more indisposed, she went to Germantown meeting, which was large, on account of the funeral of Jonathan Roberts. After an extensive communication from Nicholas Waln, R. J. was engaged in the expression of a lively desire for the general increase of spiritual health, and submission to the Lord's will. At the close of the meeting, she had a select opportunity with the connexions of the deceased at the meeting house, in which she imparted tender counsel and sympathy. This effort proved injurious to her health, and a violent ague was followed by high fever, and her wounded limb being much inflamed, mortification ensued, and amputation was for a while anticipated. Yet, her mind being fixed in dependence, she recorded on the ensuing day the language of her soul, "Oh Lord my God, great and marvellous have been thy dealings with me! My soul is led, in the depth of abasement and humility, to bless thy ever adorable goodness and mercy, and renewedly to query, 'What shall I render!'"

Ninth month 23d, she writes to her kind friend and efficient helper, Leonard Snowdon:

"I have been much with the little company this day assembled. May the blessed Shepherd be with you, and crown with his life-giving presence. I shall esteem it a favor, thy giving me an account of what came before you, who from the country have ventured in, with any thing that occurs, interesting to a poor, wounded, and diseased prisoner, who knows not how the present trial may issue. But I am endeavoring after entire resignation to the Lord's will herein. This family are kind beyond description; divers Friends have been to see me, and their company, with that of dear Wm. Rotch and Martha Routh and companion, have several times had a strengthening effect, so that I may adopt the language of David, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.'"

Under the same date she notes: "In the afternoon dear Tamson Clifford walked here, (two miles,) and made us an hour's visit. She never appeared so lovely and amiable. She took a

most affectionate leave, and though C. H. offered her carriage, she chose to walk, J. Hopkins and E. Howell going with her, by whose return she sent me a present. Alas, how frail and how short-sighted we are! Little did we think it would be a final parting!" This lovely young woman had been R. J.'s pupil. She was taken alarmingly ill the next day, with the yellow fever, and in a few days died, in such a condition that "they were obliged to send to town for a rough coffin, which was put on wheels, and brought by two men, and in the evening was conveyed by them and two black servants, to the city, for interment." R. J. felt this circumstance keenly, yet, she says, my soul rests satisfied that she is centred in the arms of everlasting Mercy. We sat silent and sorrowful all the evening, in the chamber."

The following letter was written to the aged and afflicted mother of the deceased.

To Anne Clifford.

Edgely, 10*th mo.* 2d, 1797.

My dear friend,—Such are my affectionate sympathetic feelings with thee and thine in the present humbling and afflictive dispensation, and such has been the tender solicitude of my soul on account of the dear deceased, who, (though I always tenderly loved her,) was yet rendered in her last visit here, more particularly near to me; and such is my present comforting persuasion that she has fallen asleep in the arms of everlasting Mercy, that I cannot forbear manifesting my friendship in this way, being unfit personally to attempt seeing thee, which would not be wanting could I even bear the ride: but the state of my bruised limb will not allow me to leave my chamber. Mayest thou, my beloved friend, though bereaved of so lovely and desirable an assistant in thy declining age, experience the great Healer of breaches near thy drooping mind, and by the consoling influences of his goodness, which has followed thee all thy life long, be sustained in the present conflict, and enabled with his deeply tried servant Job, to bless his ever adorable

name, who hath been pleased (doubtless in unerring wisdom,) to take away even one of his choicest temporal blessings. And may all her tender relations look up with submission and dedication of soul to the one inexhaustible Source of all that is divinely good. That he may be graciously pleased so to bless and sanctify this present grievous affliction, as that they may happily witness it to work for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," is my ardent desire.

Thy endeared friend,

R. Jones

The Yearly Meeting occurring during her imprisonment at Edgely, her counsel was sought by various friends. Martha Routh made her several visits, in one of which they took a solemn and final farewell of each other.

On the 13th of 10th month, her friends were cheered by seeing her seated by the parlor fire side. On the 22d, C. Howell notes, "R. J. had a precious opportunity with the whole family collected, this evening. Addressing the servants particularly, she said, that though they might think that their advantages were not equal to others, yet this was not the case,—that they were on a level with the King, having the same principle placed for their guide that he had, which, when a wrong word was spoken, reproved therefor." To a colored man who had lived in the family more than twenty years, she spoke encouragingly, and was afterward fervent in supplication.

On the 26th of 10th month, having left the house but twice since she entered it, she took leave of her kind friends at Edgely, reciting, as she parted, the words of Paul, "The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorus, for he hath oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain;" adding, that whether for the accomplishment of complete sanctification, their passage should be made rugged or smooth, it would not be long before, if faithful, they should enter into a peaceful eternity.

Alluding shortly after, (in a letter to M. Routh,) to the miti-

gation of her lameness, she says, with that play upon words, (pleasantly turning a trite subject into seriousness,) which characterized her conversational and epistolary style, "What cause have I to *walk softly*, carefully, and humbly, all my days! I wish I could say," she adds, "that a desire of this sort was evident in the conduct of the people at large. But alas, I fear a greater chastisement will be found necessary, more availingly to teach them righteousness."

CHAPTER XI.

1798—1799.

Description and character of Rebecca Jones—She sends for T. Harrison to rescue a captured Negress—Shipwreck and arrival of Mary Prior—S. Grellet acknowledged as a minister, 1798—Visits Rahway &c.—Attends Burlington Quarterly Meeting—Letters to and from Jane Snowdon—Goes to Edgely—Letters to Martha Allinson, &c.—Change in time of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Rebecca Jones was, in person as in mind, finely majestic. In her earlier years, and until her embarkation for England, she was slender, but at her return, and for the rest of her days, she was much increased in size, and was lame from rheumatism, which was contracted in Ireland by sleeping in damp beds. Her manner was marked by ease and grace, and (in honor preferring others to herself) the gentleness of her Master was conspicuous in her. Yet there was without assumption on her part, a queenly dignity, a *tout ensemble* of nobleness, which drew from all the willing tribute of respect. "HERE SITS OUR QUEEN UPON HER THRONE" said Thomas Scattergood, playfully, as he entered her chamber in her declining years.* "*Ah, Thomas*,"

* This visit of T. S. was during the week of Y. M. in 1814, and the last time he was out of his own house.

she replied, "*sometimes my palace, sometimes my prison.*" "Oh, it is well that thou bowed to the convictions of Truth in thy early days," said S. Emlen (senior) as they started from her dwelling, to walk to the Second-day morning meeting in Chestnut street—"for thou wouldst have been a most powerful instrument in his Satanic Majesty's hands." And truly the qualities which through grace enabled her so conspicuously to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour," had they remained unsanctified, would have rendered her influential for evil, and "injurious," as was Saul of Tarsus before he yielded to the heavenly vision.

She had a striking and significant way of expressing her thoughts, which flowed from a mind of great originality and power. In her ministry she was particularly clear of expletives, or superfluous expressions, and the solemnity of her manner, and the genuineness of the gospel message which she eloquently imparted, impressed the audience with a sense that she was addressing them under the commission of "the King immortal, invisible," for whom she was an ambassador. At such times, an influence accompanying the sound of her voice seemed to fill the house, and hence an impression was produced which the mere repetition of her words, (especially to those who did not know her,) would fail to convey. Her religious communications, in which she was not very frequent, were remarkably untinctured by what is significantly styled "creaturely activity;" and even the very young were overawed, their attention was riveted, and their tender minds were enlightened. So evident was it that the Holy Spirit spoke through her. When moved, as mouth for the people, to address the throne of Grace, her petitions were indescribably solemn, and may be classed with the "*effectual* fervent prayers" of the righteous, being signally owned by the alone Author of availing prayer.

Nor was her mission confined to the public ministry of the Word. It was a prominent part thereof, to carry the consolations of the Gospel to the abodes of suffering and the chamber of death. And, being "wise and endued with knowledge," pos-

sessed of social qualities and of personal and mental traits which could not fail to impress and influence her associates, she was enabled (by keeping her eye upon the holy Pattern) to maintain a godly circumspection, and to "show forth out of a good conversation her works with meekness of wisdom."

Our portrait would be incomplete should we fail to describe her as being "in doctrine uncorrupt." Receiving in the fullness of his mission the Son and Sent of the Father, the Saviour of the world, in whom, whilst yet in the form of a servant, dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, her faith in him was complete and perfect, *and she lived by faith.* Believing with her heart unto righteousness, and with her mouth making confession unto salvation, and free from the tendency of narrow minds to "*hold the Truth in parts*," she brought extraordinary qualifications to her aid in yielding to the heavenly call to

> "Negotiate between God and man
> As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
> Of judgment and of mercy."

She was eminent for pleading the cause of the poor, and for acting, as we shall have occasion to notice, as an almoner to the rich; and to those who were in affliction, she was an unwearied and tenderly sympathising friend. Being prepared, by her early experience to appreciate the privilege of visiting those whose goings were established in the way of life and salvation, she had resolved, that if ever favored to have a house of her own, it should be open to all who wished to seek the society of the serious. To this she adhered. Her mansion, though small, was freely open to all who desired her society, or who were in distress of any kind, from mental or physical causes. She was known to be confidential, and the afflicted were bold to open freely their situation to this mother in Israel, as she might, in an extended sense, be called. Among many instances of the confidence which was freely reposed in her by all classes, we may briefly narrate the following:

At the corner of Brook's Court and Front street, dwelt a wealthy West India family, who had two female slaves, a mother and daughter. The mother went out to work, always paying her master two shillings and sixpence for each day so spent, and saving the rest, with the understanding that she might purchase her freedom for one hundred dollars. When, by her exertions, aided by the generosity of some of her employers, this sum had been raised, (being willing to remain in slavery that she might obtain the blessing of freedom for her beloved child,) she offered to pay the money for the emancipation of her daughter Maria, a beautiful girl, with light hair, soft blue eyes, and elegant form, who would have passed for a white girl; but for her, two hundred dollars were demanded. This sum in process of time was raised and paid, and Maria considered herself free, having only her master's bare word for it. She continued in the family, and was employed in needle work, which she performed with exquisite neatness. Her master's mother being about to return to the West Indies, Maria made some elegant dresses, with much ornamental work, for some connexions in the islands, and having prepared them, she was sent to the vessel to pack them carefully away.

She went, with many fears and misgivings, and whilst she was in the cabin, the vessel put off from the wharf, and on her returning upon deck she was seized, gagged, and pinioned. The weeping mother, in an agony of suspense, dared not breathe her apprehensions; but being sent to fill the tea-kettle at a pump of soft water, which stood up the court, near Rebecca Jones' kitchen, she cast a hurried look to see if she was observed, and slipped into the house, where with very little preface she related what she knew of the situation of her daughter, and the danger that awaited her. R. J. avoided raising her expectations, but immediately sent our informant to Thomas Harrison, with a request that he would come to her. She hastened upon the errand of mercy, found him in his shop, and eagerly gave him a condensed statement of the case. "Yes—yes" said the philanthropist,— "tell her I'll be there directly." And starting at once, with

hasty steps, he was with R. J. before the messenger could return. He instantly proceeded to the house of the master, and opening the door of the parlor, where the family were at tea, and placing his stalwart figure in the entrance, with his hands on the door posts, he asked—"Is J—— I—— at home?" The person named, being a man of courtly manners, rose from the table with a courteous bow, and replied, "That is my name, sir!" "WHERE'S MARIA?" asked Thomas, in an authoritative tone. "It's none of your business," answered J. I., with a greatly altered manner. "*It is my business*, and if thou dost not tell me, I'll call in the constable to take thee to prison, and keep thee there until she is given up." His wife, being alarmed at Thomas Harrison's resolute words, called out, "Oh, *don't* take my husband to prison—Maria's on board the vessel." "Where is the vessel?" "At Race street wharf," she replied, in spite of her husband's efforts to silence her, and also gave him the name of the vessel. He hastened to the wharf, took a boat, and was soon attempting to climb the vessel's steep sides. The captain pointed at him a musket, but he, still clambering up, coolly replied, "shoot if thou dar'st, thou know'st thou'lt be hang'd for it." Reaching the deck, he took the gun from the captain as one having authority, broke it over the railing, threw it into the river, and hastened to the cabin, where he found poor Maria gagged, and the saliva running down her breast—being of course unable to swallow. The philanthropist took her to his house, kept her till the vessel had sailed, and, when he had obtained legal papers of manumission, she was permitted to return to her former master, in the capacity of a servant.*

*Though Rebecca Jones sought the assistance of Thomas Harrison as a well known advocate of the enslaved Africans, and one better qualified than most men of that day to apply such protection to them as the existing laws could afford, there is no reason to apprehend that she would approve of the angry display of authority manifested in the breaking of the gun. However offensive the conduct of the Captain, we cannot justify this hasty act.

It may, however be observed, that if the circumstance occurred near the time to which the course of the narrative has brought us, the parties concerned in the attempt at the abduction of the girl, were acting

The following entry in her "Poor Will's Pocket Almanac for the year 1798," is the only metrical attempt by R. J. which has come to our knowledge.

"And now begins another year!
Lest I should fail I almost fear!
My resolutions now are good;
But, of himself hath no man stood.
To thee, Oh Lord, my soul doth look—
All other help I have forsook,
Therefore on THEE will I depend,
My sure, my everlasting Friend!"

1ST Mo. 1ST. 1798, 4 o'clock, P. M.

Albeit her character as a wise woman may be best sustained in her prose, and although we admit the New Year resolutions to be better than the poetry, we presume that our readers (most of whom are supposed to have tried their own hand at it,) will pardon a solitary essay at rhyming, during a life of nearly four score years.

"Fourth month 25th. Our monthly Meeting. Mary Prior remarkable in intercession for her own land, that judgment may be mixed with mercy, and that three capital crimes, the slave trade, war, and tithes, may be removed. Also, that her beloved husband and children may be supported through every conflict. A solemn and heart-tendering season."

"Fifth month 8th. M. Prior in supplication at the Youth's meeting for her own land, for Friends there, for the King, that

in direct violation of law. By the act of 1780, sojourners coming into the State, for a temporary residence, and bringing slaves with them, could not hold them longer than six months. This would seem to have been the character of this West Indian master, and of course Maria was, independently of the purchase, legally free. If the master came into the State after 1780, with a view of a permanent residence, his slaves became instantly entitled to immediate freedom. And even if the girl was legally a slave, the attempt to carry her off in that manner, subjected both master and captain, under the law of 1788, to a penalty of two hundred dollars. Thomas Harrison was fully acquainted with the laws which were designed for the protection of the colored race, and was not slow to perceive the power which the violation of those laws had put into his hands. Hence the authority assumed at the house of the master, and on the deck of the vessel, admits of an easy explanation.—ED. FRIENDS' REVIEW.

evil counsellors may be removed from him, and for her husband and children. Nicholas Waln, at the close of the meeting, in like manner for our land and rulers, &c. Truly it was a solemn time."

R. J. in another place notes the arrival of Mary Prior, on the 14th of Third month, after a passage of thirteen weeks, having been shipwrecked and taken in by Capt. Macey.

The ship in which she embarked was a leaky, unseaworthy craft, with a drunken captain. Mary Prior being the only female on board, a young nobleman, who to this time had been irreligious and dissipated, attached himself to her with the tenderness of a son, and the effect of her religious labors for the conversion of his soul soon became apparent. Very early in the voyage a steady use of the pumps was found to be necessary, to which work our friend stimulated the oft-times discouraged sailors. When at length it was found that, with all their labors, the water gained upon them, and the vessel continued gradually to sink, the hands seemed determined, in utter despair, to relinquish their efforts. The young man told M. P. that they two should sink together, and that his only hope was in clinging to her. She urged the men to continue their pumping for *two hours longer*,—and during this interval a sail was seen. A distress signal was fired, and when they saw the vessel bearing toward them, they continued to fire guns in rapid succession.

The captain and sailors seemed impressed with the idea that the presence of our friend had been the safety of them all, and that while she remained on board they would not sink: and when the first boat was ready for transferring them to their new floating habitation, the captain would not allow her to enter it, insisting that she should remain on board till the last person had left, saying: "The ship won't sink while she's on board." The young man already referred to, took her into his arms, and sprang into the boat. She saved nothing but what was about her person, except a parcel which Thomas Scattergood had entrusted to her care for his wife. Her certificates were in her pocket.

Capt. Macey's vessel was well loaded with oil and codfish, barely sufficient space being retained for the accommodation of the crew. With such an addition, the room was insufficient, and they were obliged to submit to great inconvenience, lying on the cod fish, and wherever any space could be found. Every person on board was necessarily placed at once upon short allowance. This state of things continued for some weeks, and at length they arrived at Philadelphia, landing at the wharf of Jonathan Willis, who, having heard of the approach of a vessel consigned to him, went to meet it, and noticed, as it neared the wharf, a plainly dressed woman on the deck. Being led ashore, as soon as she set her foot on the wharf she knelt, and at once the whole crew, by whom she was beloved and venerated, reverently uncovered their heads. A stranger, thinking that she had stumbled, took hold of her to raise her; but the young nobleman repelling the attempt, said—"Touch her not." She uttered thanksgiving to their Divine Preserver.

James Pemberton had written to invite her to his house, but Jonathan Willis took her home with him to tea. Phebe Pemberton soon came in her carriage and took her to her appointed lodgings, where her comfort was provided for with the greatest tenderness and delicacy.

Rebecca Jones, on being informed that evening of her arrival, and the attendant circumstances, was greatly affected and overcome, M. Prior being her beloved friend; and she hastened to visit her early the next morning.

On the ensuing Fifth day, M. Prior attended Market Street Meeting. The young nobleman, her fellow passenger, hearing that she had gone thither, followed her. This was his first attendance at a Friend's Meeting. She was led to elucidate impressively the parable of the Prodigal Son, and her testimony being sealed upon his mind, he supposed it to be designed by her especially for himself. Visiting her in the afternoon, he wept much, and said,—"Oh! why did you expose me so, before so many persons—Why could you not have told me all this

in private?" Of course he was satisfied upon a proper explanation.

Seventh month 16th, 1798.—In a letter to Martha Routh she says—"Thy being so renewedly and quickly commissioned for service in the family, is animating to me, a poor, feeble soldier. May 'thy *heart* endure and thy *hands* be strong,' whatever becomes of me, who am at times in danger of casting away that shield which hath covered in many battles. And yet there is occasion thankfully to rejoice in hope, that if the dear youth who have of latter time been brought under the holy forming hand, and have evinced on whose side they are, if these keep steady in their love and zeal Godward, that there will be a succession of standard bearers when our heads are laid low. Of this number, I have a lively prospect concerning H. L. Fisher,* Sally Cresson, Stephen Grellett, (he is recommended as a minister,) and some others in this city and county, for the preservation of all whom I am tenderly solicitous. We are in daily expectation of the return of Wm. Savery and S. Harrison, who have been absent six years. The rest don't appear to be at liberty. May the labor bestowed on your land be productive of that increase of righteousness which, doubtless, the great Lord of the harvest designs; but as for us, I fear we are too much in Jeshurun's state."

Early in the Eighth month, 1798, R. Jones and B. C. left the city, and pausing at Frankford to visit Nicholas Waln, proceeded to Locust Grove, the residence of R. Hartshorne. Having attended Quarterly Meeting at this place, where R. J. had much service with many young persons in private opportunities, they went to the Quarterly meeting at Burlington, where R. J. notes, "I met a kind, open reception."

* This friend, subsequently Hannah Logan Smith, is freshly remembered by many of our readers. Her husband James Smith (who was associated with Leonard Snowdon, Thomas Stewardson, and Johns Hopkins as executors to R. J's. last will,) was one who, by his christian humility and unblemished integrity, adorned the doctrine and confirmed the profession of Truth, and is worthy to be held in remembrance.

At Burlington she writes, Eighth month 26th, to Jane Snowdon—

"The meeting this morning was very large—many of our fellow-citizens are here. Indeed the town seems crowded, and more came up to-day. By these we hear heavy tidings, that T. Paxson, S. Grellet, and others, are taken down, so that my mind is clothed with sadness on account of those who remain in the city, and the prayer of my mind is that my beloved friends may be supported under this great and renewed trial of faith and patience. * * *

"Oh poor Philadelphia! is the mournful musing of my spirit, by day and by night. May its mournful inhabitants be instructed by all with which we have met, in this and former years, and turn to him who smiteth, so as availingly to experience our only place of defence to be the munition of rocks, where bread may be given us, and our water be sure, is the petition of your afflicted and affectionate friend and sister."

Returning to Rahway, she remained till near the time of the Yearly Meeting. From this place she wrote, 9th mo. 11th, to Leonard Snowdon:

"As I sat yesterday in Plainfield Meeting (about five miles from here) my mental visit to the small exercised remnant in our poor city was sweetly refreshing—yea, I seemed interwoven with them in sweet supplication to the Lord Almighty, that he may be pleased, in his unmerited compassion, to keep you all under his holy protecting wing till the present sore calamity be overpast; sustain you above the raging billows, guide you by his counsel, and finally crown your conflicting minds with unshaken peace. Perhaps I was brought near in remembrance to some of my dear friends at the same time."

Jane Snowdon to R. Jones

Philadelphia, 9th month 28th, 1798.

My dear friend,—I feel so much weakness and poverty that I scarcely know how to take hold of my pen to salute thee by letter; nevertheless, I apprehend I feel at times a degree of that

love by which the disciples of Christ were distinguished; and, under these impressions of endeared affection, I thought I would attempt to offer a few lines for thy perusal; though I know not what I shall say, but hope my pen will speak the language of a heart which has been of latter times often broken and contrited, before Him who can preserve from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Was not my harp hung upon the willows, I would endeavor to speak of his judgments and his mercies too. This is truly a solemn time. The Lord, the judge of the whole earth, is speaking to the inhabitants of this place himself! Oh, that we may learn righteousness by the things which we have suffered! If the people should refuse his repeated visitations, and continue to rebel against the Holy One of Israel, who could marvel if another vial of the Lord's indignation should be poured forth on the inhabitants of this land. My soul shrinks at the prospect, and prays for a place of rest in the day of trouble. When we began to be surprised with the terrors of this awful visitation of sickness and mortality, I most ardently desired to be at liberty to leave my habitation; but such a thick cloud overshadowed, that I could see no way, either to the right or to the left. When in this situation, I often secretly compared myself to a person in confinement under bars, locks, and bolts. My bonds were too strong to be broken. So thou seest, my endeared friend and mother, by what I have written, and by what thou hast heard before, that I have been sick and in prison, having nothing to boast of except my infirmities. Notwithstanding I felt myself thus bound in a place of deep suffering, it was far from me to harbor one uncharitable sentiment in regard to those who left their dwellings; so distant is such a thought from me, that, in some of the most sorrowful, humiliating seasons which I have passed through, I have been thankful in believing that many of my nearest and dearest friends were permitted to flee from the sufferings which we experienced in our habitations. I desire not to murmur, and I think I do not feel any disposition of that kind; neither have we any cause to regret staying here for the

Lord hath hitherto dealt very bountifully by us. Oh that we may be enabled forever to keep our confidence in the Shepherd of Israel, and in the day of trouble endeavor to take refuge under his Holy Wing, and then all will be well.

Believe me to be, as I am, thy truly affectionate friend,

JANE SNOWDON.

R. J. to Jane Snowdon.

Burlington, 10*th month* 4*th*, 1798.

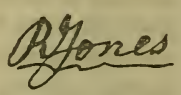
Dearly beloved Jane,—Thy precious letter of the 28th ultimo would have been replied to before now, but wishing to inform thee that I had got to Edgely, prevented an earlier answer. However, this morning I seem disposed to acknowledge it from hence. The favored situation of thy mind appears almost enviable. It is what I have been laboring for on my own account, and, according to my measure; it seems that through the infinite condescension of the Shepherd of Israel, I have in degree partaken of the like blessed experience; so that I can in truth say, so far from assuming the seat of judgment respecting those who have been bound to stay in our poor, afflicted, and almost forsaken city, my mind has been so fully yielded in sympathy with you, and other dear friends there, that the frequent, yea the daily breathings of my sorrowful soul have been, to the Father of mercies, that you might be surrounded by his all-protecting arm, and upheld thereby in every renewed baptism, both of body and mind. So that I rejoice in finding that notwithstanding many and great have been the provings of your faith and patience, the shout of a King is evidently in your camp! May this continue to be thine and dear Leonard's experience, saith my soul. Our several dear friends, who, for the sake of supporting the precious testimony of truth ventured their lives by going to the Yearly Meeting, are also the objects of my near sympathy and tender solicitude. Great must have been their conflict to become so resigned; and great also, I have no doubt, will be their peace, whether in life or death. We hear often of them who are in the disease. As to myself I may say that I came from Locust

Grove desirous of All-wise direction; but when the time approached, my soul became 'exceeding sorrowful,' such a cloud of darkness arose on the prospect that I was obliged to get into the quiet, and pray to be preserved from tempting the Lord my God, and in the sequel, as the meeting was adjourned, relief was afforded, and I said in my heart, good is the word of the Lord, worthy to be trusted in and praised now and for ever!

After seventh day please direct to Edgely, where I hope to be in the course of next week, there to wait until it shall please the Lord to open the way for my return to my little habitation; whenthis is mercifully granted, I trust, my dear friend, we shall be enabled mutually to set up our "Ebenezer" under the renewed sense of the all-sustaining power and goodness of the Lord Almighty, to whom be thanksgiving and praise, now and for ever. Amen.

Tell your dear children I love them, and think of them often.

I salute thee and dear Leonard in Gospel affection, and remain your tribulated sister,



As the Yearly Meeting drew near, being still undecided whether to attend it, she again visited Burlington, making her home with her friend Martha Allinson.

For a day or two both R. Jones and M. A. were under great mental exercise, desiring right direction whether they should at this solemn crisis go to the annual assembly, and not seeing clearly any light upon their movement in the matter; but when at length R. J. proposed to go to Philadelphia, the language distinctly presented, "Who hath required this at thy hand?" She informed her hostess of her conclusion to remain, and found that she had arrived at a similar decision.

From Burlington they were taken by James Logan and his nephew John Smith, 10th mo. 10th, to Edgely, there to remain during the violence of the epidemic. Next day, being the Youth's meeting at Germantown, C. Howell notes, "Dear Rebecca had

good service, dividing the Word with judgment, and with the authority of Truth." The ensuing first day, a large assembly being convened, divers of whom were not of our Society, R. Jones was strengthened to speak in the demonstration of the spirit and with power, to the edifying of many; beautifully inviting the youth into that strait and narrow but peaceful way, in which she had for so many years experienced the faithfulness of Him who had called her.

R. Jones to L. Snowdon.

Edgely Farm, 10*th mo.* 12*th*, 1798.

I wrote a few lines yesterday by Joseph, and now proceed to fulfill a commission given me just as I left Burlington by my kind hostess Martha Allinson, who desired me when I should write to you to present her dear love, and in like manner did our worthy friends S. Emlen and J. Hoskins. The family of the latter are all in tolerable health, except the young woman who had been nurse to S. Scattergood and family. A letter had just reached Sarah from her dear Thomas, who appeared to be low both in body and mind, and in bonds in the great Metropolis, not seeing his way to return with dear Wm. Savery, yet calls himself "a poor servant in waiting,"—and "desiring that whether he may or not be permitted to see his dear mother, wife, and children in mutability, the will of his blessed Master may be done." I thought this seemed like his having some sense of what was to befall his family.

R. Jones to Martha Allinson.

Edgely Farm, 10*th mo.* 12*th*, 1798.

Dear Martha,—I had not time by return of J. S. to give thee a line, but am now seated to inform thee that I feel quite satisfied in leaving Burlington when I did, as the weather was

more favorable then than it has been since, and the Youth's meeting for Abington Quarter was held yesterday at Germantown, which I attended. It was a solemn time though held for the greater part in silence. Dear H. L. Fisher had a few savory expressions therein. After it concluded, I found myself surrounded with divers of my friends, (fellow citizens and others,) and I believe we were mutually glad on seeing each other once more in mutability. James Cresson, Mary England, Thos. and Samuel Fisher and theirs, R. Buckbee, Rebecca Archer, &c., &c. were of the number, and appeared well. * * * Tell our worthy friend S. Emlen that there has been much inquiry after his welfare, and that if he sees his way to Germantown, I believe he will find an open door. My love to him and his promising children. And when thou seest dear John Smith give my love to him and his; the opportunity I had with him in the ride down is pleasantly in remembrance, and my desire is renewed on his account, that now having put his hand to the plough, he may neither *look* nor *draw* back, but, in simple child-like obedience, yield to that blessed hand, which will lead him about and instruct him, and, oh consoling thought! "keep as the apple of his eye" all his sincerely devoted children, even when "the blast of the terrible One may be as a storm against his wall." My love is also to dear John and Ann Cox and theirs, A. Vaux and others in thy freedom, particularly to I. and A. Warder, John Hoskins, S. Scattergood, and all their family. I cannot mention all that arise in view. A large share of love and gratitude belongs to thee and thy precious flock, whose best interest is dear to me. Salute me to worthy Jane Siddons. Accounts from our poor city are that though there is an evident abatement of the disorder, yet in the last few warm days more new cases have appeared: but that our friends were all mending.

Tell dear S. Emlen that I have just received a letter from L— R—, who informs me that she has a letter from dear Martha Routh (5th mo. 1st, in London) saying "the multitude, which is very large, have been fed with food convenient. It hath been pleasingly affecting to behold so great a number of young girls

among them, who have not only the marks of outward care, but whose countenances bewray them that they are learning of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart." She also mentions being at Tottenham on 1st day, and gave an extraordinary account of Sarah Lynes. Also a religious improvement in many of our young women, and that there were at the Yearly Meeting, lesser and greater *Prophetesses* one hundred and fifty.

I am not furnished with matter for a lengthy letter—hope I retain the humbling sense of that mercy and kindness which I have so largely shared from the bounteous hand of our heavenly Father, and am renewedly desirous that through increasing watchfulness and holy fear, I may be preserved from swerving from his law, revealed in my poor soul with greater power, light and certainty, than in any by-past season. Wherefore my contrited spirit worships before him, and humbly craves his blessed assistance, to enable me and all his dependent children to hold out unto the end. That so, if faithful unto death, the crown of eternal life may become our portion for ever and ever. I am, dear M——, thy affectionate friend,

R. Jones

Martha Allinson, in a letter to R. J., Eleventh month, 3d, 1798, says:

"Dear S. Emlen has been in to see us this morning, and on hearing thy message of love says, "tell her the name of Rebecca Jones has been pleasant to me these forty years. Tell her that I love her as a co-worker in the fellowship of the gospel, which I hope will last for ever and ever."

From Edgely she writes to a friend, Eleventh month 3d:

"I do not think I shall get to my lonely dwelling in the city till next week, when, if I am favored once more to arrive thereat, I hope it will be under a suitable sense of the Lord's mercy and goodness, which, having followed me all my life long, has not withdrawn from me during the late awful visitation: and with

renewed desire to be kept low and humble in his fear the few remaining days that I may be continued in mutability.

"Many of our friends in the city, and divers who, in support of the precious cause of Truth, ventured in at the time of the Yearly Meeting, are removed,—and these having been 'faithful unto death,' have, I doubt not, received 'a crown of life.' But it is not for us to arraign the wisdom of him whose we are, and who, most certainly, *doeth all things well.* And therefore it becomes us to submit to all his dispensations, and pray for strength daily to improve under them, that so, when the like summons is sent unto us, we also may be found ready, and, through the adorable mercy of our dear Redeemer, obtain an admission into the joy of our Lord.

"Perhaps thou mayest have heard that Sarah Harrison, Charity Cook and Mary Swett, have gone to Germany and the South of France. T. Scattergood is low in London: other friends there pretty well. By a letter this day received from Sarah Dillwyn, she and George are well, and in London."

* * * * * * * * * *

It may interest our readers to know that during this absence from the city the keys of her house were left with two friends, who were authorized to take therefrom anything which could minister to the comfort of the sick. She had a quantity of fine bottled cider, which was much valued as a medicine for the convalescent, and the friends, by her direction, would take a bottle and wine-glass and go from house to house, administering to each patient as was needed. R. J. was also diligent in making collections of money and clothing, which she sent, from time to time, to the city, to be judiciously expended for the benefit of her suffering fellow-beings. She had singular penetration in discovering cases of distress, and delicacy in affording relief. And although her friends often placed funds in her hands, without asking how they were to be appropriated, (confiding in her judgment and fidelity,) she was always careful to let it be understood, when such was the case, that the money she was bestowing was not her own.

The following incident may serve to exemplify that sympathy in exercise, free from all confusion which is at times experienced by those disciples who, having their fellowship with the Father and with the Son, are perfected in true Christian unity of the Spirit. At a meeting during the winter of 1798–9, R. Jones and her tenderly beloved friend Jane Snowdon kneeled simultaneously, and R. Jones (who did not, till after the meeting, know of the coincidence) very solemnly gave utterance to the spirit of supplication, which arose as incense from the hearts of the assembly; and Jane Snowdon, remaining upon her knees, felt herself fully relieved by the expression of the very prayer which had been begotten in her own mind.

Eleventh month 4th, 1798. Being First-day, R. J. had a solemn parting opportunity with a miscellaneous assembly at Germantown meeting, impressively recommending the performance of the vows made in the time of distress. The next day Katherine Howell notes:—"This morning Johns Hopkins waited on Rebecca and Bernice to Philadelphia, they having spent just a month very agreeably with us. And let me with heartfelt gratitude acknowledge, that my own large family, (consisting of twenty,) with the circle of my near connexions around me, have been favored in a peculiar manner, while sickness, distress and death, have visited the habitations of many in the poor deserted city of P.: and the sincere desire of my heart is, that we may walk humbly, and be enabled to bring forth much good fruit, to the praise of our kind Benefactor, who, for this, and for every other blessing which we enjoy from his bountiful hand, is indeed worthy, now and for evermore."

"Our Yearly Meeting," R. J. writes to a transatlantic friend, "fell in course in the Ninth month. Divers valuable friends from different quarters ventured in, just to adjourn it. Of these, ten took the fever, went home and departed—whose loss to the church is great. The Yearly meeting was adjourned to the 10th of Twelfth month, when we had the company of dear Mary Prior and Gervase Johnston. It was large, held the week through, and was, in all its sittings, the most weighty and solemn

assembly that I ever remember to have attended." Of the friends above mentioned, she says: "They are so clothed with love and meekness, that all ranks of the people seem united to them; and truly they have my cordial fellowship and near sympathy, as beloved fellow disciples and servants of our blessed Master, who will, I humbly hope, go with them, and be their exceeding great reward." To an English correspondent she writes: "The consideration of the time of holding our Yearly Meeting, which was referred to our last Yearly Meeting, was resumed. A committee of sixty men and thirty women was appointed, who all united in reporting that the third week in the Fourth month was most eligible, and that our general Spring Meeting be discontinued; which was united with by the meeting. So that, of course, your epistle will not be answered till that time."*

First month 9th, 1799. Referring to the prospect of more messengers from Great Britain, she says: "Surely the great and good Father of his family intends, by thus sending his servants to and fro, that divine knowledge shall be increased. So be it, saith my soul. As for me, my dwelling is much among my own people. This city is a large field, and much labor, exercise, watchings and fastings fall to the lot of those who are travailing, for its prosperity in divine things. Oh, that I could say that we have learned righteouness by all we have undergone! Then might we hope that the Lord's anger would be appeased, and that his hand may not again in judgment visit us for our iniquities."

* The third Second-day in the Fourth month was the time then agreed upon for the commencement of the Yearly Meeting; the first, commencing at that time, being held in 1799. That meeting has regularly convened on the day then fixed, from that time to the present. The General Spring Meeting to which R. Jones alluded, was a meeting of Ministers and Elders, which the Friends in those stations, from all branches of the Yearly Meeting, had held, up to that time, annually in the Third month.—Ed. Friends' Review.

CHAPTER XII.

1799.

Religious visit to New England, accompanied by Jane Snowdon.—Character of Sarah Cresson and R. A. Rutter.—Prophetic warning.—Letters.—Family visits &c.—Returns.—Goes to Edgely.—Interview with a Welsh convert.—Arrival of S. Harrison and J. Hall.—Incident in North Meeting.

On the 31st of Fifth month, 1799, R. Jones and Jane Snowdon, having been liberated for religious service in New England, left Philadelphia; and reaching Rahway on the 1st of Sixth month, they attended meeting there the next morning, and crossing the North river from Pawles' Hook, reached New York that evening. Next afternoon they embarked on board the packet "Eagle," for Newport, having for fellow passengers, Joseph Whitall, Gervase Johnson, Jonathan Evans, Ruth Anna Rutter, Sarah Cresson, Richard Mott, Abraham Barker, and many others. After a passage of forty-nine hours, they reached the abode of Thomas and Abigail Robinson, at Newport, on the 5th, "which," she says, "excited thankfulness in each of our minds." The 6th, being Fifth-day, they attended meeting, where the service devolved upon Jane Snowdon and Sarah Cresson. "It was," says our friend, "a good meeting." "On the 7th," she says, "Jonathan Evans, with R. A. Rutter, and S. Cresson, went to Conannicut, A. Robinson with them, to attend some meetings before the Yearly Meeting. Dear G. Johnson and company went to Portsmouth, &c. I felt most easy to stay here over First-day. In the evening we had a solemn opportunity in the family, in which J. Snowdon appeared in supplication. Being rainy, I wrote to C. Hustler and others. Seventh-day, the 8th, towards evening, it blew a heavy storm, which continued through the night. Oh, how kind is our blessed

Master to his poor servants in that we are not now on our passage."

In the letter to C. Hustler, she says: "I have for my companion, Jane Snowdon, a niece of dear Sarah Harrison, who is, in her gift and manner, enough like Sarah to be her daughter. She and her valuable husband, Leonard, are my near neighbors, and attached to me as to a parent. They are, in short, as I often say of a faithful friend, *a living treasure* unto me, for indeed, my dear, I feel in a very stripped state now in my declining years, many of my most intimate cotemporaries being removed from works to rewards; and oh! for some who have broken the solemn ties of friendship in a way still more to be lamented and deplored! But on this subject I cannot proceed. The Yearly Meeting at this place is to commence next week, and we have, with the consent and help of our dear friends at home, got here timely for it. In the same vessel, came with like prospect, dear Gervase Johnson, an innocent, humble disciple, much beloved in this land, and Ruth Anna Rutter and Sarah Cresson, from our Quarterly Meeting. The former has an excellent gift in the ministry, has had an excellent education, and in early life indulged much in gaiety, &c., but is now fervent in spirit, calling others to come, taste, and see for themselves, how good the Lord is.* Sarah Cresson was for several

* It may perhaps be acceptable to some of our readers, to see a brief notice of the worthy Friend of whom R. Jones bears the above testimony.

Ruth Anna Rutter was descended from parents of considerable wealth, and highly respectable character, in the view of the world. They were not in profession with Friends, and this daughter received what was no doubt then considered a liberal education, including the accomplishments of fashionable life. But at an early period, her mind became deeply and solemnly impressed with considerations respecting her future condition. The gayeties of the world soon lost their attractive influence, and she became solicitous, above all other considerations, to seek and to purchase the pearl of great price, the favor of her Redeemer, whatever it might cost. Her father, though he felt and manifested a tender attachment to her, yet not comprehending the nature or depth of her exercises, made her way for a time more trying than it otherwise would have been. But the rectitude of her conduct, her filial regard to her parents, and the steadiness with which she adhered to the course to which she felt herself called, at length overcame

years under my care, and I often thought she would be more than a common member, for she more resembled a Nazarite from her birth, than any other of my scholars. She is now eminent in gospel service. They have certificates for more extensive labor than I have any prospect of, and our coming together is mutually comforting and strengthening. Besides these, within a few years, many choice plants have been raised in and near our city, who, if they keep near the preserving Hand, will be blessed to the Church, when mine and other heads are laid low. * * * * * *

I am at times mentally visiting and conversing with my fellow laborers now in your land. They are different in constitution and in their gifts,—but all of them being anointed by the great Head of the church, they will, I trust, have their own peculiar line of service among you, and, in the Lord's time, return with sheaves of solid peace. Of these, none are more dear to my best life, than dear mournful Thomas Scattergood, whose re-

all opposition, and procured from her parents and connexions a degree of love and respect which could have been obtained in no other way.

Having passed through a series of preparatory baptisms, she came forth acceptably in the ministry, about the twenty-second year of her age.

Among the Friends who attended the Yearly Meeting during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, in 1798, Hannah, the wife of Jacob Lindley, was one. She was a valuable minister, and in almost all respects, a very superior woman. Soon after her return from Philadelphia, she was seized with the prevailing epidemic, and in a few days removed from works to rewards. About two years after this event, Jacob Lindley and Ruth Anna Rutter were united in marriage, and she, in consequence, removed within the limits of the Western Quarterly Meeting, where she continued to reside during the remainder of her days, respected and beloved by those who knew her, and were capable of appreciating her worth. Being, from early life, of a delicate constitution, she spent the latter portion of her days chiefly at and near home. While her strength was equal to the exertion, she continued to attend the meeting to which she belonged, where her voice was not unfrequently, sweetly, though feebly raised, in advocacy of the cause to which she had dedicated the morning of her day. In the autumn of 1810, after a decline of several months, she was quietly released from the pains of mortality, being in the forty-third year of her age.—Editor of Friend's Review.

turn, if it so please his blessed Master to hasten, may have a cheering effect on his dear and valuable wife."

We pass over the brief and cursory notes in the diary, respecting the time intervening between their arrival and the Yearly Meeting, during which our pilgrims were occupied in frequent religious service. The testimony of the church was given in the following minute, made on Second-day of the Yearly Meeting—by a subsequent one on Fourth-day, declaring their "company and religious services" to have been acceptable, and by endorsements upon their certificates.

Minute of N. E. Yearly Meeting.—"Having had the acceptable company of our beloved Friends, Rebecca Jones, Jane Snowdon, and Sarah Cresson, from Philadelphia, and Ruth Anna Rutter, from Exeter Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, at this meeting, their respective certificates were read, and their gospel labors [were] to our comfort and edification."

In her diary she notes, "First-day, Sixth mo. 16th, the Yearly Meeting began, and was continued till Fourth-day, the 19th, when we had a parting meeting with men and women Friends, wherein I had, in the fear of the Most High, to proclaim a time, when

> 'The Lord shall roar from Zion,
> And utter his voice from Jerusalem,
> And the habitations of the shepherds shall mourn:
> And the top of Carmel shall wither."—Amos 1: 2.

The very year succeeding this solemn communication, symptoms of an insubordinate spirit appeared, especially in the Eastern Quarters, and confined almost exclusively to select members, so as to induce the appointment of a committee, in the Select Yearly Meeting.* In 1801, the defection was still farther

* This was probably a verbal appointment. Committees were appointed by the select Y. M. on account of difficulties in different Quarters, in 1804, 1809, 1816, and 1821, which last was continued, by annual appointments, for years, and about the same time and in reference to the same difficulties, a committee was appointed by the general Yearly Meeting. These appointments (although frequently repeated from the date last mentioned to the present time) do not appear to have ever assumed the character of a standing committee.

developed, and numbers who had been regarded as "Shepherds," went into manifest ranterism.† This disease was measurably put down, and held in check, but even to those who only remember the trials with which Friends of this Yearly Meeting were afflicted, about the year 1821, it will not appear strange that Rebecca Jones had to deliver the solemn warning to which she has thus made a brief reference. Several Friends, who were, at the time of R. J.'s visit, in good standing, became victims of the fearful storm of ranterism, which carried from the fold even some who had been commissioned to "feed the sheep." And, although New England Friends were remarkably favored to conduct themselves in this trial with meekness of wisdom, so that the church, as a body, remained "stedfast, unmovable," yet princes, and honorable and devout men and women, were clothed with lamentation; and it is vividly remembered, how signally mourning was brought into "*the habitations of the shepherds*," on behalf of cherished ones who turned away from 'the footsteps of the flock of Christ's companions."

Nantucket, Seventh mo. 10th, 1799.

Dear Friend, H. Drinker,—I believe thou knowest how to Take large allowance for such a poor and almost worn out pilgrim, or else I should make a long apology for omitting till now to acknowledge the receipt of thy friendly communication of the 16th ultimo, which both revived and encouraged my companion, Jane Snowdon, who, thou knowest, is neither among the for-

† In this year a valuable minister (who in venerable age is still alive in the Truth) being on a visit to New England, found himself religiously drawn to visit a select member, and he delivered to him, with great plainness of speech, a close and searching message of warning and rebuke. The object of his concern, laying his hand upon him in a patronizing manner, replied, "Dear young man—be thou faithful—I desire thy encouragement."—His visitor, looking at him with surprise, said,—"Surely thou hast not understood me—I have been endeavoring to convey to thee, that thou art one of these wolves in sheep's clothing." Unable to bear such plain dealing, he left the room in a passion—and the character thus given, was, to the sorrow of his friends, but too clearly illustrated by his subsequent career.

ward nor too confident servants. She has, however, to my comfort, been favored to relieve, at different times, her own mind, and to approve herself unto the church, "a workwoman that need not be ashamed." Thou hast, I expect, through ours to L. S., heard how we have got along to this island, where we landed, after a passage of seven hours from Bedford, two weeks ago, wanting a day; and the next Seventh-day, came the other detachment, with Jonathan Evans, viz: Richard Mott, and his companion A. Underhill, R. Rutter, and S. Cresson; G. Johnson and Joseph Whitall with us. After attending two Monthly Meetings, and the Quarterly Meeting, &c., our young ministers have had two special meetings for the public, and are all gone to another appointed at 3 o'clock this afternoon, about seven miles on the island, amongst a number of people scattered about there. Not feeling bound to this meeting, and not being very well, J. S. has left me to write, at Wm. Brown's, and she, with many Friends of the town, has gone to the meeting. We are all, seven in number, with four of W. Rotch's children, waiting for a fair wind to Bedford,—it is now a-head, and so it seems it will be, according to the received opinion of Friends here, *while any thing further is to be done.* So that, perhaps, after this said meeting to-day, the work may be ended for which we were sent hither. But I grow so old, and am, as thou knowest, so poor a thing, that I am afraid to judge even for myself, and more so for others. Yet the remembrance of the advice of the Apostle, "Ye have need of patience, that *after that ye have done the will of God*, ye might receive the promise," keeps me pretty quiet, and desirous after best direction and help, without which, indeed, "we can do nothing." I omitted mentioning that G. Johnson and J. Whitall, left us last Fifth-day, on their journey further eastward, and that I expect the other Friends will go towards Salem, &c. As to us two females, we hope, after tarrying a while at Bedford and Newport, to be at liberty to return home. But hearing a report, which was current here last evening, of the yellow fever having broken out again in our poor city, has made us sad. If it should prove fatal, lamenta-

ble indeed will our situation be, but doubtless there must be a cause therefor, which I as an individual do most sincerely desire to inquire into, and to be enabled, for one, to endeavor after its removal, that so the sorrowful effects may cease. Alas! alas! for our once flourishing city; she that was once great among the nations, and princess among the provinces! Is she to become a hissing, a by word, &c? It is a subject I cannot pursue, and therefore beg that my poor mind may be stayed under this persuasion, that the Judge of the whole earth will do all things right.

I have felt, though absent in body, as I ought to do in spirit, on hearing of the departure of our friend and brother, James Cresson. We had a sweet opportunity together the second day before I left home, wherein my persuasion was settled that with him all would be well; and yet his removal will be a loss to society, as is that of dear Joseph Delaplaine, to New York. Thy account of West Town school is very acceptable. I lately wrote to C. Hartshorne, and hope that she, with others there, will not faint nor grow weary. If thou writes to her or dear Rebecca Archer, please, with my love, tell them so. I have since received a letter from dear T. Scattergood, dated Dover, Second month 13th. He does not know his wife's situation; says nothing about returning; desires his love to H. Drinker and his, and M. Sandwith. He mentions a memorable opportunity he has had at Foulkestone, where were several goodly *soldiers*, concerning whom he makes this remark: "Oh, the sweetness, meekness, and love, that were to be felt in their minds, though to appearance mighty men! Great has been the sympathy and love that I have felt for this class of people, and I should not wonder if they are numbered among the first fruits of a precious visitation, approaching towards this favored island. The Lord in his love hasten it!"

J. Evans, R. Rutter, and S. Cresson, unite with me in love to thee. Thine to them was encouraging. Please offer mine to our friends J. Pemberton, M. Cresson, dear K. Howell, and others in thy freedom. I note thy brotherly hint about

"nooks and corners," and hope to profit by it, but dear Henry, thou knowest we old folks cannot *see* as in the days of youth, and therefore it is a comfort that there is a lively prospect of a succession among the dear youth. This is indeed rejoicing to my poor mind. May they be kept down to the immortal Root in themselves, and preserved as fruit bearing branches in the heavenly vine, is my prayer for them. Report says our dear S. Emlen is coming to New York and Newport. He will be gladly received there, but if he is long about it we may miss his company. Our love to him.

And now, feeling the renewal of that love which in earlier life was our encouragement, and desiring it may now, towards the evening of our day, become our song of rejoicing, I therein conclude, and remain thy sincerely obliged friend and sister in the truth,

R. Jones

A letter received about this time by R. Jones and J. Snowdon, contained a message from Samuel Emlen Sr., expressive of his continued gospel fellowship, and of his trust that their "experience of the things of God in mercy and salvation, does in the silence of all flesh often authorize to hear his own ancient assertion by the Prophet, *Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord, that I am God.* Thus," he continued, "qualification is derived to publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and to tell of his own wondrous works, which continue to be not only marvellous, but unspeakably so, in the eyes of a humblingly baptized remnant, who love him above all, and sincerely desire that his ever adorable name may be magnified in them, through them, and upon them, though themselves may be frequently abased even as to dust and ashes."

To resume the diary; she proceeds:—"During the holding of the Yearly meeting, I had some private religious opportunities, and close labor, and some open service. So had

dear Jane, and Gervase Johnson, the band of young ministers, &c."

On the 20th, they went with Wm. Rotch and other friends, to Bedford. On the 22d they had a satisfactory meeting at Long Plains, and on First-day two laborious meetings at Bedford. Various meetings are noted, and the several travellers appear frequently to have diverged in various directions, and to have occasionally rejoined each other. "Dear Jane," she notes, "is in her place, and is helped, from time to time, in the exercise of her gift, which makes way in the hearts of Friends. * * Dear Joseph Whitall has a precious gift, and is much beloved by his friends." Having attended Bedford Monthly meeting, to their comfort, on the 26th they all went in a packet sloop to Nantucket, "where my old friend S. Barney was waiting to see me, and we mingled tears of thankfulness." Of the Monthly Meeting of Nantucket, and that for the Northern District of Nantucket, she says: "both these were seasons of deep exercise and close labor, which, however, yielded peace to my mind." R. J.'s labors on this island were extensive, and her exercises in the numerous meetings she attended, deep and painful.

"*Seventh month* 3d.—The Quarterly Meeting here ended yesterday. It was, on the whole, a season of favor, as well as a time of deep exercise throughout; so that we have fresh occasion to ascribe greatness, with glory, to our blessed Helper and everlasting Friend. * * I dont yet see my way for a peaceful escape, so we must wait in the patience till we can move in the clearness towards Bedford, and thence take a fresh look out. It is no small matter to be brought such a distance from home, and it will be a comfort, if favored to get there again, to look back without regret or condemnation."

On the 10th, of Seventh month, 1799, they all took packet, and being driven ashore at Wood's Hole, did not reach Bedford till next afternoon. After several meetings in the vicinity, she mentioned to her friends on the 13th a weighty prospect of visiting the families at Bedford, and received their sympathy and encouragement. On the 14th, being First-day, she had the

afternoon meeting postponed to five o'clock, for the more general gathering of the inhabitants: and next day "began the arduous task of visiting families in Bedford," accompanied by William Rotch and a female friend. "We set out," she writes, "in a low, poor and abased situation of mind, and were helped through the day by the Father of mercies." They appear to have visited forty-eight families, and to have been occupied till the 23d, when, she says, "we closed with a sitting with two schools, which were indeed crowning opportunities. Under the humbling sense of gracious daily help vouchsafed, our minds were enabled to ascribe the praise to our blessed Shepherd, who is now and forever worthy."

Having completed this service, she was careful not to leave New Bedford prematurely, "desiring that the Lord may be pleased to be near us in our return, even as he condescended to conduct hither in safety." She took a solemn leave of Friends at their meeting on Fifth-day the 25th, "under the firm belief that if those among them who are mercifully visited, do not progress in the Christian path, it will be owing to their not minding the day of small things." That day occurred several "precious opportunities," and in the evening many young Friends and others, who convened at the house of her host, Wm. Rotch, were "encouraged to *dare to stand alone* in the most important pursuit." Next morning was a "uniting melting season" with many friends who thronged around her at her lodgings, and taking leave of them, our friends proceeded in W. Rotch's carriage to T. Robinson's at Newport. At this place she was "deeply humbled" in several meetings. "Poor Newport!" she writes, "yet a small remnant therein claim our sympathy." Although she does not record having entered on a regular family visit, either here or on Nantucket, yet a memorandum, furnished by a friend, shows a list of persons visited at each place. In the evening of Fourth-day, the 31st, under a prospect of their sailing for home next morning, divers friends visited them at their lodgings, and being divinely favored with that influence, which, among Friends, is significantly called "a

covering," R. Jones was engaged in earnest solicitude that they might "be prepared to meet, with suitable resignation, the remaining portion of suffering, which, in divine wisdom, might be meted out to them, in order for their increasing sanctification and fitness for an entrance, when done with time, into the abodes of purity and bliss." Next morning our friends felt most easy to permit the vessel to sail without them, and again "had close service" at meeting. Next day she notes—"We were thankful in being with our dear friends at Newport." On Seventh-day, the 3d of Eighth month, after a parting religious opportunity, in which J Snowdon was fervent in prayer, they embarked with Captain Bliss—but rain coming, the wind shifting, and the sea becoming very rough, their captain had the candor to propose returning, after they had, in several hours, progressed but ten miles.

"Eighth month 4th—First day.—Attended a silent meeting in the morning—had some service for our blessed Master in the afternoon meeting, wherein dear Jane was marvellously helped under a mistake of the people, who rose when she stood up; but, when they became seated, she was strong in the work. At Samuel Thurston's in the evening, a morsel of true bread was handed and broken. On coming home, we found divers young friends, and I had a word of counsel to administer."

"5th. This being our Quarterly Meeting in Philadelphia, my mind was much with them there, and I trust that we may be brought into their remembrance for good."

Being still detained by strong head winds, they attended the Quarterly Meeting at Portsmouth, on the 7th and 8th, which, R. J. notes, "was large and solemn—in which I was enabled to be honest in a close and searching testimony, especially to the young men, a large number of whom where there."

On the 9th, attended to the last by many friends, they went on board "The Two Sisters," where, having dinner sent them from T. Robinson's, they all partook together in love, after which ensued a renewed and tender leave taking, and R. J. *finally* left the New England shore, where resided many to

whom she was bound in close affection. On the 14th, they crossed the North river, having the company of Stephen Grellet, to Rahway, where they met Jonathan Evans, R. A. Rutter, and S. Cresson, "and we were," R. J. says, "mutually glad on seeing each other, after a separation of several weeks for the work's sake. They proceeded homewards next morning, and we staid to attend the Quarterly Meeting. On the 16th came dear S. Smith, R. Wright, &c.—Oh how iron still sharpens iron! In the select Quarterly Meeting this day, some very painful exercise was experienced; the result was, that S. Smith had the Select members for Shrewsbury together, and desired R. Wright, J. Snowdon, and myself, might be present. He relieved his mind."

After attending Quarterly Meeting, and the meetings on First-day, our friends proceeded homeward, pausing at Brunswick, at R. White's near Princeton, at Bristol, Frankford, &c., and reached Philadelphia, where great alarm respecting the yellow fever prevailed. "I was greatly fatigued," she says, "poor in health, also in great exercise of mind on coming into our poor city; yet humbly thankful for Divine help and preservation, which we had abundantly experienced in this trying journey, having travelled near one thousand miles, and been from home near three months. In a sense of the Lord's goodness, we had gratefully to acknowledge, hitherto the Lord hath helped us! Blessed forever be his high and holy name!"

The fever continuing in Philadelphia, she complied, on the 23d, with an invitation to visit her friends at Edgely. To this salubrious retreat she was followed with abundant evidences of the love of her friends; many thronging from the city and vicinity to enjoy the rich treat of her companionship. Rejoicing with those who rejoiced, and sympathizing with the weepers, her lively feelings alternated as her suffering friends and acquaintances were raised from the bed of languishing, or removal from the mutations of time.

Being much confided in, on account of her wisdom, energy and benevolence, she was selected by numbers as their almoner,

and about this date we perceive notes of sums lodged in her hands by fourteen individuals "for the relief of the worthy poor." From the fund thus created, her own contribution was not withheld.

On the 25th of Eighth month, she mentions a painful season, in service at Germantown Meeting, and Catharine Howell notes that it was "opened by a young man; but R. J., like a skilful workman, waited till the flocks were gathered before attempting to water them. She then recommended our being quiet, and minding our own business, and urged those to whom, at the eleventh hour, a gracious invitation was extended, to double their diligence."

9 Mo. 9th—1799. "A friend informs me that he finds that in '93—in the date of 7th day last, there were but 18 deaths—but by the returns made last 7th day, there were 31. So that we cannot yet promise what progress the disease may make after this time. Oh, tis indeed an awful time!—May we all so bow in this the day of renewed judgment, as renewedly to experience the joyful return of the day of mercy and of God's salvation."

On the afternoon of Ninth month 13th, she drove into the lawn of her friend Thomas Fisher, near Germantown. A Welchman, who was engaged in levelling the gravel way, caught a glimpse of our friend as she alighted, and, leaning on his spade he stood earnestly gazing at her, till satisfied at length in his joyous recognition, he threw down his implements, ran to her, and, taking her by both hands, exclaimed enthusiastically, "Yes—'tis her!—'tis her!—'tis Rebarkar Joanes!" She shook his hand kindly, remarking, "I do not recollect *thee*." "Why doosentah?" he replied in surprise—"Thoo and Sarah Groobb had an appointed meeting at———," [a market town in Wales, not remembered.] "I thowt I would go and hear what the Quaker woman could sah. Why, dontah remember me?" he continued with increased earnestness—"Why I sot facint'a, and thoo lo\d at me all't time thoo wast preearchin! And oh! a brave meeting it was!"

T. Fisher, and our informant listened with much interest. This man was a convert of Rebecca Jones, and the communication referred to having reached the witness in his breast, he had supposed himself to be as much the object of *her* special notice and observation, as he was of that Divine love which had made her the instrument of good to his soul. Being thus awakened, he became an attender of Friends' meetings, and was, before leaving his own country, received into membership. He had never seen R. J. except on the above occasion; but, after the interview now narrated, she frequently noticed him.

On the 15th, (First day,) T. Fisher took her to Frankford Meeting, which she notes as "a large and solemn meeting, many citizens attending. N. Waln much favored upon the subject of the preparation of wills." On sixth day following, though indisposed, she went through a storm to Germantown Meeting. "I sat meeting with pain," she says, "yet I was glad that I was there, having a word of encouragement to the few who were present. Ralph Smith departed quietly this morning at his son Benjamin's, in a good old age. He had been lately received a member in our North Meeting; seemed in a happy, resigned state, and for near eighteen months was in the belief that he should die about this time, and had told his children so. Surely he must have been divinely favored with such an intimation. On the evening of this note, Rebecca Jones and her friends at Edgely were conversing about Ralph Smith, when some one said that this was the day which R. S. thought that he would not survive. His presentiment being generally known among his friends.

Her own religious communications are rarely mentioned in her notes, even when she records those of other laborers; and we find from other sources that she was often engaged in a remarkable manner, when from the mention of the occasion in her diary, we might infer that her part of the work had been in silence.

During her tarriance in the neighborhood of Germantown, she made frequent visits of sympathy to the sick and afflicted,

in which, at times, she was enabled to communicate to them of those unsearchable riches which alone could be of avail to them in their extremity. Her daily entries frequently concluded with, "*Read the scriptures in the evening;*" and the frame of her mind is instructively indicated by the following memorandum—"Lord keep and preserve us humble and watchful, *is my constant prayer!*"

At Germantown Meeting, Tenth month 6th, she was led to speak instructively on the happy state of those who had the Lord for their friend; who would not forsake them in the time of their trouble, but would be to them nearer than a brother. On the 9th she says, "This day, and the rest of the week, I was under deep exercise on account of a beloved sister in Ireland." Sixth day, the 11th, "Being the anniversary of my being taken with the yellow fever in '93, my soul was solemnly humbled before the Lord, for his unmerited mercy under that trial."

Edgely Farm Tenth month 19*th*, 1799.

My beloved friend, Martha Allinson,—Many times during my sojourning here, under the hospitable roof of my dear friend, Catherine Howell, have I thought of my dear friends at Burlington, and reflected on the time spent with thee and thine last year on a similar affecting occasion, with the desire to salute thee with a few lines by way of affectionate enquiry after your welfare, especially as frequent reports have announced the indisposition of our valued friend and brother, S. Emlen. Be assured that my former intentions, as well as the present sensation of love, are truly sincere. Please offer the salutation of my sisterly affection to S. E. and his children, J. Hoskins and his family, J. and A. Cox, and all thy precious flock.

My own health, since returning from New England, has been various, yet thankfulness covers my mind to the great Author of all good, that I have been thus kindly accommodated and cared for, and enabled mostly to attend Germantown Meeting. I have now a hope, that our citizens who have been scat-

tered abroad, may be permitted to return in safety, and, oh saith my soul, that we, myself especially, may return with fervent and renewed desires, to walk more humbly in the path of obedience to the law and commandments of Him who is indeed justly styled "the dread of nations," and "Prince of Peace;" that so, further chastisement for disobedience and ingratitude may not become necessary.

We have cause for thankfulness that our beloved friends Sarah Harrison and John Hall, have arrived in safety. They have left T. S. behind in the field of deep exercise. * * *

I have made several attempts to visit Westtown School, but as yet have not effected it; however, I hear that they are all pretty well. May thou and I, dear Martha, through all our trials and conflicts, be enabled to hold out in faith and patience unto the end, and finally obtain an admission into that rest which is undisturbed and full of glory, is the desire of thy affectionate friend,

R. Jones

She returned, 10th Mo. 25th to her home in Brook's Court, which was in those days characterized by neatness and beauty, and afforded a most desirable residence. Those who do not remember the character of this Court more than thirty years ago, would be likely to regard as extravagant the language of those who describe it as it really was.

The several branches of the family from whom it took its name and who then occupied it, were on terms of the pleasantest intimacy with R. J. One of these, Lydia Brook, was especially beloved by her, and is remembered by the Compiler as a lady of extraordinary loveliness. "Indeed she is a precious woman," said our friend. One of the few survivors of the Brook family recently visited the Court,—and as she stood before the house of R. J. (then in process of demolition) the dear voice of its illustrious occupant seemed to salute her, in these lines,

which she had taught to her as she stood in infancy beside her knee.

> "Give first to God the flower of thy youth—
> Take for thy guide the blessed WORD of Truth—
> Adorn thy soul with Grace—prize Wisdom more
> Than all the pearls upon the Indian shore."

There are still many who, who in reference to the subject of our memoir, can apply the words, "She being dead yet speaketh."

Her beloved friends Sarah Harrison and John Hall, having previously arrived from England, "the next day," she says, "after I got home, I went down to Thomas Harrison's, where dear Sarah received me with open arms. Language failed us for a space, and we silently mingled tears of tender affection to each other, and of gratitude to the Father of Mercies, in the humbling persuasion, that during a separation of seven years, in which time we had been closely and variously tried, we had been upheld and sustained by the special mercy and goodness of our holy Head and High Priest, who now on rejoining, enabled us to set up our Ebenezer. John Hall, who, on seeing me enter T. Harrison's parlor, knew me instantly, felt like a beloved brother. He staid a few weeks in our city, passing his time in our meeting, mostly in a silent travail; and proceeded on a journey southward, being accommodated with Stephen Grellet a steady young minister, for companion. Dear S. H. appears in possession of the blessed reward of peace."

One First-day morning, in the North Meeting, a meek spirited and valuable woman Friend arose, and having stood for some minutes, R. Jones also stood up, and remained for a short time, solemnly silent, neither of them having observed the other, until R. J. commenced a very impressive and weighty discourse, when the former instantly sat down. R. Jones knew nothing of the circumstance till it was mentioned to her in the evening, when she was much affected, even to tears, fearing lest she

might have crushed or hurt a tender plant of her heavenly Father's own right hand planting. She immediately put on her cloke and bonnet, and went to see the Friend, who informed her, that she (R. J.) had fully expressed the exercise which had been upon her own mind, and that she believed that the surrender of her will, in thus standing upon her feet, had been accepted.

CHAPTER XIII.

1799.—1801.

Death of S. Emlen, senior, and his presentiment of it—Notice of S. Emlen, junior, and wife—Gervase Johnson—Letters—Stop in her mind against recruiting her shop—Death of J. Hartley and the intimation thereof afforded to her—Reflections on the source of such intimations—Rich Cheese—H. Barnard.

On the 14th of Twelfth month, 1799, Samuel Emlen paid Rebecca Jones a visit, which proved to be their final interview. Noticing an almanac for the approaching year, he took it up, and placing it near his eye,—being, as is well remembered, very near sighted,—he said emphatically,—"EIGHTEEN HUNDRED! "*I have said, I shall not live to see it.*" She replied,—"Oh Samuel, dont say so!" He responded, "REBECCA—*I have said it—remember the agreement which we made years ago, that the survivor should attend the other's funeral.*" On the following day he was engaged in a First-day meeting in a lively testimony, and finding himself ill he leaned, in great physical weakness on the rail before him and repeated with touching pathos the following stanza from Addison—

"My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be,
And death, if death should be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee."

The meeting broke up—he was taken to a neighboring house, and, when a little revived, to his home. The next third day he assembled with the Church for the last time, and preached from the text, "This is the victory that overcometh the World—even our faith."

Soon after this he was confined to the house with indisposition, during which, with "tears of holy joy," he was enabled to triumph through faith, and give high praises unto Him whom he had eminently served. "The main bent of my mind," he fervently exclaimed, "has been to serve thee, oh God, who art glorious in holiness, fearful in praises. I have, I am sure, loved godliness and hated iniquity;—my petitions to the throne of Grace have been accompanied by faith." "All I want is Heaven!" he said as his end drew nigh; and having repeated part of the Lord's prayer, he added, "Oh how precious a thing it is to feel the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits, that we are his!" Impressed with the awfulness of the invisible world upon which he was about to enter, he said to those around him, "I entreat that nothing be done to me, except what I may request, that my mind may not be diverted, that my whole mind may be centred in aspiration to the throne of Grace." On the morning of his last day of probation, about 3 o'clock, he asked what was the hour, and being informed he said, "The conflict will be over before five." His last, or nearly his last words, after an apparent suspension of life, were, "I thought I was gone—Christ Jesus receive my spirit." And thus, at 4½ o'clock on the morning of Twelfth month 30th, this remarkable man and illustrious ambassador for Christ, quietly departed to be with him who said, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me."

Before day break that morning, Rebecca Jones and her B. C., were conversing about S. Emlen, and of a singularly pleasant dream * respecting him, when a loud knock was heard, and the

*This dream may, without attaching importance to it, interest the reader. R. J.'s young companion, in the illusion of slumber, thought

window being opened, Samuel Emlen's Roman Catholic servant, LARRY, called out, "*My blessed master's gone to Heaven!*" He was buried on New Year's day, 1800, his remains being taken to the Market street House. where Nicholas Waln and another Friend were solemnly engaged in the gospel ministry. Rebecca Jones, although an invalid, was true to the agreement, which she had made with her honored friend.

Fourth month 2d, 1800, R. Jones notes in her book of business accounts, "Memorandum, that having felt a stop in my mind against recruiting my shop, and having £200 in cash, I placed it on interest."

She was on this day engaged in writing an order for goods to the above amount, to be purchased for her by a sea captain who resided next door to her, and was about to sail, intending, as was her wont, to accompany the order with the money. She paused, and laid down the pen, and remarked to our informant, that she believed she had better not send. This vessel was wrecked and lost on its return voyage. The crew were saved.

How affecting is it, and what cause of humble gratitude, to have evidence that he who said of old, "shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"—is still a "WONDERFUL COUNSELLOR" to those who, walking dutifully in faith and simple obedience, have become quick of apprehension, in recognizing the still small voice. Truly is the wisdom which cometh from above "profitable unto ALL THINGS."

herself on Market street wharf, and under the necessity of going to a ship which lay in the channel, and to which there was no access but by a plank which was tossed about by the waves. As she clung to the plank, expecting to be washed off and lost, she saw Samuel Emlen, *senior*, coming, clothed in white flowing robes, with an indescribably beautiful and lustrous appearance. Passing by her, he stepped lightly along on the water to another ship, which was under full sail, going down the stream—he ascended the side, and the ship was immediately out of sight, and she was left struggling. With this she awoke, and the messenger arrived whilst this dream was the subject of conversation with R. J., both of them being impressed with the belief that he was gone. As nearly as could be ascertained, the dream and the decease of S. E. were simultaneous.

By the hands of her beloved friends Samuel Smith and Richard Jordan, she sent letters to several of her transatlantic friends. To the latter she gave a general letter of introduction, and in a letter to C. Hustler, Fifth month 23d, introducing him, she says:

"In Richard thou wilt meet simplicity, wisdom, and honesty combined." "They are brethren," she adds, "beloved by me. That Israelite indeed,* Gervase Johnson, who returns with them, leaves us under the impression of love and unity in our minds. May the Shepherd of Israel go with them, strengthen them in their labors, and bless their endeavors to the churches." * * "Thou wouldst feel for us when the tidings reached thee of the happy translation of our dear brother and father in the church, Samuel Emlen, whose company is missed by none more than by myself, as he often visited my little habitation, and as often confirmed Solomon's assertion, "as iron sharpeneth iron," &c. Being confined with a hurt during his illness, I did not see him after the 14th of Twelfth month, when he, being poorly, told me that he should not live till New Year's day. And according to his prospect he was interred on the first day of 1800. His son Samuel and his precious wife, who reside near Burlington are a very valuable, steady couple."

[It is a coincidence perhaps worthy of being mentioned in this connection that this Samuel Emlen, Jr., who was a valued and beloved Elder in the church, and a man of remarkable

*Among the trials which this "Israelite indeed" passed through in this country, there was one which must have deeply wounded his paternal sensibility. He had a son, who had emigrated to America, and taken up his residence in Philadelphia. Some time previous to the arrival of the father, this son went with some other young men to the Schuylkill, in the vicinity of the city, to bathe. Soon after entering into the water and before be had advanced many yards from the shore, he was seized with the cramp and sank. All the efforts of his companions, to save him, proved unavailing, and several days elapsed before the body was recovered. The father, ignorant of these circumstances, came to this city expecting to meet this long absent son: and, if my recollection is to be relied on, he went to the place of his residence immediately upon landing. There, instead of embracing the object of his paternal affection, he met with the sorrowful tidings of his sudden removal.—*Editor of Friends' Review.*

watchfulness, had in the latter weeks of his life a presentiment that he should not live to see the approaching new year. He died in great peace in Burlington N. J. 12th mo. 29th, 1837. The day previous he was visited by the venerable and patriarchal John Cox, who in a solemn address to his dying kinsman repeated the text "I am the Resurrection and the life—whoso believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live,—and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die,"—connecting with it the passage in Revelation, "Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first resurrection, on such the second death hath no power."—These passages lived with S. E. during his few remaining hours, and to the very last, even when the full power of utterance had failed him, he made repeated efforts to quote them.

His wife Susanna Emlen (daughter of Wm. Dillwyn) to whose singular loveliness and purity of character repeated reference has already been made, died in Burlington 11 mo. 24th, 1819.

A valued minister who knew her well, writing soon after the event thus commemorates her worth. "The writer has only to regret the inadequacy of her pen to portray a character which, whilst strictly faithful to Truth, should not be regarded by those who were strangers to this inestimable woman as the language of panegyric. Possessed of all mild and endearing virtues; gentle, benevolent, good,—she was the delight of her friends and a treasure of inestimable worth to her husband and relatives. The spotless purity of her mind, and the sweetness of her whole character, appeared so entirely without alloy, that she seemed like an inhabitant of a more blessed sphere.

"Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good."

And a bright and beautiful example has she been to all who have witnessed her patience and resignation under the most severe and protracted suffering. She had a very solid judgment united to great delicacy of taste—her disposition was remarkably kind and tender, she was serious whilst cheerful and social, and her lovely countenance beamed with soft intelligence.

But—she has gone—and her death is the withdrawing of a most radiant and beautiful orb that gladdened and enlightened the circle of her family and friends, yet the triumphant hope of glory through the blessed Redeemer is felt over all."]

To her valued friend and kind Dublin host, Joseph Williams, she writes, Fifth mo. 24th, 1800:

"As you are like to be favored with another visit from our beloved brother, Samuel Smith, who, with his worthy and valuable companion, my dear friend, Richard Jordan, I have no doubt will be cordially received and acknowledged, as they are, as true gospel ministers, by thee and all others who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and your sweet spirited friend, Gervase Johnson, whose innocent, watchful example will be long remembered by many in the land; I am desirous to accompany them with a few lines, to inform thee that I am still, to my own admiration, in the land of the living, and feel the continuance of that same precious influence, which so nearly united our spirits when I was a sojourner with thee, thy beloved wife and dear children. To all of them I desire to be affectionately remembered, and wish, most sincerely, their preservation in every wise and valuable pursuit.

"Samuel Smith, thou knowest—and he being qualified, can can give thee all needful information about thy friends in these parts; also particulars concerning the latter end of our dear friend, Samuel Emlen, whose company is not missed more by any than by myself; but as his blessed Master saw meet to call his faithful servant home, submission to His holy will becomes his family everywhere; therefore, I desire to say, Amen! Thou wilt also be able to understand how our dear S. Harrison has been tried since her return; she, however, is in the enjoyment of the reward promised to faithfulness, which appears to be also the strengthening experience of dear S. Talbot. She, Rebecca Wright, and Ann Jessop, were at our late Yearly Meeting, which was a solemn season. The remembrance of the four awful visitations which this city has experienced, and the approach of another summer, must, to every serious mind, have

a humbling effect. O, that the people had truly learned righteousness by the judgments permitted to us! then might we hope to be spared another year.* But there is reason to fear, that long neglected and repeated mercy, being so little laid to heart, further chastisement awaits us, the inhabitants of this highly favored city. Your trials have been of a different kind, and some of them, I have no doubt, have been magnified to us. I hope, however, all is not as has been represented; but be that as it may, "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." My sympathy, however, is great with thee and dear M. Ridgway; my love is to her and her companion, J. W. In thy freedom—though I suspect it will be a painful task—I should like to know the true state of things, that more than enough might not be in circulation. * * * *

Our dear N. Waln is poorly; William Savery, a strong man, and D. Bacon remains an upright pillar—sound and steady; perhaps thou hast heard of the decease of dear Patience Brayton; but Mehetabel Jenkins is alive and in the truth."

* It may be interesting to some of our readers to be informed that the yellow fever, to which R. Jones so frequently and feelingly alludes, and which made such awful ravages in this city in the years 1793, '97, '98, and '99, visited it again, to a considerable extent, in 1803. From that time to the present, though isolated cases have occurred, it has not assumed an epdemic character. It can be no disavowal of our dependence on Divine protection, to remark, that as far as natural causes have contributed to this exemption from epidemic disease, the introduction of good water, in abundance, from the river Schuylkill, must be considered as one of the most efficient. Besides contributing to the cleanliness of the city, it has greatly diminished the consumption of fermented liquors; and experience has sufficiently proved that alcoholic drinks, of every description, render the human body more susceptible of disease, and more insensible to the action of medicine, than it is when such liquids are totally avoided. Total abstinence has been found one of the best preventatives of cholera. So true it is, that whatever contributes to good morals, is, in general, promotive also of health. The blessing of Providence always rests on the course that is right.—Ed. Friends' Review.

R. J. to Martha Routh.

Philadelphia, 5th mo. 26th, 1800.

My beloved Martha Routh,—Thy last, of Seventh month 13th, 1799, is now before me. I had, before its receipt, concluded that, as so many of mine to different friends in your land had been lost, it would be best for me to lay my *pen*, where my *honor* had for some time been, viz., *in the dust*. But now, our mutual dear friend, Samuel Smith, with Richard Jordan, being about to embark on a gospel errand to Ireland, and some parts of your nation, feeling a fresh salutation flow towards thee, I am disposed to make the present attempt. * * *

I need not say much about S. Emlen's close, which was in great sweetness and peace, as dear S. Smith can give thee intelligence of this or other circumstances. Suffice it therefore to know, that our young ministers are, many of them, growing in strength and beauty, particularly Sarah Cresson, H. Fisher, H. L. Fisher, and Rebecca Archer. Our Jacob Lindley is to declare his intentions of marriage next Fourth day with our Ruth Anna Rutter. A like report we have of dear Rebecca Young. May they all be favored with the conducting hand of best wisdom.

I suppose your annual solemnity is near a close. My mind has been so much with you, that I do hope it has been a festive time, even if the cup of suffering has also been handed. Ours was truly so. We had the company and large services of divers strangers—especially Nathan Hunt, Ann Jessop, Daniel Haviland, and Daniel Dean, besides R. Jordan, &c. Thy dear R. Wright was here, and seemed of her better sort.

We are in full expectation that our absent brother, Thomas Scattergood, will be at liberty, after your yearly Meeting, to return, and, if I am in the body, I shall rejoice at seeing him.

I somehow was not capable of feeling sorrow, in hearing of the happy translation of M. Haworth; so many are the dangers that beset us poor creatures on every hand, that I have learned to adopt in sincerity, on every such removal from this militant

state, this exclamation—"Blessed are the dead," &c. We have affecting accounts from your sister kingdom. We have enough everywhere to convince us of the necessity of "taking heed lest we fall," so that I sometimes tremble on my own account. My old friend, H. Cathrall, is in an innocent childlike state of mind, but so lame in her feet, from a paralytic affection, that it is with difficulty she gets from one room to another. * * * * Have me, dear Martha, in remembrance for good, for I have many infirmities, both of flesh and spirit, to struggle with, and I need the prayers of my friends more than ever. Do sometimes let me hear from thee, and all about my dear friends in England—a spot pleasant to my thoughts; yet the good land, which is not very far off, being sometimes so animatingly in view, my soul is enabled to look beyond *the things which are seen*, and to crave that the Lord, in his infinite mercy, may, at the last, conduct my poor soul thereinto, even in the lowest station. Farewell, my endeared sister, for so thou art to thy poor

---

R. J. to Martha Routh.

Philadelphia, 11*th mo.* 6*th*, 1800.

My dear Friend,—Thy tender greeting of Seventh month last, came duly to hand; the contents whereof awakened all that is within me capable of feeling with thee in the depth of many sorrows, and with Friends in your land who are concerned to support those testimonies of divine origin which were given to our forefathers, and are renewed to us in the present day. Thine and other similar accounts respecting the sorrowful affair which so exercised your Yearly Meeting, explains what was before in circulation here. * *

What can be done, short of the Lord's doings, to bring the party to see and escape the subtle work of the enemy, I know

not. I sincerely pray that she may be restored to the path of sound judgment, and so remove the occasion of offence; or I fear the weak of the flock will be staggered, and scattered into the wilderness thereby. But the living Foundation will stand sure! Happy and safe are they whose building is thereon! Against these, we are told, "the gates of hell shall not prevail." How different are the sensations of my mind on reading thy account, and thy settled opinion respecting some of the younger class among you, whose solid deportment drew forth sympathy and encouragement from their elder sisters. And it appears from what thou sayest about meeting with our dear S. Smith and R. Jordan, M. Stacey and Sarah Lynes, at your Quarterly Meeting, that it was similar to what the apostle experienced at Appii Forum, when he "thanked God, and took courage." I remember to have seen S. Lynes at Clerkenwell school, and that my landlord, Joseph Gurney Bevan, told me he "did believe she would make something clever if she lived." I don't wonder at thy solicitude for her preservation. My spirit unites with thine therein, that she may be kept by the power of God, by the armour of Righteousness on the right hand and on the left, from every snare, and in every hour of trial and temptation that may assail her. I was pleased to find that she had so steady and valuable a friend as M. Stacey with her.

Our choice plants, Hannah, wife of S. R. Fisher, Hannah L. daughter of Thomas Fisher, Sally Cresson, &c., thrive and bring forth pleasant fruit, as do many more, in city and country. So that if thou shouldst be again divinely commissioned, and sent to visit this land, thou wilt have some joy, amidst many sorrows that will inevitably be thy portion.

Our dear S. Harrison is able to get to meetings, and amongst her friends; and our dear T. Scattergood feels near as ever to the living amongst us. He gave us, last Second-day, being our Quarterly Meeting, a lively but affecting account of his exercises; after which our Meeting's Memorial concerning dear S. Emlen, was read, and being lively and very descriptive, had a remarkable reach on the meeting, so that we broke up in tears. S. E.'s

daughter has been married to Dr. Physick, of an unexceptionable character, as a man and as a physician, yet not a member of our Society. What shall we say to such things as these, but that all must purchase Truth for themselves, if they really come into the possession of it. * * *

R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Philadelphia, 11*th mo.* 6*th*, 1800.

Dear friend,—Joseph Williams,—Thy truly welcome epistle of Eighth month last, I have now before me, and, fully resolved to keep fast hold of my end of the chain, as our Indians say, sit down in order to reply to thy sundry intelligence; some part of which hath clothed my mind with great sadness. The particulars as related by thee, have more fully explained the matter, which had reached us before thine came to hand. It is rapidly spreading as from Dan to Beersheba. I am not equal to any advice in this afflicting case; but hope best wisdom may direct whatever is done; and that the party may have an ear to hear "what the spirit saith unto the churches." And seeing what poor, fallible creatures we are, oh that we may watch and pray continually to be preserved on the one true and living foundation, "against which the gates of hell shall not prevail."

I am, however, truly sorry it is become so public, fearing, lest some of the weak of the flock may be staggered, if not wholly driven away thereby.

Your situation, before this happened, was to be lamented; and thou my dear friend, with all the faithful, who are endeavoring to "hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," have had a bitter cup to drink. But may it be remembered, that greater is He that is in and with his people, than he that is in and of the world! By this time, I hope, some of you will have to say, in the arrival and help of dear S. Smith and R. Jordan, "God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us

by the coming of Titus." My love to them, if they are yet in your land, and to dear G. Johnson; say I look towards him in the same love by which we were united at Newport, Nantucket, &c. He may have heard that his young companion, Ebenezer Cresson, died suddenly not long since, in consequence of a hurt on his foot, which brought on a lock-jaw, and took him away in his innocence.

Dear S. Emlen's company and services are greatly missed, but he had finished his work, and is, I doubt not, translated to a better inheritance. A sweet memorial of him was read at our late Quarterly Meeting, and a still sweeter one lives in many of our hearts. At the same meeting, dear T. Scattergood gave us an account of his trials, sufferings, and baptisms, which was very affecting to the meeting in general. We rejoice in his release from the field of service, and that he is evidently alive in Truth. Phebe Speakman also looks fine and easy in spirit. Oh, what a mercy, that the poor servants are so preserved through what is allotted them, and favored to return with sheaves of peace! * * *

We of this city have abundant cause to be humbly thankful to the Father of mercies, in that he hath been pleased to spare us this year a visitation from that dire disease, the yellow fever, yet it has prevailed at Baltimore, Norfolk, and Providence.

We have divers promising young ministers in this city. My prayer for them is, that the Lord keep them humble, little, and low.

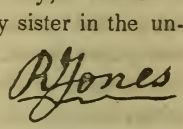
I wish my love handed to thy dear wife, &c. Ah, what changes, divisions, and multiplications in families, have taken place in a few years! and what remaineth to pass through is wisely hidden from us. I think this scrawl will convince thee, that I am old, and almost worn out, for all thou pleasantly sayest about old maidens.

As to my present circumstances take the following. I live in a neat dwelling in Brook's Court, near North meeting; keep a little shop; have a precious child in my B. C. I can walk about better than for several years past; have a tolerable share of

health; am favored with the company of my dear friends, and what is still more to be prized, feel my heart at times lifted up in gratitude and thankfulness to the Author of all good, for his innumerable favors and mercies vouchsafed in an abundant manner, to me, a poor unworthy creature.

Let us pray for one another, that we may be kept steadfast and immovable unto the end, and finally obtain an admission into that city, "none of whose inhabitants can say, I am sick!"

I am, dear Joseph, with love unfeigned, thy sister in the unchangeable Truth,



The scepticism which prevailed in Ireland occasioned her much concern; the more so, as it ensnared some, of whom she had hoped better things. "I have learned," she notes, Tenth month 3d, "that TRUTH has so far prevailed over Error, and light over darkness, that opposition to its known principles is on the decline. This must inevitably be the case, because, '*the* LAMB *and his followers will have the victory.*'"

Under the same date, she says,

"I have a letter from Richard Jordan, written after the last Yearly Meeting in London. He appeared to be low and lonely, having in prospect a visit to the continent, and, as yet, no companion. I hope he is by this time favored with a yoke-fellow, and have no doubt but his blessed Master will supply all his needs. He is a near and dear brother in the Gospel."

On the 11th of Ninth month, 1801, died her kind and faithful friend James Hartley. Early one evening, during his illness, Rebecca Jones sent to him by a neighbor a sympathetic message. Whilst sitting at her supper, at 9 o'clock that night, she laid down her knife and fork and sat with great solemnity, which feeling was shared by her companion, our informant. After a little while, she said, "The conflict is over, James is gone." About an hour afterwards the same neighbor called, with information that he had deceased precisely at the time of R. J.'s impression.

Whatever may be thought of intimations thus afforded to individuals at the moment when a near friend is disrobed of mortality, *the fact* of such, and of kindred phenomena, is placed, by reiterated occurrence, entirely beyond dispute, at least to those who believe the testimony. There are those among our readers who can refer to cases within their own personal knowledge. Several instances of this spiritual communion will be found in these memoirs, and more might have been inserted. We think it expedient to place on record well authenticated cases of the kind, not to encourage superstition, but as an aid to the believer, in furnishing evidence that the Divine Spirit does at times communicate to the human mind a knowledge of things which could not be perceived by the natural faculties. We see no reason for seeking to refer these spiritual phenomena to any other source than "the testimony of Jesus, which is the Spirit of Prophecy."

To C. Hustler she writes, Third month 12th: "It was like marrow to my bones to hear, by a late letter from Henry Tuke, that thou art '*strong in the best life.*' It must be a great comfort that thy dear children are settled so near to thee, and that precious Sarah is continued a prop to thy declining years. Salute each of them and theirs for me, and convey to them my fervent desire that they may become valiant for the cause of Truth, through an unreserved obedience to all its dictates, in smaller as well as in greater matters; seeing that the work of Righteousness is PEACE, and the effects thereof quietness and assurance *for ever!* Your approaching Yearly Meeting will be interesting—one subject in particular painfully so. May best counsel be waited for and obtained! Dear Richard Jordan, being left to serve alone in Ireland, calls forth my tender sympathy. My love to him and to Samuel Smith, Charity Cook, M. Swett, David Sands, Elizabeth Coggeshall, and G. and S. Dillwyn. Tell S. Smith his wife is accompanying John Parrish in a family visit to our North Meeting.

"It is probable that some of our friends may clear out at your approaching solemnity, whose return will be pleasant to

their friends here. May their peace be sealed sure. Dear Thomas Scattergood is a precious addition to our meeting. Our dear Sarah Harrison often mentions thee with heartfelt affection, and in a late conversation we were both so revived, that we concluded that if by going 100 miles we could gain an interview with thee, we should not hesitate an hour about the undertaking. We are as nearly united in gospel fellowship as ever."

Referring in this letter to the approaching Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, she says: "I suppose thou wilt look sometimes towards us, as I shall towards you, if continued in mutability. And this being one of the blessed privileges enjoyed by the children of the heavenly kingdom, let us prize it, be comforted in it, and give to our great and holy HEAD, who presides over his own church every where, the glory which is now and for ever his due.

"My Bernice," she adds, "continues an affectionate precious companion in my solitary moments, as well as a most tender nurse under indisposition. I number her among my comforts in the journey through and near the end of this vale of sorrow.

"May the Shepherd of Israel protect, defend, and save you by his own immediate power, in every time of trial and distress, is the present breathing desire of thy sincerely affectionate friend, old fellow traveller, and sister in the UNCHANGEABLE TRUTH."

Fifth month 4th, she received from John Lury, of Bristol, a present of "a *very rich* cheese," in which was a tin box, containing twenty guineas in gold, being the amount of a legacy left to R. J. by a deceased friend.

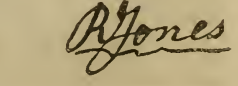
Philadelphia, 10th month 26th, 1801.

Dearly beloved friend, S. Stephenson,—I have often thought of writing to thee since thy arrival in our land with thy dear companion M. Jeffries, but being in expectation of seeing thee before this time in our city, I have put the motion by until now—and having, in a dream last night, been with thee, and embraced thee and M. J. in the arms of undissembled Christian

and Gospel fellowship, I have at length taken up my pen in near and dear unity, to offer the written salutation thereof to your acceptance. For, though by increased years since I was a sojourner in your land, I witness an increase of bodily infirmities, which, for the last two years, have kept me much in our city; I do, nevertheless, rejoice in the continued qualification to bid good speed to all the dignified servants in our heavenly Father's family, and crave that the arms of their hands may indeed be made strong through the Power of the God of Jacob. That so, in this day of deep revolt, and time of Satan's triumph over such who have been numbered among the *stars*—Israel may not be given over to reproach, nor Jerusalem become an hissing and a desolation.

I hear that ye are given up to the service of visiting families—a work in which thou, dear Sarah, hast had long and large experience. May it be blessed to the visited in that city, where dear R. Wright and myself were a few years ago engaged in like manner, from house to house. Whilst sitting by my own fireside, I can accompany you mentally, and share a part of your exercises therein, according to my small measure, trusting that mouth and wisdom, with every requisite supply will be granted, and the Divine name exalted, which is now and forever worthy. Thou art so often enquired after by friends here, that many seem already acquainted with thee, and believe that notwithstanding things are as they are among us, thou wilt find Fathers and Mothers, Brethren and Sisters, in the heavenly Relation; unto which I know thou wisely givest preference. * * I have no late letters from Europe, but, as I cannot hold out as usual, in the epistolary way, I must endeavor to be content under the ancient assertion, "He that soweth sparingly, shall reap sparingly."

In Gospel affection, I remain thy poor, but sincerely well wishing sister,



To C. Hustler and daughter, she writes Eleventh mo. 27th,— "My faithful, dear friend Catharine Howell's choice daughter, Elizabeth, about the age of S. Hustler, has several times, lately, lifted up her voice in public meetings, and is a precious plant. May all who have submitted to become fools for Christ's sake in this way, follow his leadings faithfully, and serve him with their whole hearts, is the fervent petition of my heart."

'So shall they grow to glad parental care,
And shine as warriors in defence of Truth.'

"Of Hannah Barnard's* return little has been said, so that I

In several of the preceding letters, allusion is made to the trials experienced by Friends, particularly in Ireland, about this time, but the name of H. Barnard has not been heretofore mentioned in connexion with them, yet there can be no reasonable doubt that she was a prominent agent in the production of the difficulties and exercises to which R. Jones frequently alludes.

Hannah Barnard, who resided in the State of New York, was an acknowledged minister in our Society, possessed of talents considerably above the ordinary level, with a force of imagination and power of language which were quite attractive to her youthful and inexperienced hearers. Yet some of the more discerning and considerate class regarded her, as one, to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, who was carrying more sail than ballast. When she opened to her friends at home, her prospect of paying a religious visit to the meetings in England and Ireland, it is understood that considerable hesitation appeared; but she was eventually liberated by the proper meetings, and proceeded to Europe in pursuit of her prospect. Whether she had, previously to her embarkation, embraced opinions incompatible with those acknowledged and maintained by the Society, or whether she gradually fell into them while on her journey; she at length gave such evidence of the unsoundness of her principles, that Friends in Ireland judged it needful that she should discontinue her ministerial labors, and return home.

From this judgment she appealed to the Yearly Meeting of London, where the subject underwent a careful examination. Her popular and plausible eloquence had attached a party to her, but after a patient investigation, the Yearly Meeting bore its testimony against the doctrines which she had espoused.

She at length returned to her native land, and a complaint being laid before the Monthly Meeting to which she belonged, she was disowned. From this judgment she appealed to the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, by which the testimony was confirmed.—Editor Friends' Review.

R. J. received from Richard Jordan a curious and interesting letter respecting H. Barnard, which the compiler has not been able to find among her papers. Writing in allegorical style, so as to be intelligible

hope she continues quietly at home. Richard and Martha Routh are on their way to New Bedford. My B. C. is a solid, precious companion, and as near to me as though she were mine own daughter. Dear Samuel Smith, William Savery, and Thomas Scattergood, are my frequent visitors, and brethren beloved.

"Could we but have a few hours personal interview, how pleasant would it be! But as this cannot be, let it suffice that we often mentally visit each other, and endeavor to live and walk in that holy fellowship, which stands 'with the Father and with his Son, Christ Jesus,' in whom all the families of the earth are blessed; and let us trust that, of his adorable mercy, we shall, when this short fight of affliction is over, be united in his heavenly kingdom, never more to part.

"My old companion, Hannah Cathrall, who lives about five miles off, at Frankford, is on a visit to her friends in this city, and though very lame, seems *renewed in best life.* She spoke a few words in our meeting last Third day, and will, I verily believe, land in peace at last. What a mercy!"

CHAPTER XIV.

1802—1804.

Arrival of S. Stevenson and M. Jeffries, and death of the former—Letters—Death of Hannah Price—Wm. Jackson—Retires to Edgely—Letters to James Allinson—Arrival of George Dillwyn—Returns to Brooks' Court—Whale—R. J. and S. Smith in sympathy with Friends in England.

In her pocket almanac for 1802, she notes,—on New Year's day, as we suppose—"Forasmuch as the Lord in his infinite

only to those who knew something of the case, he describes the arrival of a ship from America laden with contraband wares. A few parcels he says were cautiously opened in England, but, there being no demand for them, she set sail for Ireland, &c. &c. The allegory was ingeniously pursued. W. J. A.

mercy hath granted me a little longer space, oh that a wise improvement of the present time may ensure to me, when 'time shall be no longer,' an interest in his favor and mercy forever and ever."

She notes the arrival Second month 9th, in Philadelphia, of Sarah Stephenson and M. Jeffries, and mentions S. S. having, in several meetings, "good service." "Third month 8th, S. S. mentioned her concern to visit families in Pine street, which they began the 9th." This Friend was taken sick the next day, yet on the 11th she went to Germantown, and on the 31st returned to S. R. Fisher's, and attended Pine street meeting. "She was taken ill, says R. J., in the middle of the week, and quietly breathed her last on Second-day, Fourth month 26th, about seven o'clock P. M. She was interred on Fifth-day, after a solemn and large meeting at High street."

As intimated above, the mortal remains of this virtuous, amiable, and devoted woman and minister of Christ, were taken into the meeting house on High street, where, as we are informed by a Friend who was present, a number of lively testimonies were borne to her devotedness and Christian graces. Early in the meeting her bereaved companion, Mary Jeffries, was fervent in supplication. She commenced with the text, "As the heavens are high above the earth, so are thy ways high above our ways;"—and she implored divine aid, that she might take with resignation the cup, though comparable to the wormwood and the gall, saying, "thou hast given me to see that it is a sacrifice of thy own preparing, and that her peace has thereby been sealed with thee." She evinced, by her composure, her striving to acquiesce in the unerring will—in the evidence of which the minds of those present were humbled. Several Friends, says our informant, expressed their belief that she had come to this land in the ordering of best Wisdom; and Nicholas Waln said, —"she was the daughter of consolation; had a lively ingathering gift, being a real comforter to those who were thirsting after the living spring," &c. And Hannah, wife of S. R. Fisher, spoke in a beautiful and moving strain, saying, "It is the end

that crowns all, and as I was favored to see the close of this our beloved friend, I believe it required of me to say, that as she lived the life of the righteous, so she continued through her sickness, and in her death, evincing that the sting of death was taken away, whereby she was made to triumph over death, hell, and the grave. Oh, my beloveds, what encouragement is this to follow her example, that by living the life of the righteous, we may be favored to make an end like unto theirs."

The interment took place in the Fourth street grave yard.

To her friend Mary Bevan she writes 5th mo. 1st—" I by no means wish to take thee in any " snare" other than such as true friendship and good *old fashioned* love dictates, I say *old* fashioned, because thou knowest there is a deal of fancy goods, and new fashioned stuffs now a days, brought into use, and some of them of so flimsy a texture, that they are hardly worth the cost of trimmings and making up—that when I do meet with what I esteem substantial I am willing to clothe others and be clothed therewith myself—even with that love which doth not wax old like a garment—so hold on, dear friend, in thy epistolary visits to the *poor old woman*, now in her 63rd year, because she is cheered and comforted thereby.

I had heard of the removal of thy nephew R. P. B. and did think it would be as deeply felt by thee and his worthy grandmother as any other of his connexions, but he has happily escaped those temptations and trials that in various shapes assail us who remain in the field, and makes it necessary to put on, and to keep on, the whole armor of light, in order that thro' watchfulness and prayer we may be able to stand ! This I do fully believe was the care and concern of thy country woman, the late dear Sarah Stephenson of whose peaceful close in the service of her blessed master, thou wilt hear from others, but as I was with her at the time and a witness to her resignation and patience during the conflict, I am free to inform thee that after her visit at New York to the families of members, and such as stand disowned, she came to this city in a very infirm state of health, and having begun a visit to families

of Pine-street meeting, she evidently grew weaker. In the week of our late yearly meeting, she became so much worse, that hope of recovery was quite lost both by herself and her friends. She however continued till the 26th ultimo, when she departed without sigh or groan, divers friends being present. She was interred the 29th, after a large and favored meeting held on the occasion, in which her companion, Mary Jeffries was bowed in supplication, and N. Waln, S. Smith, M, Swett, &c., appeared in testimony, and W. S. a very closed in prayer. From all I can gather, I find this dear friend was settled in the belief that she should lay down her life in America ; and she will be long remembered, even as N. Waln testified of her in the meeting. "She was indeed a daughter of consolation, having a sweet, precious, gathering gift." She is now happily released from pain and suffering. Her dear companion, who faithfully attended on her, is truly an object of tender sympathy, being now left solitary in a strange land. But I trust she is under gracious care. She has endeared herself, by her humility, to friends here. She has a lively gift in the ministry, and will, I believe, not go unrewarded by her good Master, to whose dedicated servant she was sincerely attached in life, and whom she forsook not in her last moments!"

I am much of thy sentiment respecting Hannah Barnard's case. I do hope the right thing will be done and that your women's Yearly Meeting will be owned by the presence of the great Head of the Church, which is composed of females as well as males, who alike have need to move under a sense of their own weakness. But why let the tormentor Fear in thee predominate ? Perfect love will cast it out. He that feareth, saith the Apostle, is not made perfect in love. And tho' ; as, W. Savery says, 'tis better to be dumb than to offer the sacrifice of fools,—yet even *he* often declares that obedience is better than either a *dumb* or foolish sacrifice. In short, my dear Mary, 'tis a great lesson, to become a fool ; and such we must be before we are made truly wise. Take heed therefore to the gift thou hast received. Do thou *let it turn*, and be willing to

turn with it—then whatsoever it doeth and whithersover it turneth, it shall prosper. See how freely I write to thee. It is the fruit of that love, which I felt in first entering thy house in Plow Court—and in it I salute thee and thy beloved Joseph, and bid you endearedly farewell, being thy affectionate fellow disciple. Wm. Jackson,—a man of simplicity, wisdom and sincerity, has obtained credentials for a visit to your land."

Fifth month 8th she notes,—"Died, Hannah, wife of Philip Price,* of whom it may be said she was among the meek and merciful, and had marked upon her the blessing pronounced upon the peace makers. I went with Sarah Harrison and S. Rhoads, to her burial, at Darby, the 10th, where a solemn meeting was held. Wm. Savery had the chief service"

R. Jones to Joseph Williams.

Philadelphia Sixth month 9th, 1802.

My dear and worthy friend, Joseph Williams,—However, "short and scanty" in thine own view, thy letter of Fourth month, I do assure thee, the receipt of it has given me much pleasure; and through all its contents were not of the most consoling kind, thy account of your being more *calm* at present, affords encouragement to hope that the late *storm*, in which thou, my brother, hast been so closely tried, has nearly spent itself. Be that as it may, I have no sort of doubt, that thou, with others who have nobly contended for the Faith, as it is in Jesus, will by the same faith obtain victory, according to that ancient truth, "This is your victory, even your Faith!"

Thou wilt have heard, before this comes to hand, of the peaceful transition of our late beloved Sarah Stephenson, from this mortal state, to, we trust, a glorious immortality. Her

* Parents of Philip Price, once superintendent at Westtown. H. P. was a valued Elder and Mother in Israel.

chosen companion, M. Jeffries, seeing her way to return to her own land, and leaving a sweet savor here, will be likely soon to embark, in company with our dear friend Wm. Jackson.* When he arrives amongst you, receive him as a brother beloved, "if thou count me a partner."

* William Jackson, whose embarkation for Europe is here mentioned, was one of the primitive stock of Friends to whom the character given by our Lord to Nathaniel, "behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," might be justly applied. His ministry was not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but remarkable for its weight and solemnity. Though well acquainted with the doctrines and principles of the Society, as illustrated by the standard authors among us, his knowledge of divine things was evidently drawn from a deeper spring than books or sermons could supply. To those who had the privilege of an acquaintance with him, and who could appreciate his worth, he was a remarkably interesting and instructive companion; his memory being stored with a large amount of information respecting those worthy members who constituted the bone and sinew of the Society during a period a little antecedent to his own.

During the turmoils of the revolutionary war, he paid an extensive visit to Friends in some of the Middle and Eastern States, in which he sometimes appeared to have his life in his hand. But walking by the faith that led him out, he was guided safely through all his difficulties and dangers; and after nearly two years thus employed, returned again to his native place, in Chester county, Pennsylvania.

After the restoration of peace he performed a number of visits to the meetings of Friends in several parts of this continent; and from the testimonials which were received respecting these labors, it appears he was enabled to adorn, by his own life and conversation, the doctrines which he was concerned to preach to others.

The voyage to which R. Jones refers, terminated by his arrival at Liverpool, in the Eighth month, 1802; and he spent about three years assiduously laboring in the work of the Gospel. During this time he appears to have attended nearly all the meetings of Friends in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as some parts of Wales, and a number of them several times. In the brief memorials of these visit, which he left behind him, and which the writer of this article had the opportunity of inspecting, we find him patiently travelling from day to day, and from meeting to meeting, where the members were reduced to a very small and feeble remnant, seeking out and laboring to strengthen the seeking seed wherever located.

In one of his notices respecting the attendance of meetings for discipline, many of which fell in the course of his journey, he makes the following impressive observations: "Oh, these meetings for discipline, were they held and maintained in the wisdom and power of God, the active members knowing their own wills subjected to His will, and moving only as he moves them, either to speak or to be silent, what schools of instruction would they be, both to the youth and those more ad-

I am now confined to my chamber, with rheumatism in one knee, which is much swelled, and painful. Since coming up stairs, I have been honored with the company of dear S. Smith, who is my frequent visitor, S. Harrison, who looks finely, Wm. Savery, a strong man in every way, and N. Waln, who is in good health, and a bright example to the flock. James Pemberton also sat an hour with me last Seventh-day. He is near eighty, a firm pillar in the Lord's house, and his faculties, except his hearing, are, I think, as bright as ever. T. Scattergood and D. Bacon are also in an active, lively state, and at our late Yearly Meeting in Fourth month, we had the company of R. Wright, S. Talbot and Phebe Speakman, with dear Mehetabel Jenkins, on a visit to these parts. These were all in the love and life of the gospel, so that there is yet cause to "thank God and take courage," in believing that our heavenly Father continues his blessed promise to His humble followers—"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

* * * * *

How fares our old friend Jane Watson now? I have latley felt so much about her that I have written to her. Thine to S. Stephenson, says, "M. Ridgway is going into the North of Eng-

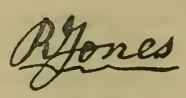
vanced. I am now in the fifty-ninth year of my age, and find myself but a learner, and in need of daily instruction."

He returned to his native land in the Autumn of 1805. The ancient testimony of the Society, to live within the bounds of our circumstances, and to avoid engaging in hazardous enterprises, to the disturbance of our own tranquillity, and the endangering of the property of others, lay very near to his heart; often advising his friends, and particularly those who were just setting out in life, to make their wants few, and thus avoid the danger of being driven to doubtful or improper expedients to supply them.

Retaining his faculties in old age without visible decay, he performed several short journeys, in the service of Society, after he had passed his eightieth year; but about two years before his decease, he found the disorder coming on, which eventually terminated his pilgrimage here.

In the beginning of 1834, while in the 88th year of his age, he was gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe, to the place of his rest, weightily adopting, a few days before his removal, the declaration of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of rejoicing."—Ed. Friend's Review.

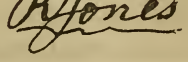
land." What a brave old soldier is she! If thou corresponds with dear R. Jordan, present my love to him; also, to all my acquaintances who have kept their habitations in the truth, which I sincerely believe is the state of thy dear wife and self. Accept, therefore, the cordial salutation, and offer it to thy sister, and son Nathaniel, from thy old and affectionate friend,



Philadelphia, 7th mo. 8th, 1802.

Dear friend, Mary Jeffries,—As I learn that thou art still detained at New York, I seem as if I could not remain longer easy without giving thee a few lines to manifest afresh my sisterly sympathy and love before thou embarkest for thy native country, where I do hope and trust, whatever may attend, thou wilt arrive in safety and with the sheaves of enriching peace in thy bosom. I am, my dear, sensible that thou hast had thy hidden conflicts amongst us, and I have no doubt but He who sees in secret hath been near to sustain and succor under them all. What a blessed privilege this! that "all the ways of a man are before the eyes of the Lord," who understandeth every secret sigh and silent tear of his humble dependent children. To these He never said "seek ye my face in vain." So that when restored to thy beloved relatives and friends, thou wilt have to publish the Lord's gracious dealings, with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of his wondrous works—"his wonders which thou hast seen in the deep!"—and this I desire thou mayst be encouraged to do, whenever the word of command is "Speak to my people that they go forward." My love salutes dear W. Jackson, a brother in the sufferings and consolations of the Gospel! He dwells deep, and from thence often draws sweet counsel. May he be strengthened with holy boldness and magnanimity to wield the weapons of his warfare against all he may meet with, that stands opposed to the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ—yea, against "Spiritual wickedness in high

places."—May the Shepherd of Israel be near you both in your floating enclosure, "hold the winds in his fists," for your sakes, and often make you joyful in his House of Prayer, and then bring into remembrance your infirm poor sister, thy affectionate friend,



In the Eighth month, 1802, a fever broke out in her neighborhood, by which she notes that the inhabitants were so much terrified that "nearly one third of them removed into the country." On the 10th she accepted the invitation of her "faithful, invariable friend," the hostess of Edgely, from whose country seat she writes to Sarah Hustler, Ninth month 15th,—"Whether the people were unnecessarily alarmed, or by the general removal, under Providence, the progress of the fever was checked, I cannot tell, but the contagion has not spread as in '93, '97, '98, and '99, so that there is fresh occasion for grateful, humble thankfulness to the Father of all our mercies, which my soul prays may be the clothing of all our spirits." In the same letter she says: "As thou hast wisely, and I trust, unreservedly, yielded to the counsel and call of thy heavenly Father, Friend and Helper, I have no doubt that, as thou art enabled to persevere in the path of obedience to his holy will, following the footsteps of thy pious parent, walking by the same rule, minding the same thing to which she has from her youth evinced that she has given the preference above every other consideration, thou wilt also be helped to sing of the Lord's judgments, and of his mercies, and adopt that ancient acknowledgment of pious David, 'Thou art my God, I will praise thee; my father's God, and I will exalt and serve thee.' * * *

"Though I am now in my sixty fourth year, and under many infirmities, my interest in all that relates to your family is not at all lessened, nor has my unfeigned love undergone any alteration or diminution, since the day that my heavenly Master

disposed the heart of thy beloved mother to unite with my exercised spirit in his service. The remembrance of some of our descendings and ascendings together, with and for the Seed of Life, is often sweetly and pleasantly my theme, in my solitary and silent musings, when, in the covenant of love and life, I can feel her near to my spirit, and sweetly hail her 'highly favored;' THE LORD, her sure support, being her staff, her salvation, her evening song of rejoicing and praise. We hear that G. and S. Dillwyn are about to return to their native land. What a treat I shall have thereby! Also, that D. Sands and R. Jordan have bespoke certificates. Samuel Smith, T. Scattergood, W. Savery, N. Waln, S. Harrison, and the rest known to thee, are well *every way*. In love inexpressible, I salute you all, and am thy cordial friend and sister in the Truth."

IN a letter to James Allinson, 10th mo. 5th, 1802, referring to the arrival of G. and S. Dillwyn, she says, "I have great joy in the prospect of our looking each other in the face once more in mutability, and can now wait with patience, postponing a visit for the present, as some rest among their tender relatives and numerous friends must be desirable. May the great Preserver of men, now and forever worthy, be praised! I expect we shall discover visible marks of age in each other, and I trust that we shall unitedly set up our Ebenezer together, on our own dear native shore. I am quietly at anchor in Liberty Hall, not having even the pleasing prospect of a quiet return to our poor city which by accounts is far from safe—new cases occurring, and my little habitation in the neighborhood of infection. I have concluded to stay at Edgely till the inhabitants of our court shall move back. T. Scattergood paid us a pleasant visit. William Savery is well, and much engaged about the sick and poor in his neighborhood. May the Father of mercies be pleased in his own time to grant us a comfortable meeting in

our North Meeting House again, and the desire of my heart whilst writing is, that I and all of us may return with spirits clothed upon with humility, gratitude and thankfulness to the great and blessed Author of all good. I salute thee, dear James, as a fellow disciple, and crave thy preservation and perseverance in the cause of Truth and Salvation." Referring a few days later, in a letter to the same friend, to the arrival of G. and S. Dillwyn, she says, "Oh how pleased I should have been to join their party. I hope dear Susan Emlen will be revived by the presence of her beloved uncle and aunt, and that you *all*, who are capable of feeling the bond of Christian union and best fellowship strengthened, will be qualified to acknowledge that the great Head of the Church, who puts forth his own and goes before them, is worthy to be trusted in and blessed forever."

Writing 11th mo. 1st to Martha Routh, then at N. York, she says: "I note with pleasure thy intention of spending some time this winter in and near our city, where, as heretofore, I have no doubt thou wilt find an open door, and be received as an ambassador for Christ. I do believe, my dear, notwithstanding thou hadst some bitter cups to drink among us, thy circumspect walking and gospel labors will be long remembered animatingly, and thy return to this city be truly acceptable to many more than thou hast been acquainted with, besides myself and my B. C. Probably thy tent will be pitched in the old spot, (Samuel Fisher's) a place in which such poor old creatures as I, can use great freedom, and from whence the spirit of our dear sister S. Stephenson took its flight from sorrow and suffering. I expect thou hast heard of the return of dear G. and S. Dillwyn, and Joseph and Beulah Sansom, and also that dear Wm. Jackson and M. Jeffries, have been favored with a safe though tedious passage of 38 days to Liverpool, and that dear Richard Jordan has arrived, all which calls for our united thankfulness to the great preserver of men.

Our devoted brethren, Wm. Savery and Thomas Scattergood, with dear Sarah Harrison and divers other fellow laborers, have

staid in the city through all the sickness. W. S. has been much in it, visiting and administering to the poor of all societies, our own especially. S. Smith and wife, with myself and many others, have been most easy in leaving it, and have all, I believe, been of more use than *poor me*, as I have been kept very much confined to the poor little flock at Germantown, where the Lord on high has often mercifully granted the needful supplies of heavenly bread."

She returned to her home in Brook's Court 11th mo. 5th, and notes her thankfulness in finding the city "once more filled with its inhabitants in their usual health; very few, compared with the numbers formerly taken off by this dire disease, having fallen victims under the present visitation."

In a letter written 12th mo. 9th, to Joseph Williams of Dublin, she thus evinces her continued fervent love to the disciples, and her constant desire to know how the Master's work sped in distant parts of the vineyard.

"I wish to be affectionately remembered to thy family, and to such of my friends in your city as keep their habitation in the blessed Truth; and that thou wouldst sometimes give me a few lines with what information thou mayest judge proper; for poor and low and old as I am, I trust the precious cause and testimony are as dear to me as ever, and therefore I cannot be indifferent to the many attempts that are being made to lay them waste, with you, and also in this land. I salute thee, dear Joseph, in gospel affection, and trust that thy bow may abide in strength, and the arms of thy hands be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

"Our friend R. Jordan spent an afternoon with me lately; he looks well every way. So also are all our dear friends who have visited your country. I hope innocent Joseph Cloud gets on with you safely. I almost long for David Sands' release. If thou seest William Jackson, who is a dear brother of mine; present him with my love. By a letter from dear Mary Jeffries, I find that she arrived safely at home, and is in the enjoyment of true peace." "'Tis pleasant," she says to the

same friend shortly afterward, "to converse, even in this way, with fellow travellers, who are fast sailing towards that *better country* where all sorrow, disappointment and pain will forever cease."

Early in the spring of 1803, having suffered greatly from rheumatism and an attack of influenza, she notes, "I have never passed such a winter as this has been—yet withal have abundant proof that now in advanced age I am gently and tenderly dealt with." On the same day she remarks, that if she were free from rheumatism, she might have something worse to bear.

To Joseph Williams she writes 3d mo. 7th, 1803, "I perceive that a portion of sorrow and suffering is permitted, sufficient to keep alive thy soul's desire after enjoyments pure and unchangeable. May we, dear friend, maintain the warfare, and retain holy confidence in the unconquerable Captain of our Salvation, whose power is not only able to change our water into wine whilst here, but can graciously cause all things to work together for our good, both here and for ever. * * * * Our dear G. and S. Dillwyn have dropped anchor in the quiet port of their dear Burlington since their return. We have exchanged some letters, but have not, as yet, met."

In the summer of 1803, her steadfast friend, the hostess of Edgely,—a playmate of her infancy—wrote to R. J., offering her a home during the sickly season; "on reading which," says R. J., "my heart exclaimed with the apostle, 'who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' &c. May that peace of mind which has been attendant in all thy works and labor of love towards the Great Master, and for the comfort of some of the *little ones* be increased by thy late sisterly offer to accommodate even poor, unworthy me, once more, in the day of trouble. I am under depression on divers accounts; pray for me when thou canst, that I may 'approve myself unto God,' in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, in this as well as other places, where I desire to be content with my allotment." This invitation was not accepted, as she decided to

take her temporary abode in the neighborhood of Darby, whence she writes to K. Howell, Ninth month 17th—"To receive from under thy hand an acknowledgment—which my own heart has often been sensible of on thy account—that 'the inestimable blessing of divine aid and support' was so richly thy experience, did, on opening the joint salutation of thyself and dear Elizabeth, sweetly contrite my spirit: fully believing that, as 'Mercy and Goodness have followed *us* all the days of our lives,' so whilst we prefer a dwelling in the Lord's house, or service, they will be continued to us FOREVER AND EVER." And to her daughter, Elizabeth Howell, she writes on the same date —"Ye are as epistles written on the tablet of my heart, and, in seasons of unmerited mercy and favor, ye are—as dear S. R. Grubb said to me in a letter a little before her exit—'interwoven in my solicitude for heavenly help.' *Keep me in your remembrance.* The restoration of thy health is a fresh proof of the fatherly care of Him who is justly styled THE LORD THAT HEALETH; and the reward of thy late dedication will, I trust, stimulate to an increased surrender of soul to the further requirings of Him, who, 'as a father pitieth his children, doth pity those who love and fear him.' My heart inclines towards the willing in Israel, and though I now am poor and sorrowful, my trust is in the Lord Almighty, and my mind is stayed upon his eternal arm of power, who, blessed be his name, hath done great things for me, and is worthy of the obedient acknowledgment of my whole life."

First month 1st, 1804. "I was," she notes, "at our North Meeting, being the beginning of another year, and was enabled to express my thoughts thereon."

First month 15th. "First-day.—Had a good meeting this morning. The prevalent sense of my mind is, a want of greater fitness to fill up my measure of duty to my great Lord and Master; and more sanctification of body, soul and spirit, to meet him with acceptance both here and forever."

"Search, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part,
And when 'tis clean, Lord keep it so,
For that is more than I can do."

"Third month 17th. After performance of a church visit in the evening, went to J. Pemberton's to see dear Martha Routh, who reached the city about noon. T. Scattergood came home with me. Some of our young people went to see a whale which was exhibited up town, about two-thirds grown, 33 feet in length, and 18 feet in circumference."

This whale was seen floundering on the shores of the Delaware, by two men who were ploughing near Chester. They loosed their oxen from the plow, and drew the whale beyond the reach of the tide. The news soon reached Philadelphia. Thomas Prior purchased it at a price which the men considered liberal, and brought it up to Kensington, where it was exhibited; the mouth being kept open by a tackle, and a high backed arm chair placed within for visitors, which seat some of our gentle readers will remember having occupied.

Third month 27th, she mentions "the passing of five couples" at the Northern Monthly Meeting; and some leaving the meeting in an irregular manner, she suitably noticed the disorder, "and such as staid quietly were encouraged." Martha Routh gave in a certificate from New Bedford, and R. J. accompanied her to the men's meeting, "where she had some lively and edifying service." "Last Second day four weeks," she adds, "both Samuel Smith and myself were so dipped in near sympathy with our friends in England, that we were constrained to mention it to our morning meeting of ministers and elders; and we are still anxious about them, under a belief that they, with the nation, are in deep suffering.* But the

*I do not discover any allusions from which we can certainly decide to what circumstance she refers; or whether there were then any unusual trials to which Friends in England were exposed, except such as might be apprehended from the condition of public affairs; but as she speaks of the *nation* being in suffering, we may reasonably infer that her sensitive mind, as well as that of Samuel Smith, was deeply pained with the calamities then impending over the British nation. After

Lord is able to deliver them out of all their afflictions—may it be so, saith my poor soul."

Third month 28th. Thomas Scattergood came and gave a more favorable account of William Savery, who, for some weeks past, appears in declining health, and has had a paralytic affection; also symptoms of dropsy. The prospect of losing so valuable a member of our society, is a close trial to his near friends."

"Fourth month 14th. Seventh day.—The Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, began at 10 and again at 3; both were large and solid sittings. 15th. Both our meetings were very

the English and French had passed a number of years in wasting the strength of each other, they formed a treaty of peace in 1801. But this short-lived pacification was broken in 1803, by the pride and ambition of their rulers. Napoleon Buonaparte, who held the chief power in France, had openly declared to the British minister, Whitworth, that in case hostilities were renewed, he was determined to make a descent in person on the English coast. Hostilities were renewed some months before this letter was written, and numerous armaments were stationed in the ports of the continent, which lie opposite to the island. This circumstance naturally excited unusual alarm, and unavoidably produced much solicitude among Friends, lest under these trying emergencies their testimony against war should not be faithfully maintained; or that considerable suffering might be experienced in supporting it.

Never since the days of William of Normandy, had the people of England been subjected to the miseries of a hostile invasion, under a foreign leader. And the consequences of that invasion were not forgotten in the time of George the Third. The injury to be apprehended in 1804, from an inundation of foreign invaders, was incomparably greater than it could be in 1066. For the property which was liable to be plundered or destroyed, in the beginning of the ninteenth century, within the limits of a single parish, was probably greater than could be found in the Island, when William landed his Norman host on the coast of Sussex.

To a mind like that of Rebecca Jones, the prospect of having the fields over which she had passed a few years before with her message of peace on earth and good will to man, overspread with the desolating legions of France, and exposed to all the horrors of an invasion, such as has turned some of the fairest portions of continental Europe into a desert, must have been painful in the extreme. Her pious reflection, that the Lord was able to deliver them from all their affliction, is fully proved by events to have been entirely just. And it was cause of thankfulness to the great Disposer of events, that so great a calamity was not permitted to fall on the English nation.—*Editor of Friends' Review.*

large—both houses full. Second day the 16th. The Meeting for Business commenced and ended on the 20th, about 1½ o'clock. All the meetings were large and much favored." "24th. M. Routh and M. Mifflin attended our Monthly Meeting. Six couples passed."

About this time are noted many visits to the sick, frequently in association with Martha Routh ; also memoranda of the death of many of her acquaintances ; and of visits received from her friends, the catalogue of whom presents a noble array of individuals, whose qualities and Christian graces would have ennobled any age or country. Whilst, for the sake of brevity, we have, in omitting these, omitted a very considerable portion of her diaries ; we have been touched in the contemplation of the train of redeemed ones, who doubtless have "through faith, obtained the resurrection, and eternal holy life," and been merged in the "innumerable company" to whom we are assured that the subject of these memoirs has also been joined.

Richard Routh and Jesse Kersey being about to embark for England, R. J. went with Martha Routh and several friends to visit the ship on the 30th of Fifth month, on which day she notes —"John and Ann Warder, intending for Newport Y. Meeting, kindly offered me a seat in their carriage, which, for a time, looked pleasant ; but this prospect having clouded over, I informed Ann that I had quite given it up, at which she was much affected, having been pleased with the idea of my company."

CHAPTER XV.

1804.

Death of Wm. Savery—Jacob Beck's lines on the occasion—Letters and notes—New Year's reflections 1805—Ann Alexander—Yearly Meeting—M. Routh sails for England—Letter to M. R.—Dorothy Ripley—Death of B. Cathrall and wife, and Rachel Collins—Yellow Fever—Goes to Darby—Interesting letter to Mary Bevan—Returns to the Court.

"Sixth month 19th, 1804.—Third-day. This morning, before

I was up, Ruth Ely sent to let me know that our endeared brother, Wm. Savery, departed about six o'clock, very quietly, though unexpectedly at the time, having rode out the day before, and seemed rather better. But in the night the dropsical symptoms increased, and the water rising, it is believed proved suffocating. His last words were "GLORY TO GOD!" His remains were kept till 3 o'clock on Fourth-day, when, instead of taking him to the burial ground, he was, at M. Routh's request, taken to our North Meeting House, where M. R. had a short testimony to his worth as a minister, fellow member, and fellow citizen, greatly beloved for the work's sake. Elizabeth Foulke appeared in prayer, and in a very heavy rain his body was taken to our ground, and decently interred there.

> "While the glad soul borne on some cherub's wing,
> Attends the throne of her celestial King,
> To claim the promised Palm in JESUS' name,
> And join in worship with a serpent's flame."

"Thus it is, my cotemporaries, friends, and acquaintances, are called hence one after another, and I, a monument of divine mercy and compassion, am spared a little longer. May the deep enquiry, *for what end?* be constantly with me, and may my blessed Lord and Master enable me, with increasing diligence, to finish the work he has given me to do;—so as that I also may end in peace, with the like triumphant song of 'GLORY TO GOD in the highest,' is my fervent prayer.

"Now this 21st of Sixth month, great and heavy rains have fallen for three days past, without much intermission; also much rain in the past week. It is feared that the grain will be nearly lost, as well as the hay, abundance of which has perished. What a humbling prospect this affords to us poor, short-sighted mortals. Truly we are nothing, nor can do any thing, in promoting temporal or spiritual good, without the Lord is pleased to bless the work in and for us."

In Front street, opposite the end of Brook's court, stood, at the time of which we write, Peter Brown's blacksmith shop,

where was employed as foreman, Jacob B——k, an elderly man, and a sober minded Methodist, who had lost three daughters in the yellow fever of 1802. Wm. Savery had in this, as in many other instances, devoted much personal attention, at the risk of his own life. A few days after the decease of W. S. this man went up the Court to fill his *noggin* at R. J.'s pump, which, on account of the quality of the water, was resorted to by persons from many squares distant. Seeing her seated by her open window, he accosted her. "May be you won't have any objections to hearing a hymn I've made to sing over my work;" adding that it helped his mind to soar, while his hands were engaged in necessary labor. He then proceeded to sing his verses with much emotion, which, with no claim to poetical elegance, contained a warm expression of regard for the virtues and value of William Savery, clearly showing that a memorial to the worth of this "disinterested and faithful minister of Christ," as his venerable biographer has appropriately styled him, lived in the hearts of others than his own people. And truly his solicitude to do good to the bodies and souls of men, was limited by no sectarian boundary.*

Seventh month 18th. After noting a recent failure of her health, she adds,—"Yet I have mostly attended meetings, where once S. Starr and Thomas Scattergood were prophetic, in prospect of some impending calamity, for which, may the Lord prepare us."

Having during a brief absence from home, attended meetings, she notes, Tenth month 8th, "M. Routh is still in Jersey, laboring for the good of souls. Ann Alexander and companion, and

* Altho' this "hymn" (as he styled it) was certainly not intended to create a smile, a sample of it may as a curiosity amuse the reader.

"Oh the nineteenth of June Eighteen hundred and four,
Was a sorrowful day to full many a score
Of the children of Adam—for on that sad day
The spirit of SAVERY did thus soar away
To the regions of bliss and of endless delight,
Where Jesus doth reign and there is no night—
For HE is the SUN that enlightens the land,
And Savery the faithful stands at his right hand."

Joseph Bowne, reached this city the 29th ult, and left it the 6th inst., for Baltimore Yearly Meeting, expecting to move towards Carolina, &c. This morning Joseph Bowne, on his return, called at my house. The mercy of God is indeed inexpressibly great to us poor creatures, and humility, gratitude and fear, ought to be our clothing, under the signal display of his kindness in sparing us this summer from the yellow fever, about which my fellow citizens were greatly intimidated in the time of its usual approach. May my soul forever bear in mind the Lord's goodness to me, a poor unworthy creature, in raising me again from the bed of languishing under that sore disease, in the year 1793. Just eleven years ago, wanting three days, was I seized therewith. Oh, it is the renewed anniversary of a very solemn time to me.

Joseph Cloud, who has lately returned from Great Britain, took a solemn farewell at our meeting yesterday morning, intending to go to his native home, in North Carolina."

To Martha Allinson.

Philadelphia, 10*th mo.* 27*th*, 1804.

My dear friend,—Thy sisterly disposition to oblige a feeble fellow pilgrim, claims my sincere and grateful acknowledgment. I am deficient in my returns to thy last two very acceptable epistles, and hope thou wilt continue to feel love enough in thy heart, to induce thee to forgive past omissions, and to write freely whenever thou art, by the great and good Remembrancer, reminded of poor me. I can assure thee that I do love all my Burlington friends. I had your last Quarterly meeting in contemplation, but failed in that, as I have in many other instances, when I came to put things in the right *balance.*

Please accept the enclosed,—they are to be valued only on account of their being manufactured by the Friends, whilst prisoners at York Castle, Great Britain, for their testimony against *tythes.*

I expect thou hast heard of dear A. Alexander's movements,

and that W——C —— has family visiting before him, to begin at Pine street.

I have not forgotten any of my old fellow travellers—no not even those who reside in and near the *quiet city of Burlington*. G. and S. D., I and A. Cox, S. and S. Emlen, the Hoskinses, the Smiths, the Morrises &c., &c. * * *

"Eleventh month 1st.—I have endeavored to look at my friend M. Routh's proposal for me to join her proposed family visit to our disowned members, but cannot find that it is my business, nor that my bodily powers are equal to such an exposure, the ensuing winter."

"7th. Our Quarterly Meeting, held the 3d and 5th, was large and favored. M. Routh, Martha Allinson, L. Hoskins, C. Cook, &c. &c., attended it. On Third-day, the 6th, our week day meeting, and a large one for the black people, which was solemn. T. Scattergood had the service."

"10th. Great depression of both body and mind attended me, insomuch, that at seasons I was indeed ready to conclude myself altogether unworthy of the notice even of my dear friends. But I endeavored to look up to, and put my trust in my alone Friend, Benefactor, and Saviour, whose compassion is unfailing, and whose mercies are new every morning. Blessed be his holy Name—Great is his faithfulness—great his Truth!"

"First-day morning, the 11th, got to our meeting, and felt a renewal of the spirit of prayer, which bowed both mind and body under it."

"Twelfth month 4th. At our Monthly Meeting a solemn quiet prevailed. Our brethren were engaged about a testimony for our late brother W, Savery, of which S. Smith gave me a satisfactory account.* On Third-day, the 11th, our meeting was a season of great favor, through the ministry of J. Simpson and T. Scattergood. Next day, being in company with dear Rebec-

* For this testimony of Northern District Monthly Meeting, and for an interesting and instructive biography of Wm. Savery, compiled by Jonathan Evans, see Friends'Library, vol. 1

ca Wright, she and I took sweet counsel together, and her spirit and company were precious to me, as in former years."

"First month 1st, 1805.—Now opens another year, and that I am spared to this time is marvellous in my eyes. O Lord my God, be graciously pleased to look down with an eye of compassion upon me, now in my declining years, even as thou, in thy adorable goodness and mercy, didst in the days of my youth, when being but sixteen years of age, thy gracious visitation of pardoning Love, Grace, and Salvation plucked my soul as a brand from the burning, cast thy mantle of forgiveness and mercy over me, and with a powerful voice said unto me, 'Live.' Every part of thy blessed covenant, thou, my heavenly Father, hast fulfilled—no part thereof hast thou broken. Thou hast supplied me with all things necessary, so that I have not lacked anything! I have often broken my covenant with thee; I have repeatedly transgressed, and thou hast abundantly pardoned. Continue thy rod and thy staff to the end of my days here, and oh, FOR THY DEAR SON'S SAKE, grant my poor soul an admission into everlasting rest, when it shall please thee to call me hence, is, thou knowest, my fervent prayer this evening. Eight o'clock."

"Second month 2d. Seventh-day.—Went to our Select Quarterly Meeting with N. Waln, in his carriage. John Letchworth was received a minister, and two elders and a minister from Muncy were accepted."

"11th. Ann Alexander had weighty service at meeting. I stopped to hear and judge of an epistle from A. A. to the inhabitants of Charlestown."

R. J. being closely united with her friend Ann Alexander, notes frequent attendance of meetings with her; among others she mentions "large and much favored meetings" held by her appointment, for the inhabitants at large, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of Third month. "A. A. was silent," she writes, "in that at Pine street. George Dillwyn had been with her and her company to Westtown school and to some meetings in Chester county, so he staid to those three meetings, and had good ser-

vice there." Fourth month 5th, I went with A. Alexander to the scholars meeting,* and afterwards to see all the Friends in our almshouses."†

"Fifth month 1st. Since the last note our Yearly Meeting has been held, and though throughout it was a low time, yet a good degree of weight and solemnity attended, and, I trust, some strength and encouragement were received by the true burden bearers. The women's meetings were held in the new house built for that purpose, in Arch street burying ground, and was very large. It was said by some men Friends who took the account, that sixteen hundred were accommodated in it. G. Dillwyn and W. C. made us a visit, and were lively in their service. Charity Cook and Ann Alexander visited the men's meeting, in which the latter had a lively testimony. I was marvellously supported in sitting so many long meetings, and for which I desire to be humbly thankful to my ever blessed Helper and sure Friend. The meeting ended on Seventh-day, about 11 o'clock, but not as soon as we wished, and hoped it would. Yesterday a meeting for other societies was held at the Arch street house, at C. Cook's desire, in which she and W. C. had the service, and the people were greatly disappointed in not having A. Alexander, who has great acceptance and place with our own and other societies. I went with A. A. to visit all the Friends in our alms houses, and to the three schools in our Northern house, in which she had something lively to offer."

"Fifth month 5th. A. Alexander had a large meeting for the inhabitants of this city, in our new house on Arch street, and was greatly favored therein, as also at our Quarterly Meeting, which M. Routh attended in silence. On the 9th was held the Quarterly Meeting for the black people, and was the last meet-

* Meetings were held for the pupils of Friends' schools at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

† Some readers may possibly be unaware that these houses were provided by Friends, for the comfort and respectable residence of their own poor, no Friend being allowed to come upon the public for maintenance.

ing of the sort, as Friends, upon weighty deliberation, were united in the belief that the service of them was over, and they have now several places for worship of their own; of which they were very judiciously and affectionately informed by Nicholas Waln, and the meeting ended with solemnity. At this meeting Ann Alexander was remarkably engaged in testimony."

"8th. Although very poorly, I rose timely for going to John Warder's, from whence Ann Alexander took her departure for the Yearly Meeting at New York, intending from thence to take her passage to Ireland. We parted in the love of our heavenly Father, and my prayers are for her preservation every way, as for my own soul."

"After this I went but little out except to our own meeting, and in attending to business relative thereto, till the 25th, when I went to James Pemberton's and took an affectionate leave of dear Martha Routh, who about noon went on board the ship Rose, Capt. Hathaway, bound for Liverpool. May divine Mercy be with her, and protect and carry her in safety and peace to her desired port, is my fervent prayer."

R. J. to Martha Routh.

Philadelphia, 5th mo. 29th, 1805.

My dearly beloved friend and sister,—Feeling my heart this morning renewedly bound to thee in the precious fellowship of the gospel, in the afflictions whereof I have also often been thy companion, I have called for pen and ink, to salute thee on board the Rose. And perhaps my salutation may soon after thy arrival be put into thy hand.

My feelings on parting with thee at J. P.'s last Seventh-day, amidst such a concourse of thy friends, were indescribable, fully believing that though we may never more meet in mutability, our spirits will not be separated by either distance of time or space. I don't dare to say that thou wilt never see America again; that and all future events I desire to leave to thy blessed Master, who hath often made a way for thee, even when thou couldst see no

way. And he will not forsake thee, nor suffer thee to become desolate, "Because he [*also she*] hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name; he shall call upon me, and I will answer him," &c. Read the 91st Psalm. This gracious promise, so replete with Mercy and Goodness, springs sweetly in my remembrance, as a portion especially designed for thy inheritance, now, after thy retreat from our laborious field, wherein thou hast not fainted, nor thy store-house exhausted, but to the very last thy horn hath been so evidently replenished from the all bounteous fountain as that no vessel on thy departure was sent empty away. Well, my dear friend, count it no strange thing if thy faith and patience be again proved. Thou knowest too well the danger of pleasant things, to look for or desire them further than in the will of Him *who doeth all things well*, and who hath, in the promise alluded to, given thee the fullest assurance of his care and protection through thy painful pilgrimage—thy ALPHA indeed—and will also reward thy unwearied endeavors to promote his blessed cause and testimony on earth, with a peaceful admission among his faithful servants, when thy tribulations and labors are over—thy ever blessed OMEGA—thy "evening song."

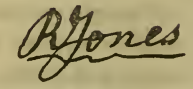
After meeting on First-day, I took a pensive walk to thy late quarters, and with J. and P. Pemberton communed about thee. * * We concluded that we loved thee quite as well as fellow disciples ought, so that I came home fully paid for my walk.

I wanted, only I feared interrupting thy exercise, which was to be *felt*, to desire thee to tell my friends in England, my dear C. Hustler and daughter in particular, also J. and E. Bludwick, J. Thorp, S. Benson and children, Richard Reynolds, Deborah Darby, and her sisters M. and Sarah, R. Young, &c. &c., that I am fast growing old, and my sight being dim, prevents my saluting them on paper; but that my love continues strong for them, and for *all* who love and live near the blessed TRUTH. * *

From Friends at New Bedford and elsewhere I have no doubt thou wilt receive many letters; and mine, if it get not first to hand, may be left awhile, as from a *poor old Scribe*, yet no

Pharisee, but thy sincere and unabated friend and sister in the sufferings of the present day.

Oh do let me hear soon from thee.



" Sixth month 27th, 1805.—Saw a paragraph taken from a York paper, certifying that Dorothy Ripley is not a member of the Society of Friends. Received letters from Henry Tuke, D. Darby, R. Y. Byrd, John Waring, M. R., &c. &c., and visits from S. Emlen, G. Dillwyn, Richard Hartshorne, John Hoskins, and several other Friends. Answered divers English letters."

" Seventh month 8th. Ann Alexander, S. Proctor, and John Warder, Jr., sailed the 27th of last month, in the ship Wm. Penn. Stephen Grellet came yesterday to see me. He is on a visit to Friends in the compass of this Yearly Meeting. Heard that Dorothy Ripley is holding meetings about New York, and passes for a Friend, and that she is coming to this city. Friends of High street, last Fifth day removed their week-day meeting to the new house on Arch-street. 16th. T. Scattergood took an affectionate leave of our North Meeting. He is bound in spirit to the boarding school at Westtown."

Her friend Benjamin Cathrall being ill, R. J. made him many visits, and on the 22d of Seventh month she notes his quiet departure, adding, " I always thought him more in religious substance than show. I believe he was a man of integrity, and that he has gone to the mansions of the blessed." His widow's decease she also records, on the 16th of the ensuing month, by which event Hannah Cathrall being deprived of her home, R. J.'s sympathies were called into exercise, until a suitable abode was furnished for her old friend and former partner, then in declining health, with Hannah, widow of Isaac Cathrall, sr. " I hope" says R. J., " she will be rewarded with peace for so doing." " My old friend and fellow laborer, Samuel Smith," she says, " seems declining, and the prospect

of a further stripping to our North Meeting, feels heavy to my poor weak mind, but it is our business to learn to say in truth, 'The Lord's will be done.' "

The yellow fever broke out in the Eighth month, in Southwark, "as low down as Christian street," and considerable alarm was excited. R. J. had however, previously determined, on account of the heat, to leave the city, and on the 22d she and her small family went to "Kingsess farm," near Darby. The fever spread beyond her anticipation, and some of her friends died in it; also a number of deaths occurred near her residence. In reference to this, she says, about two months subsequently,—"When I reflect on the awfulness of this and former similar dispensations, my soul is humbled within me, and a fervent prayer is raised in my soul, that I, for one, and that *all*, may so humbly bow under the Lord's hand, which has been so often stretched out in judgment, as that we may all learn righteousness, and so, through Divine assistance, order our conversation aright, as to bring honor and glory to the Name of the Most High, and thereby obtain eternal salvation. Even so be it, Lord, amen!" To S. Smith, near the same date, she remarks, "Many of the cotemporaries of my youth being by death and otherwise, removed, I seem stript and lonely, and feel no inclination to begin a new circle, so that with regret I shall part with any more of the few who remain, with whom I have been united in the bond of Christian fellowship, drinking together at the one inexhaustible fountain of love and life." She notes that New York was at the same time "largely and mortally" affected by the same contagion, and that Rachel, wife of Isaac Collins, is deceased with it," adding, "she was an amiable woman, and will be greatly missed."

This lovely, accomplished and excellent woman died 9 Mo. 14th, 1805,—and her loss excited general sympathy with her bereaved husband and her children (13 in number.) A Journal of that day speaks of "her many virtues, her sweetness of disposition, suavity of manners, and uncommonly cultivated and well informed mind, which shone conspicuously in the best im-

proved society." George Dillwyn, in a letter to Isaac Collins, senior, on the subject says—" I have often noticed, that such intelligence has been preceded by an uncommon depression of mind,"—and describing his heaviness of heart, which had continued without intermission, until the account was brought to him, he adds—" Such intelligence, we might naturally suppose, was more likely to increase than abate sorrow ; but truly it proved like rolling a stone from a well's mouth ; a tendering joy arose, and settled in a quieting, clear persuasion (which still survives,) that all is well and for ever well with dear Rachel Collins."

To Mary, wife of Joseph Gurney Bevan, she writes Ninth month 23d, as follows :

" The reading of thy very acceptable and interesting letter of 26th and 27th of Seventh mo., was indeed ' like cold water to a thirsty soul,' for notwithstanding thy own account of thyself, thy jealousies, thy fears, my own mind was solaced in the belief that thou art deepening in the ground of living concern for the promoting of the one blessed cause of Truth and Righteousness, and the preservation of our fellow disciples in all their united endeavors, that all may, by keeping in their proper ranks, more safely and wisely, and the great and blessed Head of his own church be looked to, waited reverently upon, and obeyed and honored in and over all, in time and eternity. A concern like this, not of our own but of the heavenly Father's begetting, if rightly cherished and yielded to, must and will most assuredly, draw down his peculiar notice and approbation ; be promotive of increasing labor, and eventually crowned with the blessing of soul enriching peace. So do be encouraged, for *now* is thy time, to press forward in all things, in obedience to manifested duty. And in more important service, such as our large annual assemblies, fear not to sound the alarm in times of danger, such as the multiplying of words without knowledge, bringing, as Esther Tuke once said, ' more stuff than is wanted, or handing bricks when mortar is called for,' &c., all which I have often been a pained witness of

and of latter time have had to testify against, even when, at the same time, the language of my tongue and pen has been '*arise and build.*' So that, as that wisdom which is profitable to direct is waited for, and its qualifying power felt to preside in the church, we shall all grow up together, an holy temple in the Lord. I sometimes look *mentally* at your women's Yearly Meeting—indeed *always* at the times when you are convened, and as often I feel united to many of my sisters, both youth and others, in a lively travail of spirit, that all things may 'be done decently and in order,' and that, by each keeping rank, those in the *rear* may not, through want of vigilance and dedication in the fore front, be jostled, or kept from advancing in that rectitude and valor so justly and emphatically described in the words, 'an army with banners.'

"Our late Yearly Meeting was held in the new house, built for the accommodation of women Friends, which is found convenient, and will be more so when our brethren shall build one for themselves, as contemplated, on the same lot, in unison with it. We had no European Friend but A. Alexander,* and *she* a silent witness of our movements.

"I have transmitted to our dear G. Dillwyn, who truly is by me a brother beloved, in as high a degree as is right to indulge, thy salutation, and a similar one from A. Alexander, who supposed she was comforted by his and my mental visits to her whilst on the ocean, and have just received a pleasant letter from him, in which is the following paragraph:

"I have for some years past entertained dear A. A.'s idea, of substituting mental for epistolary visits; but alas! it has proved somewhat like the Welchman's cow, which he thought might be trained to live without eating. As if to convince me that the scheme was too refined for practice on this stage of being, when this *would-be-visiter* has been seemingly reduced by abstinence, almost to a skeleton, something like the present supply has come to hand, and put me quite out of conceit of the

*Of course she means on the women's side.

notion. Thou, too, or I am mistaken, hast more than once thought of compassing the same end." And so he tells me of my declaring myself insolvent, &c., and that he supposes I got something handsome by it, for he observed that not long after I lived away, in as high style as before, and thus he concludes the subject. "In short, I question if we had not as well submit to trudge on in the common track, and not pretend to be wise above that which is written, unless we can agree with our younger friends, A. Alexander and M. Bevan, that they shall continue their *paper* visits to us and to such as we, and accept of *mental* ones in return, till they also reach their grand climacteric. As to M. B., seeing she has thought fit thus far to tantalize me, do thou tell her that one of the ways in which 'Self-Love' may show itself, is, to excite gratitude and affection by fair promises, and keep the contents to ourselves; and that if her motive for so doing turns out to be pride, thou wouldst have her get rid of it *out of hand*, that this naughty inmate may no longer hinder me from answering her spouse's letter. So far from G. D." * * *

In the same letter, under date of Tenth month 15th, she acknowledges the receipt of some books, "also the piece of which thy J. G. B. is the author. It is so like his manner that I believe I should have guessed the author, had his name not been given. I much desire that this and all his religious endeavors may be blessed to the help and furtherance of that good work to which you have both put your hands. I hear that H. Barnard has lately published one volume containing her account of Friends' proceedings in her case, and that she is very busy in preparing a second.

"It seems as if my beloved C. Hustler will hardly be able to visit your metropolis many times more. But, whether or not, I do believe she has in great sincerity endeavored to advocate the cause of Truth and Righteousness, and that her reward will be PEACE, here and forever. I have loved her as my own soul.

"Innocent Ann Christy must be in better health, to undertake such a journey. Edinbro, though a dark spot when I was

there, I ventured to say that if that old rotten stump * * could be removed, I had a hope something green and clever would have room to spring up and grow, so that I am glad of thy account so far.

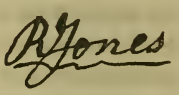
"Is Kendal's second volume of Extracts published? I wish to have it. Thomas Scattergood, with his wife and daughter, are still at Westtown, whither he has felt his mind drawn, and where he has been nearly three months as a teacher, much to the satisfaction of Friends.* We, however, expect that he will shortly feel himself released. What a dear devoted servant is that D. Darby. Nor less so her near friend R. Byrd. They remind me of a saying of our dear N. Waln,—'It is better to wear away than to rust away.' H. Hull will not be likely soon to visit you, nor do I hear of any Friend who has so weighty a prospect at present. I say *weighty*, for such I found it, and so I hope it will be felt, especially at such a time as this, a time in which all the sympathy of feeling minds is and must be called forth, yet not without hope that ALL things will work together for good, to such as love the Lord Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of men, in sincerity, and unfeignedly endeavor and desire that his kingdom may come, and over all be exalted, and his righteous government and peace never come to an end.

"Thy concluding sentiment, that 'it don't seem so difficult an attainment to rejoice when Truth is in dominion, as to suffer with due subjection and patience when that does not seem apparently the case,' has done me good, and is well worth adopting and

*This expression may perhaps lead the readers of the Review to suppose that Thomas Scattergood was occupied in one or more of the schools, in the capacity of a teacher. He was there very acceptably to Friends of that place, and no doubt to the committee who had the general oversight of the school, but his labors were devoted principally if not exclusively, to the religious and moral instruction of the pupils, and to the encouragement and support of those who were entrusted with the immediate management of the seminary. The influence of his example and counsel were probably felt much more, in all parts of the institution, than it could have been, if he had been confined to the instruction of the pupils in any of the schools.—ED. FRIENDS' REVIEW.

bearing in remembrance, through all the ascendings and descendings of such poor pilgrims as myself, and is also worth its postage from your once favored isle to this land, which has undergone changes and suffering beyond what our forefathers ever looked for.

"I am, dear Mary, thy sincere and affectionate friend,



Tenth month 23d.—"This day we returned to my habitation, in Brook's court, where, finding that all had, with ourselves, been under Divine protection, my soul worshipped the God and Father of all my mercies, and craved to be kept by him unto the end of my pilgrimage. Eleventh month 2d and 4th. Our Quarterly Meeting was large and solemn, D. Bacon and S. Smith absent from sickness, but Friends being generally returned from the country, were rejoiced to see each other."

CHAPTER XVI.

1805—1813.

Letter to M. Jeffries—Marriage of James and B. Allinson—Letters to them—Eclipse and note by E. Lewis respecting it—Death of H. Cathrall—Painful circumstances—Letters—Goes to New York—Returns—Death of John Teas—Yearly Meeting—Death of K. Howell, James Simpson, C. Hustler and James Allinson—Letter to S. Hustler—Death of R. Wright—Mentions Susanna Horne.

R. J. to Mary Jeffries.

Philadelphia, 3d mo. 1st, 1805.

Dear Mary Jeffries, * * * Increasing infirmities, with old age coming fast upon me, have prevented my seasonable returns to many other epistles from your land besides thine, so

that I am thereby deprived of those frequent little "brooks by the way," which for many years have been very refreshing and strengthening to my poor mind; the secret past conflicts whereof, as also the exercises of the present time, are known only to Him whose "eyes behold, and whose eyelids try the children of men." I have, however, abundant cause for humble thankfulness that the best life is, I trust, still preserved, so that I can say in sincerity, "I love the brethren;" and this is, at times, my only joyous experience. Well, dear Mary, thou art comfortably among thine own people, where, if enough attentive to divine counsel, thou wilt not sink into a state of inactivity; remember, the time of youth is the fittest time for action, and when the query is proposed in the secret of thy mind, "whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" may the dedicated reply of thy heart be, "Here am I, Lord, send me." So will thy experience in the strength of salvation be increased, and thy day's work be going on with the day; and finally, as our late dear friend, Wm. Savery, has done, close thy season of labor with "glory to God," and lay down thy head in peace.

By some late account from thee, it is probable thy dear father has joined his spirit to many who are already members of the church triumphant. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," &c., is often the language of my waiting spirit on hearing such tidings, because the "living who are yet alive," are so liable to the assaults and buffetings of that Power which continues to wage war against "Michael and his angels;" but the Lamb and his followers shall have the victory! and "this is our victory, even our faith."

My B. C. has lately lost her dear mother at Cape May, who left eight children; and having expressed a desire that I might take her daughter Elizabeth,* she is added to my family, and is No. 3; but I fear my being able to do justice by her,

* This young friend grew up under R. J.'s care, and remained her constant and affectionate companion to her close.

only that her sister B. is very capable to instruct and educate her.

To hear of my friends in your land is always gratifying, and very much so is any account of my ever dear friend C. Hustler and hers. She, like myself, is bending towards our original dust, and, on her account, I have no doubt but when called home, she will be found in a state of readiness to enter the Bridegroom's chamber, and "for ever solace in his love." And oh, saith my soul, that I may also be counted worthy of an admittance thereinto when my short span of time shall terminate.

"New Year's day, 1806. At home, and favored with a peaceful mind. Lord, grant that I may be so sensible of the multiplied mercies which thou hast bountifully heaped upon me, that I may walk in fear and reverence before thee all the days of my life, and finally die in thy favor and acceptance. Last evening, —— —— paid us a family visit. He was dipped in sympathy with my aged and infirm state, and imparted sweet counsel to my dear B., telling her that he fully believed that a singular blessing awaited her. In the close of the opportunity my soul secretly exclaimed; He hath crowned and closed the year with his goodness!

"First month, 5th. My old friend, H. Cathrall, had yesterday another stroke of palsy, which deprived her of the use of her left arm and hand. I spent this afternoon with her. She was sensible, and in a broken, contrite state of mind. In the evening I got to a large meeting at High street, which was a quiet, low time.

"12th, First day. Our meeting this morning was a precious season; dear S. Smith ministered in great weakness. T. Scattergood had also good service. Prostration of body and soul was my portion therein. In the afternoon I staid with H. Cathrall, who grows more weak. May the Lord be pleased to make her more easy, both here and for ever!

"17th. H. Drinker brought me $22, for eleven poor widows."

In her diary, under date of the 22d, she notes a visit from J.

A., who opened to her his views respecting a matrimonial connexion with her B. C. For this the mind of R. J. was already prepared, under a conviction that these young Friends were by their heavenly Parent designed and fitted for each other, and she says, "I let him know that I could have no other objection, than the prospect of parting with her now in my declining years; that if they sought for best counsel, and obtained it, so as that they might be united in the Lord's fear, I should not dare to oppose it.' The further memoranda of R. J. on this subject, touchingly illustrate the closeness of the union which subsisted between this mother and her child, our aged friend disinterestedly and nobly taking part against herself, and overcoming her B.'s dutiful reluctance to leave her venerable parent in her declining years.

It is however due from the compiler to say that the insertion of this and other references to his beloved parent is contrary to her request, and without her consent. He cannot join in her humble estimate of herself, nor can he wholly disconnect her history from that of one to whom she was so endeared, and to whose comfort she was so essential—and in his decision on this delicate point, he has been influenced by the counsel of judicious friends.

"Fourth month, 26th. Our Yearly Meeting is just ended. By an attack of erysipelas, I have been prevented from getting out (save once) in the last two weeks. This, with the prospect of my beloved child being likely, in a few weeks after her marriage, to remove to New York, has been deeply trying; but He who furnished this innocent plant to me in a time of great need, is able still to supply all my wants. On him, therefore, I desire to depend, and humbly crave, for her and for myself, that we may be continued, as we have for many years been, the objects of his divine compassion and care through time, and land safe in a happy eternity. Amen, saith my soul. Many friends have called to see me, with whom I have sweet fellowship—particularly dear Martha Allinson and her children.

"29th. At our Monthly Meeting J. and B. declared their in-

tentions in a very solemn and becoming manner. T. Scattergood came into our meeting with James, and language of encouragement was handed through John Parrish and others. Also, in the evening, at my house, T. Scattergood had a sweet testimony. It was a day of favor.

"Sixth month 3d. Were married at our North Meeting, James Allinson and Bernice Chattin. They were solid and weighty in their deportment, and a favored meeting it was, in which T. Scattergood was engaged in testimony and supplication."

Her letters to her "children," as she called them, were now numerous, and much more frequent than to other correspondents, and were fraught with tenderest maternal feelings. From these we shall extract sparingly. Sixth month 16th, in a letter to them she says:—"In our meeting to-day I had silently to worship the God of my life, to commit and commend *you* into the arms of His goodness and mercy, (which have followed me all my life long,) and to bless and praise his great and excellent name on your account and my own. May the Lord condescend to bless you in your new habitation, that thereby it may be, indeed, like the house of Obededom, where his ark found a resting place. I have been looking to-day at the eclipse, which led me to exclaim with the Psalmist, "In wisdom hast thou made them all."*

* The circumstance of looking at an eclipse my appear like a very common affair. But the eclipse on the 16th of Sixth month 1806, was a very unusual one. It was one in which, as seen at Philadelphia, more than eleven-twelfths of the sun's surface was covered; and though the day was unclouded, everything seemed to assume a sombre appearance. It occurred at a season of the year when the earth was nearly at its greatest distance from the sun, when, of course, the apparent diameter of that luminary was near its minimum; at the same time the moon was not far from the point in its orbit nearest the earth, when its apparent diameter was consequently near its maximum. In some of the Northern States the eclipse was total, the sun being there for a time entirely obscured. This is a phenomenon which few persons have the opportunity of witnessing. Dr. Halley asserts that he could not find that a total eclipse had been visible at London between the years 1140 and 1715. Within the last sixty years, two eclipses have been visible at Philadelphia, in which the central parts of the sun were obscured, leaving merely a luminous ring around the darkened portion of the sun. At the time of a total eclipse of the sun, the planets and some of the brightest fixed stars have come into view.—Editor Friends' Review.

Dear T. Scattergood has again gone to spend some time at Westtown School, so that our poor North Meeting must endeavor to be content with more silence. And yet we often have favored seasons, and sometimes life is raised through the gospel. May you, with your sister M., experience the force of the ancient assertion, 'Two are better than one, and a threefold cord is not easily broken.' May that gracious God, who has been with, fed and supported *me* all my life long, take the government and direction; and may your wills be so brought into subjection to his blessed will, as that he may mercifully condescend to hear you when you call upon him, and answer all your requests when, in innocence and uprightness, you intercede with him. It is a comfort to me that dear Margaret remains, that you may take sweet counsel together, going up to the house of God in company. I want B. to remember that she has called me by the endearing epithet of mother; and come at a suitable time to see me and others whom she has left behind, who know how to value and love intrinsic worth. I feel as nearly for thy present and everlasting welfare as it is possible for a mother to feel. I think of thee when sitting at my meals—in my lonely evening hours—in the night season, on my bed—and when assembled with the northern flock. May the certificate about to be forwarded bind thee more closely to the living members of your meeting, and settle thee down as a squared and polished stone in that building of which Christ Jesus is the chief corner stone, 'in whom' (saith the Apostle) 'all the building fitly framed, &c., groweth up together an holy temple in the Lord.'"

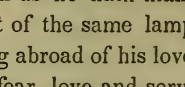
"Seventh month 15th. In a letter to B. A., R. J. says:—"Dear Samuel Smith spent an hour with me yesterday. I mourn in looking at him, so emaciated, so reduced, and so old in appearance, that thou wouldst hardly know him; yet full of love and sweetness. I cannot help hoping that he may yet be restored to labor and service among us."

Eleventh month 5th, she writes to B. A.—"Our Quarterly Meeting was uncommonly large; the service in both meetings was close and sharp, both from male and female, against de-

traction and spreading of evil reports. We had dear Rebecca Wright's company." And Twelfth month 3d, she writes to her —"Our old and afflicted friend, H. Cathrall, has had a more general stroke of palsy, and now lies almost lifeless. Her speech has almost failed, so that but little has been understood, and for the last two days and nights she only breathes. They wet her lips, but she does not swallow. For the first eight days she knew us all, and was full of love and sweetness,—often called for me, and begged me not to leave her; and told me her mind was quite easy. Now that her speech has failed, she fixes her eyes on me with great affection. I do fully believe she will centre in eternal rest and peace. Many friends have manifested their love by going to see her. S. Smith, R. Price, &c., spoke comfortably to her last First day. Oh, I do look at you with love and sweetness, and often remember the saying, "two are better than one," &c. May the God of all grace and consolation be with us, now we are separated; even as he hath many times when thou and I have sat by the light of the same lamp and hath tendered our hearts by the shedding abroad of his love, by which we have been united in desire to fear, love and serve him for ever and ever.

P. S.—I open my letter (Sixth day, the 5th,) to mention that dear H. C., after laying 72 hours in an easy sleep, quite motionless, quietly breathed her last about 9 o'clock this morning.

"I am thy unchangeably affectionate mother,



In her diary after recording the illness and death of her "old friend and former companion H. Cathrall," with the particulars given in the above letter, she adds—"She was interred 12th mo. 7th, many friends attending. She died aged 70 years, and near six months, and from the sense which was afforded to my mind I do believe has gone to rest and peace with her Maker. Blessed be his great Name, for his mercies they endure forever."

On the 22d, after referring to two circumstances which had deeply afflicted her in common with all Friends, and respecting one of which she says, "the thing that I had for many weeks feared came upon me like an armed man,"—she adds—"These cases have raised the necessary prayer for myself and others;—oh Lord, in mercy look down upon us—spare thy people, and give not thy heritage to reproach: lest the uncircumcised triumph, and the Philistine nature say, where now is their God. I got to meeting in a state of great weakness yesterday morning, where solemnity attended, tho' all our harps were on the willows hung. Mine still is, and will long remain there, for unless the Lord keep us, none other can. T. Scattergood had a sweet time in supplication to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for preservation through time, and for divine aid to journey on in fear and trembling, &c. &c. I went pensively down to J. Pemberton's, and staid there the rest of the day, communing about what had happened in Israel, and we were very sad. I also called on dear S. Smith."

"1st mo. 1st., 1807. Dr. Physick has buried his only son; which is to them a severe trial—but I say, *happy* is it for those dear lambs who are taken in their innocence from those fiery trials, which some even in advanced age are unable to sustain unaided by the power of our Almighty Helper."

Catherine Hartshorne in a letter to R. J., dated 1st mo. 9th, says, "I have been often much instructed in remembering some conversation in our parlor, between thee and my beloved mother. Thou said that thou had a little precious stone of faith in thy girdle—which encouraged a belief that thou wouldst be cared for. This I fully believe, and it has proved strengthening to me many times, in a hope that I may also be thus favored."

PHILADELPHIA, 1st. Mo. 23d. 1807.

My dear friend,—

MARY ALLINSON;—

I have such confidence in thy friendship that though more than a month has elapsed since the receipt of thy short kind

address, I trust when thou takes in the several events that have occurred, and *one* more afflicting and awful than I believe ever happened in our society before;* thou will readily excuse thy poor old friend whose harp has been ever since "hung upon the willows," and the garment of mourning and unutterable sorrow and astonishment has completely covered my spirit by day and by night. So that though I have also deeply and tenderly sympathized with you, I have not been able to do more. But as by this time the melancholy tidings may have reached England, my mind seems somewhat relieved, especially when I remember the assertion in Holy Writ, viz: "Mercy rejoiceth against Judgment"—and that "secret things belong only to God," who is the Supreme judge of all—and there I wish to leave the scene,—and hope so to apply the instruction which it conveys as to remember that "he who thinketh he standeth hath need to take heed lest he fall.

Thy dear mother has had a tedious illness, and very trying I know it must have been—but she has been sustained by the Great Physician. In sisterly affection salute her for me. Her feeling sympathy I have shared in past seasons, and have enjoyed her sympathy under the late heavy and afflictive stroke.

* * * * * *

My poor afflicted old companion H. C. as I expect you have heard, has bid adieu to mutability, after a long series of weakness and pain. I was much with her the last two weeks of her time, and from the calm and easy state both of body and mind in which she breathed her last, have a comfortable hope that "her warfare was accomplished" &c.—and that her evening closed in peace

Our dear friend S. Cresson is in a low spot, but will, I fully believe, in the Lord's time, experience the Sun of Righteousness

*The circumstances to which she here alludes, excited at the time, an unprecedented sensation in Philadelphia and its vicinity; and were well calculated to impress the admonition: "Let him that thinketh he standeth beware lest he fall." But the particulars having passed away from the memories of most of the present generation, need not be exposed to those who are to come.—Ed. Friends' Review.

to arise with healing in his wings." The like comfortable hope I have for dear ——————— who is so low that she refuses to be comforted. Tell thy worthy Mother that in just now looking towards her, I can adopt the benediction of one formerly, "Blessed art thou among women"—because I feel that she is under the Great Shepherd's care, who slumbereth not by day nor sleepeth by night, and will eventually cause the dispensations of his Providence to work together for her good and the good of her beloved children. * * * *

In her diary, 2 mo. 4th 1807,—still dwelling on the anguish noted the 22d of 12th month, she says—"My mind from the two foregoing sorrowful circumstances, is so sunk, that silence and sorrowing seem so fastened thereon, that unless the Lord most high (whose voice I have often experienced to be mightier than all the noise of the boisterous waves of the billows of affliction that have passed over my head) is pleased in mercy to relieve help and succor, I shall indeed sink in these deep waters, where there is no standing—but with his blessed arm underneath there is hope. My dear S. Cresson, who has always been, in my view, a precious plant, being also in a low dejected state of mind, is an addition of grief to my sorrow; and thus I exclaim, "Woe is me." Yet on the same day she writes to her whom she addressed as her daughter a cheering letter fraught with consolation, in which, after commemorating the preserving power of him who sittith with the solitary in families, she says, "Blessed be his Name, in that he still vouchsafes to be near me now in my old age and under many infirmities, or I should fail before him. And when I consider my great unworthiness I cannot but exclaim, Lord what am I that thou shouldst be mindful of me a poor creature—dust and ashes before thee!"—"Dear S. Cresson" she adds, "is a little revived, and took part in our Quarterly Meeting on 2d day. Our North Meeting have lately raised by collection $800. in consideration of the severity of the season upon the poor (not members of our Society) in our district; with which, in wood, warm bed clothes, &c., they have relieved many worthy char-

acters, who could not make their wants known. Thomas Scattergood* was at the head of the committee of distribution—John Teas also took an active part—and I hope the blessing of some who were ready to perish is felt by them as a sweet reward. It was very seasonably and judiciously done."

Referring, 4 mo. 12th, to the considerable diminution of her circle of acquaintance by many recent deaths, she notes the confirmation of the Truth that, "One generation passeth and another generation cometh," yet she says, "this consolation remains—the WORD of the Lord abideth forever, and HE, our blessed Creator, in his inscrutable wisdom, *doeth all things rightly and well.*"

"5 Mo: 14th, Having the offer of going to N. York, in company with Richard Jordan, &c., and having been for some time inclined to visit my dear children J. and B. A. who are settled in that city, I consented. We spent a night at Robert White's and another at Richard Hartshorne's, and were joyfully received in N. York on the 17th. The Yearly Meeting began the 22d and held till the 29th: in which I had some service. I felt near unity with many dear friends, and also with some precious young plants, whose spirits had a sweetening effect on my poor mind."

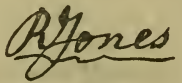
To C. Hustler, she writes from New York, 6 mo. 4th, "I have been in this city about three weeks, on a visit to my

* It is a pleasing circumstance to find T. Scattergood, after spending a number of years during the prime of his life, in travelling through Europe and America, proclaiming the glad tidings of the gospel, now in his declining years engaged in relieving the physical wants of that worthy class of sufferers, of whom numbers are unquestionably furnished by every age and country, who being duly conscious of the duty of providing for themselves, as long as they have the power without pressing upon the charities of the world, are struggling with difficulties known only to themselves and to the all penetrating eye. If the spirit by which T. Scattergood was actuated, both in his gospel labors, and in his works of charity, was more generally prevalent, there can be no doubt that many acts of unostentatious benevolence, would be extended towards those who are on the verge of want, but whose modesty impels them rather to suffer than to make their necessities known. Charity is much more worthily bestowed on such retiring characters, than upon those who shamelessly flaunt their wants in the face of day.—Ed. Friends' Review.

daughter who was married to a choice young friend a year ago. Oh thou knowest not what a painful thing it was when the time of separation came; but their union was so marked with concurrent evidences of its rectitude, that I dared not to lift up a finger against it. May the Lord, my gracious Helper, bless her every way! Whenever thy Sarah is *thus* taken from thee, why *then* thou wilt realize my feelings. The Yearly Meeting, held here last week, was a time of favor. I have had an opportunity of visiting our friend Elizabeth Coggeshall in her own habitation, where she has just arrived after an arduous journey through our Continent, which engaged her for more than a year, and which noble sacrifice, in leaving her husband and three dear children,* she yesterday at the Monthly Meeting declared had yielded to her mind the rich reward of sweet peace and consolation. David Sands, with his wife Clemency, were in attendance. He is, as usual, a living example of dedication, in fervent labor in the work of the ministry—but his voice more weak, and utterance less clear than formerly. He called often to see me and to chat about friends in your land:—among others, about thee and thine. Richard Jordan, who had been at our Yearly Meeting and now belongs to this, was my fellow passenger in the carriage in which I came hither. He is brother beloved." Enumerating some symptoms of failing health, she adds—"so that I conclude that the journey, the painful journey, cannot be far from its end. O saith my poor soul, that with it, all my pains and sorrows may also end. Pray for me, dear Chrissy, that my faith and patience may not fail—for verily both are closely tried. I am glad to hear though thou art failing in flesh, thy exertive faculties and general health are, considering thy years, not much impaired—and, what is preferable to all these, that thou art alive in our blessed Master's

* The youngest of these children, was only about nine months old when their dedicated mother commenced her mission of love to Friends and others. Being in her company, when on her return, but some time before she reached home, I heard her say she had not seen her own dear family for eighteen months. What a sacrifice in compliance with religious duty!—Editor of Friends' Review.

service, and dedicated thereto. May Grace, Mercy and Peace from God the Father, be with us, and abound, through Jesus Christ our Lord forever and ever, is the prayer of thy poor and almost worn out fellow traveller,



"N. York 5th mo. 31st—1807. The Yearly Meeting here concluded 6th day at noon. Upon the whole it was a solid time throughout, though some instances of weakness were felt. R. Jordan, D. Sands, &c., had large communications in the public meetings. I hope I had a *little* share."

"I staid," she notes, "with J. and B. A. till the 15th of 6th mo: when I went with Thomas Eddy in his carriage to his house at Elizabeth Town, where my kind friends R. and C. Hartshorne came for me. After pausing two days with them, and making some visits at Rahway, R. H. took me to R Whites. Reached Burlington 6th day noon, and staid there over 1st day. On arriving at my habitation in Brook's Court, and finding it and all therein safe, I had abundant cause (as often before) to be thankful and to bless the Name of the Shepherd of Israel, whose mercies endure forever."

7th mo. 26th. "I have been twice at meeting this day, and much comforted under the lively and consoling ministry of dear T. Scattergood."

9th mo. 2d. "We have had a general visit of what is called *influenza*—so that very few in the city or country have escaped, though few cases have proved mortal. Some aged persons have died with it. It has been a serious matter, and I esteem it no less than a gentle shaking of the rod, from the same fatherly Hand who has often visited our poor city, both in mercy and in judgment. Oh that the inhabitants may now learn Righteousness."

To M. Allinson.

Philadelphia, 2d mo. 1808.

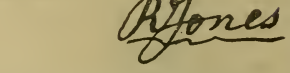
Dear Mary,—Thy sisterly communication of 14th inst. is very acceptable, though to hear of thy dear Mother's continued indisposition calls forth my renewed sympathy, but we may hope that as warm weather advances, like Thomas Ellwood's Winter Tree, she "will bud again and shoot." I have been mostly kept at home this winter by the succession of damp weather, which was always unfriendly to my constitution, but particularly so since the painful debilitated state of my limbs, which are not sufficiently restored to be trusted any great length from Brook's court. Yet I am, I hope, humbly thankful that I have been mostly free from those rheumatic affections, and a desire is mostly cherished, that I may receive the present dispensation from our merciful Father, with due submission, and become more worthy of His blessed care and protection, who hath done for and to me *great things*, and who knows best how to deal with me, a poor creature, for my good, both here and forever. I am sorry to hear that my dear fellow pilgrims G. and S. D. are suffering under bodily infirmities. I feel them often near to my best life, and rejoice in believing that the ancient of days will not leave them.

By a late letter from M—— R—— I learn that my venerable friend Sarah Barney of Nantucket has closed her well spent life. She took sisterly notice of me, a poor stripling, half a century ago, and has been inflexible in her friendship ever since. I have loved her spirit, and her great example, and wish to follow it.

* * * * *

See what a long letter I have written under perplexities, and by lamp light—so excuse all that wants it. I have nothing better at command just now—not even a promise to mend in

future, so let thy dear mother and sisters share in this and in the salutation of dear love, from a poor old fellow soldier,



Having been engaged in deep travail and exercise in Burlington Meeting, as she entered the door of her friend Martha Allinson an engaging child, (R. J.'s namesake) came running to the door to meet her. R. J. took her in her arms, and pressing her to her bosom, repeated the following lines with a charm of voice and manner which impressed the minds of those present far more than the narration can interest our readers.

> 'Tis this—'tis Innocence thy bosom cheers—
> This calms thy troubles, this dispels thy fears—
> This spreads o'er all its beautifying rays,
> Makes every object, every plaything please.
> This, while less things a guilty breast can awe,
> Gives music to a key and beauty to a straw."

In the first month of the year 1809, died her valued friend John Teas—an upright man—a self sacrificing Philanthropist—and a sincere Friend. In the Yellow Fever, during successive years, he performed those painful and hazardous services to humanity which are likely to be owned as *done unto Him* by the great Example, who "went about doing good." On various occasions he aided R. Jones in carrying out her schemes of benevolence. Although the state of her health at the time scarcely warranted the effort, she went to the funeral, and was largely drawn forth in testimony, opening with the text, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished," &c.—directing the discourse principally to his widow, and affecting most of the company to tears.

In a letter to Wm. Rotch, 4th mo. 22d, 1811, after noting a confinement to her house from indisposition for near six months, she says, "and yet, to the praise of our ever adorable Helper,

who hath hitherto sustained and upheld; I am at times enabled to set up my Ebenezer. Our Yearly Meeting ended on 7th day last. I have been enabled to attend all the sittings except four, and may say it was throughout a solemn and very large meeting. We had the company of dear Susanna Horne, and of Ann Jessop from Carolina—and several from neighboring Yearly Meetings. The two named are going to that of New York. Among those who were able to attend thou wilt be pleased to hear of G. Dillwyn, S. Smith, Benj. White, Thos. Scattergood, John Hoskins (now in his 84th year) Rebecca Wright, Leonard and Jane Snowdon, Sally Cresson, Ann Mifflin, &c., who nobly showed themselves alive in the best cause. Also Jacob Lindley, who has buried his wife Ruth Anna. M. Pleasants was out generally, and bears up admirably. My dear friend Catharine Howell, in her 74th year, after a long illness, was a few months since released from all sorrow and pain. Sarah Harrison is yet with us, struggling under infirmities and manifold trials, yet often favored to tell of the Lord's goodness. James Simpson, near three weeks ago, after a short illness, made a peaceful and happy close; fully resigned, and quite sensible, telling those around him, "I am going." Lying down with his clothes on, and requesting to be turned on the other side, he said,—it is done,"—and ceased breathing. His remains were interred at Frankford amidst a large company of Friends and others. I could not but desire, "Let me die the death of the righteous," &c.

T. Scattergood mentioned at our Monthly Meeting yesterday his prospect of attending the Yearly Meetings at New York and Rhode Island. Susanna Horne and Mary Allinson are bound the same way, having Caleb Shreeve (a valuable friend of our meeting) for their charioteer. How I should rejoice to spend a little time among you at N. Bedford—but as that is not to be expected by me again, you must let me love you, as I do sincerely, and ask for the consolation of continued remembrance in your seasons of favor."

"I have received an account," she notes, "of the peaceful and happy close of my truly dear friend, and companion in gospel

laborer in England, Christiana Hustler; who, after a long illness, in the 80th year of her age, died at her country seat at Undercliffe, Yorkshire, the 27th of 6th mo. 1811. And on the 14th of 8th mo. dear James Allinson died at his mother's house in Burlington, aged 33 years, leaving a precious wife and three children to lament their irreparable loss—whom may the Lord sustain!"

No notes or letters bearing date in 1812 have been found. It appears that she attended at least a portion of the Yearly Meeting in the 4th month, and participated in its exercises, although in a very enfeebled state. We are informed that in one of its sittings she was eminently favored, drawing a comparison between the state of the Church Militant and that of the Church Triumphant—expressing her belief that it was designed that there should be a travelling towards a nearer approximation to the latter whilst in this militant state.

PHILADELPHIA, the 1st day of the year, 1813.

My endeared friend and sister Sarah Hustler:—

I have been so long thy debtor that I hardly know how to begin the excuse which is necessary for omitting to answer thy letter of the 23d of 8th month last, and one from dear Martha Routh, both announcing the peaceful and favored end of thy honorable and precious mother, my truly near and dear companion, which deeply afflicted me, being at the time weak and low both in body and mind. Yet after nature was a little relieved, my soul craved that I might also die the death of the righteous, and my latter end be as sweet and as happy as hers. Yes, my dear, I well know some of her hidden conflicts, and that her soul's enemy sorely and frequently assailed her. But *even then*, her head was covered in the day of battle, and for an helmet, the hope of salvation was her and my secret rejoicing. Oh her love to the blessed cause, and to poor *me*, was wonderful, surpassing all temporal enjoyment;—yea, we were knit as Jonathan and David—and now that a final separation has taken place, and she happily removed from "the noise of all archers,"

where death is swallowed up in life, and hope in everlasting enjoyment, my soul worships in reverent thankfulness, and craves, for myself and for thee and thy dear brother, that walking humbly by the same rule, and minding the same thing, we may approve ourselves as followers together of the same Lord who hath led captivity captive, and given the like precious gifts, even to the rebellious.

My spirit, whilst my pen is in motion, salutes thee. I am truly glad to hear of thy dedication to the service of the Most High, and I wish thee safely and wisely to move in faithfulness to every divine requisition, now in the time acceptable, that when reduced, as I at present am, (being nearly helpless and mostly confined to my chamber) thou mayest look back with humble confidence to the voice of blessed acquittal, "Let her alone, she hath done what she could,"—which is sometimes, in boundless mercy, vouchsafed even to me.

I am now in my 74th year, and so stiff and enfeebled, that I get out but seldom, and only to our North Meeting, with the help of an arm and my staff; yet in the humbling dealings of my blessed Master with me, I am provided with the comfort of my dear Bernice Allinson, who thou mayest remember married a precious young man about 7 years ago. They were happy in each other. They settled in New York, but after some years removed to this city. He has by his death left her a widow indeed. Finding my powers giving way, this dear child has taken a neat house adjoining the one I live in, and a door communicating between our chambers, she has become my care-taker.

Thou may'st have heard of the sudden and peaceful end of our dear friend Rebecca Wright (in her 75th year,) who after attending our Yearly Meeting, got home, and in a few days we received an invitation to her burial. She was an ornament and great example in society. In the last month, Phebe, wife of our honorable friend James Pemberton, departed this life. And dear Sarah Harrison, after struggling with much bodily weakness, and heavy, very heavy trials of various kinds, was happily removed a few weeks since. These, with the peaceful close

of dear John Pemberton's widow, and the death of several young and promising plants about the same time, together with my debility and varied exercises, have sunk me so low, that I was not able to get to see any of them or their families; but remained, a silent and secret mourner, in my own chamber, where I now sit thus conversing with thee.

12th. I can give thee the pleasing information of dear Susanna Horne's safe return from a long, trying journey to the westward—having had, throughout, for her steady companion, Mary Allinson of Burlington, a friend in the station of an Elder, and to whom S. Horne seems as nearly united as I was to my beloved C. Hustler. Susanna and Mary, with T. Scattergood (with whom they quarter,) Samuel Emlen, &c., spent last sixth day with me in my chamber, and this day started on a visit to Bucks Quarter. They look bravely, but I told S. Horne that her work not being done here, I dont yet see any opening for her return to her native land. Her services and example are truly satisfactory to us *all*. I hear that dear Stephen Grellet is in like manner beloved amongst you; and by a letter to his valuable wife he was at and in the neighborhood of Undercliffe; so thou must have been gratified, and I also am in hearing of it, for he is a brother beloved by me for the Work's sake. If thou hast opportunity, present him with the expression of my love.

To dear M. Routh and to dear A. Alexander I wish thee to give the perusal of this letter, which must serve them as a proof of my sincere and undiminished love, and that I retain my wish to hear often from them; for indeed, nothing but ability of sight is wanting, to them and thyself, often. To *will* is present, but how to perform *I find not*.

14th. I was so dim when I wrote the above, that I almost despaired ever finishing this letter; but I am not easy without making another attempt. If I fail finally, I hope my dear B. will send it to thee. Dear Samuel Smith sends his love. He, by a late division of our large Monthly Meeting, is likely to become a member of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, which is painful to us both, as we have always been fellow helpers to-

gether in the Meeting for the Northern district for upwards of three score years, and are still in the unbroken bonds of the Gospel. And though all the three meetings have been much stripped of valuable members, the multitude that do attend, (and a large number of other professors) especially on first day mornings, have induced Friends of the Middle Meeting to build another house to the westward, which is nearly finished. And materials are collecting for one to the northward. So that like London, we shall abound in houses, whether they are all filled or not.

Although it is a low time in general, yet, in acknowledgment of the goodness and mercy of the blessed Shepherd of Israel, I may say, that a hopeful succession of true burden bearers is coming forward, and a living hope is raised that the standard of Truth and Righteousness will be supported, and the day approaching spoken of by the prophet, when many shall run to and fro, and knowledge in divine things be increased. So be it, saith my soul.

Dear G. and S. Dillwyn still reside at Burlington. G. is especially strong in the exercise of his gift, and as skilful a workman as ever.

* * * *

20th. By a letter from S. Horne, she expects to finish her visit in Bucks Quarter so as to be in this city next week, when I apprehend she, with T. Scattergood, will mention their prospect of a visit to the families of Pine street Monthly Meeting. In which case they will then have visited all the families in this city, and very acceptably, as indeed their gospel labors have been, here and elsewhere in our land. Our friends M. Swett, Charity Cook, Ann Jessup, Benjamin White, Henry Hull, William Jackson, Richard Jordan, and Mehetabel Jenkins, who have labored amongst you, are all living, though some are growing infirm, and especially dear Nicholas Waln and Phebe Speakman, who are evidently breaking down—but *none more so* than thy sincerely attached and aged sister in the fellowship of the Gospel of peace and salvation. R. J.

CHAPTER XVII.

1813—1817.

Typhus Fever.—Prayer.—Green Street Meeting.—Attends Twelfth Street Meeting.—Is at North Meeting for the last time.—Death of T. Scattergood and message to Susanna Horne.—Letter to Sarah Hustler.—Intimation respecting S. Horne's arrival in England.—Warning to a Minister.—Her last letter to S. Hustler.—Bernice Allinson's account of R. J.'s death.—Reflections by Enoch Lewis.—John Cox.—Passages from her Will, and Concluding Remarks.

In the early part of the year 1813 she was prostrated by a typhus fever; and although she was raised, contrary to the expectations of her friends, from this protracted illness, she never fully recovered from the effects of it. During the most critical stage of this fever her utterance was almost wholly in prayer or religious testimony, or exhortation. A valued friend who called at the adjoining house to enquire concerning her health, hearing her thus engaged, paused at the front door, and said in speaking of it, that the strains were so angelic that he thought them the prelude of approaching dissolution. But few of her expressions have been preserved. On one occasion she said to those who were in her apartment:—

"Oh draw near to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob. He is good and *worthy to lean upon*—he is rich in mercy." And afterwards, addressing herself to the Father of mercies, she spoke at intervals as follows:

"We are sensible of increasing weakness and debility. Grant that thy Spirit may be near! May thy invisible Power preserve thy people and thy children! Oh, enlarge our hearts—our souls! * * * I have been much exercised in mind for several days past that thy servants and handmaidens may have no dependence but on thy mercy. Oh be pleased to be near in these times of trial. Make their wilderness to blossom as the rose, and to flourish as thy garden of Eden. Keep the few in this place in thy fear. Bring down the lofty seats of man. Say

to the North, give up; to the South, come forth, that judgment may be brought unto truth—for thou canst make a little one a great one, and a small one a strong one. None ever trusted in the Lord in vain. Thou wilt never leave or forsake thy people, if they do not first leave thee. Raise them, Oh thou God of Power, raise them as from the very stones of the street, to praise thy great and excellent name where there will be no more sliding, and bring them to the general assembly and church of the first born whose names are written in Heaven. * *

"All glory be to thee Oh God, and the dear Son of thy love, the Lamb immaculate; not only now, but for ever and for ever more, Amen."

During the last five years of her life she was very much confined to her house, and for three years mostly to her chamber, which was often a scene both of interest and instruction to the many who resorted thither, as well as to those whose privilege it was daily to share her society, and to minister to her wants: yet during this time she was a few times out of her own house, and twice at meeting.

When the establishment of a monthly meeting in the Northern Liberties was decided upon, and a new division of districts was also to join many of the valuable members of the North Meeting to the one held in Arch street, a friend came to R. J.'s chamber, and with tears poured out her troubled feelings on the occasion, expressing a fear that there would be only a poor handful left, hardly sufficient for the maintainance of a Monthly Meeting. R. J. leaned back in her easy chair, and sat silent awhile, with an expression of holy serenity upon her countenance, which is described as angelic. At length she said, that she had been recurring to the time when North Meeting was established, and she believed that a vine was planted which would not be destroyed; but that although the branches might die down to the ground, the root would be kept alive, and sprout and flourish again.

She had not been able to see the propriety of the establishment of Green street meeting, and more than once said that she

felt no inclination to attend it. Toward the Western District, however, she felt an attraction, the house on Twelfth street having also been recently built. A friend having a desire that she should make an effort to attend the two new meetings, especially Green street, offered the use of her carriage. Early the next First day morning she sent word that she would like to go to the Western meeting. The husband of the friend referred to, came with his carriage, and when they had entered the vehicle, B. A., (her constant companion) informed him that they wished to go to the *Western* meeting. He replied, "I understand—my wife told me." As he continued driving to the northward, he made a similar reply to repeated intimations, and at length stopped before the gate of the Green street house, having been so impressed with the belief that this was their destination, that he could scarcely admit a different idea when R. J., who had sat with her eyes closed, said, "I've nothing to do with Green street. I wish to go to the Western meeting." They arrived late, and it was with considerable difficulty that she was got into the meeting house, and Samuel W. Fisher stepping across the house, took her arm, and helped to convey her to the head of the meeting. There were then present, Sarah Matthews, supported by pillows, and Samuel Smith. The former was never at meeting again; Samuel Smith and Rebecca Jones only once, which was, with each, at North Meeting. Samuel Smith spoke very sweetly, and as much at length as was usual with him. Sarah Matthews, unable to rise from her seat, was favored to communicate a lively and instructive testimony; and R. Jones, (also keeping her seat—unable, through debility to kneel,) appeared in very solemn supplication. The next, and last time of R. J.'s being at meeting, was on a First day morning, at the house on Keys' Alley, where, upon her bended knee, she raised in a memorable manner, the voice of praise and thanksgiving, ending (as was not unusual with her,) with these words, "To thee, and to the dear Son of thy love, be glory and honor, now and forever more." And it is worthy of note, that in her addresses to the throne of Grace, she seemed never unmindful

of the Saviour's gracious words: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father *in my name*, he will give it you. Hitherto ye have asked nothing *in my name*: ask and ye shall receive." "At that day ye shall ask *in my name*."

It will remembered that the decease of Thomas Scattergood took place in the year 1814, after the erection, and before the opening of the Green street house, and that there was an undue anxiety among some, as to the meeting to which he should be attached. The following is an extract from a letter which was written at R. J.'s request, to Susanna Horne, (who was T. Scattergood's child in the Truth, and afterwards his intimate associate in the work of the Gospel) and which being read to R. J. previous to its being sent, received her sanction.

"During his illness, as our dear R. J. was ruminating upon the apprehended departure from this earthly tabernacle, of her beloved friend T. S., the passage of Scripture came before her which speaks of Michael the Arch-angel, who, contending with Satan, and disputing about the dead body of Moses, which had been, through Divine interference, taken away, brought against him no railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee!" The application in her mind seemed thus. Considerations relative to the division of North meeting having somewhat agitated the minds of many friends, and T. S. being situated near the probable line between it and the newly established meeting, there was considerable anxiety as to the meeting to which he should belong: and that therefore, his Master was about to remove the cause of disputation, by assuming, in a manner awfully striking, the right of decision Himself: whereby rebuke was administered by the all-wise Controller of events, to that spirit which actuates to an undue reliance on human aid. She also mentioned that since his close took place, this passage had been, in reference to the deceased, illustrated in her view in a manner in which it had not been before: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' The application of which was, that as the brightness of the firmament, though

always perceptible, is at some times more luminous than at others, so his company whilst in the body had been to her always more or less cheering and encouraging. The fixed stars being placed farther from our sight, yet shining with a continual and undiminished brightness, conveyed to her a lively representation of that unalterable and perfect state of happiness in which he was now immutably placed."

R. Jones to Sarah Hustler.

Philadelphia, 3d mo. 8th, 1815.

My Dearly Beloved Sarah.—Thro' the tender mercy of "the Lord who healeth," I am continued in this probationary state, and have received thy kind long letter by our dear friend Stephen Grellet, who has, in good health and in peace of mind, arrived among us, and has made me several visits in my chamber, with his amiable wife. He has given me a particular account of my friends, and of thee in a precious feeling manner, which has been like marrow to my bones, wherefore I thought I would tell thee so. Bernice also (who with her three dear lambs are a great comfort to me in my old age) begging me to write to thee once more, thinking thou wilt excuse all defects.

Oh how I have loved thy dear parents and my ever dear friends John and C. Hustler, who, being delivered from pain &c., on earth, are joyfully united, in the realms of bliss, forever and ever; and have left two children to represent them here, in person and pursuits, I trust to the comfort of many who have their parents in fresh remembrance. Be encouraged, my dear Sally —thou hast put thy hand to the plough,—don't look back—but look unto Him who hath called thee, and will be with thee, even unto the end of the world. Thy dear brother will be a co-worker with thee, and will partake of the reward. Tell him so with my love, which I desire also to thy sister Jane.

I suppose thou hast heard how we are reduced in number since I last wrote thee. Since then dear N. Waln has gone.

Our North Meeting has divided—two new houses are built. Dear S. Smith remains a living monument of divine love and life. Salute dear M. Routh, A. Alexander, Wm. Tuke, J. and E. Hoyland and my other acquaintances as they fall in thy way. Give my love to E. Coggeshall, and tell her to do all that her hand finds to do. My love to dear S. Horne—her friends at Burlington are well. Thou canst hardly tell how we miss our dear T. Scattergood—but all is well with him.

I must be short. Thou knowest I used to write a long letter, but now let it suffice to say, I am patiently waiting till my change comes, and this may be my last. In best love I remain thy very affectionate and nearly united friend,

R. Jones

Whilst confined by her infirmities to the house, it was her practice to have the Bible placed upon a table beside her during the absence of the family at meeting. It frequently however remained un-opened, her mind being gathered with the assembled Church, reverently waiting upon the Father of spirits.

In the house which she occupied for the last two years of her life, her window was opposite the women's gate of the North Meeting—thus when the doors were open she could from her seat in her chamber recognize many individuals in meeting. Her faithful and beloved Leonard Snowdon, was in the regular practice of visiting her on first day evenings, and giving her an account, so far as he had been able to gather it, of the different meetings on that day and during the week; she having this evidence that she had passed from death unto life, that her love to the brethren, though she could no longer mingle in their assemblies, was strong,—as was also her interest in all that concerned the cause of the ever blessed Truth. He being with her upon a first day evening after the departure for

England of Susanna Horne.* on her return from a religious visit to this country, she observed to Leonard, "In my silent meditation this morning I had a view of Susanna Horne in a meeting in her own land." A remarkable coincidence may be mentioned here, not merely from its interesting nature, but as shewing the union of spirit which is sometimes permitted to disciples, and as illustrative and confirmatory of the doctrine of the immediate communication of the Divine Spirit with His creatures, of which her life had afforded many illustrations. George Dillwyn, in a meeting at Burlington the same morning, after a lively testimony, and near the close of the meeting, again rose, and said that he "felt more than a liberty to inform his friends that he believed our beloved friend Susanna Horne was now safely landed on her native shore." The constant companion of S. H. in her visits in this land was present at the latter meeting, and next morning letters between her and B. A. passed each other on the river, giving accounts of the two remarkable incidents. When the letter was read to G. Dillwyn, which gave information of the view afforded to R. J. he said, "It is not the first time that our thoughts have flowed in the same channel."

S. Horne arrived in Liverpool, 8th Mo. 5th, 1813, after an unusually short passage.—The first confirmation of the impressions above mentioned was from a young man immediately on his arrival from that port. Though not in the practice of attending the meetings of Friends, he had in this land listened with interest to the ministry of S. H. He had been to England

* No transatlantic friend, probably, within the memory of those now upon the stage, has travelled in this land with more general acceptance than this dear friend,—(now Susanna Bigg.) Her ministry was sound, practical and persuasive, and her private walk very exemplary. She arrived in 1810, and remained on our Continent nearly three years, during which time, accompanied by Mary Allinson, she visited most of the meetings, and very many of the families of Friends in America. She returned to England in 1813, leaving a sweet memorial in the hearts of her fellow disciples. A large proportion of those who knew and appreciated her, have entered before her into the fruition of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

and being about to return, having been detained from his voyage by contrary winds, he went to Liverpool, where seeing some friends going to meeting he followed them and there he saw and heard S. H. On his reaching Philadelphia he gave the information of her arrival before the reception of letters which came in the same ship.

It was near this time that she received a visit from a minister whose subsequent declension gave cause of mourning to his friends. He was on his feet to depart when she began to address him. He resumed his seat, and listened to a heart tendering communication, in the course of which she laid before him, with striking distinctness, two prospects of his future career and condition, dependent upon his watchful faithfulness or the reverse. And so awful was the picture which she presented, of the consequences which would attend him if disobedient to the Divine Monitor, that he wept audibly, and a friend who was present, and who retains a vivid remembrance of the scene, was also greatly affected. A regard to individual character forbids us to raise the veil from the affecting realization of her worst forebodings.

R. J. to Sarah Hustler.

Philadelphia 4th mo. 20th, 1816.

My dear friend S. Hustler,—I ought to have made a more quick answer to thy very acceptable lines by our dear Stephen Grellet, but I can hardly persuade myself that thou can read such a scrawl, and I can do no better. Thou may'st know by this that I love thee for thy own and thy dear Mother's sake, wishing thee to know that I am still in the body, a miracle to myself and a wonder to my friends. I am quite lame, from many falls and hurts on my limbs, and though it is our Yearly Meeting I am sitting alone in my room, and have thee, in fresh love brought into view. And, praying for help for myself, I have

felt thy and dear John's best welfare interwoven in my solicitude. May that God who gave thy mother as an helpmeet to me in your land, be near to me in this, and crown my poor soul at last with peace, is all my desire.

Our Yearly Meeting has been thus far favored, and will conclude to-morrow:—but E. Coggeshall did not get here. I hear she is peacefully at home. Our S. Grellet is also at home, preparing to go on another errand, and will I hope be mercifully preserved, even among the West India Islands. He is a tender brother of mine, and has a precious wife. Thou wilt have heard of the short illness and blessed close of dear Thomas Scattergood. He was near to my best life, and is only gone a little before *poor me*, and rests now from his arduous labors. A stripping day has come over us in this land, and many lively Ministers have gone from works to rewards; so that part of the vineyard is solitary. But a lively hope is raised, that a succession is preparing to receive the garment of Elijah, and bear tidings of good things, as in days of old. Great and marvellous are his works, can my soul say, just and true are all his ways. For even my present bodily affliction, will, I trust, work for my further refinement, and the joy of the Lord be my strength in the final giving up of my accounts.

Let M. Routh and A. Alexander know that I love them in the covenant of love and life, and long to hear from them. * *

Our dear Samuel Smith is weak, and gets very little out, but is evidently owned as a sheep of the favored fold, who is waiting for the summons, "*Come ye blessed of my Father.*" Dont forget thy old friend—and let me hear from thee once more. I am nearly blind, near seventy seven years of age, and thy sincere friend and sister in the bonds of the gospel,

As increasing and certain tokens were given of the approaching dissolution of "the earthly house,"—the union between "Naomi and Ruth" was beautiful to behold. In one sense indeed, their relative position was changed—for the child had become the tender and watchful guardian of one who had been "a succorer of many and of her also."—The compiler well remembers on an occasion of his Mother's illness, the distress and anxiety of R. Jones, as she queried what would become of her, should her B. be taken first—to which the invalid replied, that she had "faith to believe that it would not be permitted." He also freshly remembers being summoned by R. J. to partake with her of her last meal, and the sweetness of her countenance when

> "We knew that the hour was drawing nigh
> To fulfil every fearful token—
> When the silver cord should loosen its tie,
> And the golden bowl be broken."

The following brief notes relative to her last illness and closing scene, are from the pen of her beloved B. A. and were written shortly after the solemn event which they record.

"3d mo. 30th, 1817. After the morning meeting, Mary Smith, (widow of Samuel) called to see my dear R. J., who seemed better than for a long time before. They had long been united in the bonds of the Gospel, and were on this occasion remarkably engaged in encouraging each other to hold out a little longer; R. J. saying, "If we were but permitted to join *his* purified spirit (alluding to dear S. Smith) it will be enough." In the afternoon several others called;—she was very pleasant, and enjoyed their company. One friend remarked, that she had not seen her so much like herself for several years.—That night she was taken with a complaint in her bowels, attended with great pain. She had a very restless night, but in the

morning slept until near eleven o'clock when she took her breakfast, and, being dressed for the last time, seemed pretty comfortable till about three o'clock P. M. when the complaint returned. In less than two hours her strength was so gone that she could not stand when raised upon her feet. My sister and myself both staid in her room that night. After being up many times, and enduring great pain, she was seized with a severe spasm which threatened immediate suffocation, from which she was relieved by throwing from her stomach a considerable quantity of bile. Her voice which had for a long time been quite impaired by repeated paralytic affections, was for several hours quite gone. Towards day she fell into a gentle sleep and awoke refreshed, her voice being nearly as intelligible as for some months past. About eleven o'clock she desired to get up and sit in her easy chair, saying, "It is meeting day, and it is likely some friends will call in."—The restlessness attendant on her disease had so increased, that one of us was constantly employed in changing her position.

The mental powers in some degree yielded to the infirmities of the body which for years had been great; yet on religious subjects her faculties had always continued clear and bright, so that her counsel on important occasions was still sought and valued.

About the eighth of the 4th month, the disease assumed a new aspect. The fore part of each night was most trying, she being favored to sleep a little in the morning. Early in the night of the 9th, she seemed in as great anguish of body and mind as could be endured, which continued to be the case for several hours. My mind had often been permitted to partake of her mingled cup,—but the wormwood and the gall seemed all that was now offered. My spirit having, during this night

of suffering, been enabled more than ever before, to enter into feeling with her tried tossed mind,—was permitted after the dear sufferer had experienced some refreshment from sleep toward the morning of the 10th, to partake with her in the enjoyment of Divine good. She spoke of the solemn prospect of the final change being near, and in a most impressive manner, said, "Not by works of righteousness which I have done, but according to His Mercy he saveth us, by the washings of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost! After having done all, we are but unprofitable servants!" After this she was not able to express much. Repeated paralytic affections occasioned a difficulty of utterance and of swallowing. During the last few hours, she made many efforts to speak but was unable. It was extremely trying to behold one, on whose tongue so long had dwelt the law of kindness, now, on the confines of Time, vainly endeavoring to communicate the feelings that pervaded her mind, which appeared to be unclouded. About 11 o'clock Elizabeth Foulke came to see her, and after sitting awhile in silence said that her mind had that morning been brought into deep sympathy with her, and that now she was enabled to rejoice in the full assurance that the tossed mind was nearing the port of eternal rest; that death had no sting and the grave no victory. Dear R. J. raised her clasped hands but could not articulate. E. F. descended the stairs, and was about departing, when the nurse announced a visible change in her countenance. On my bending over her, she put her arms around me. I gently raised her—she made another great but unavailing effort to speak,—drew several hard breaths—then breathed gently for a few minutes—and, in the last effort of Nature, closed her mouth and eyes, and a sweet smile played

over her noble countenance which was indeed beautiful in death. —The immediate language of my mind was, "Well done good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She was interred in Friends' ground on Mulberry street, on the morning of the Select Yearly Meeting. Mary Nafftel, (from England) then on a religious visit to friends in this country, attended the funeral and bore a lively testimony to her devoted labors both in this land and in Great Britain, in promoting the spread of the everlasting gospel—saying that on hearing of her departure the language that saluted her mind was "Well done good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Geo. Dillwyn was also one of those who spoke at the funeral. The Select members went from the grave into the meeting house, with minds solemnized in the recollection that one who had for more than fifty years stood as one of the Pillars in the Church militant, was now removed to the church triumphant in Heaven. There had not been any left, since the decease a few years previous of James Pemberton, who was a member of that meeting at the time when she was introduced."

[In introducing the following remarks by Enoch Lewis, the Compiler takes occasion to acknowledge his grateful sense of the value of the notes (by which this volume is enriched,) which have been furnished by him as Editor of Friends' Review. The notes by E. L. are indicated by his editorial signature.]

Although Rebecca Jones had passed the period which was formerly considered as the utmost limit of human life, yet the removal of such a pillar of the church, even at this mature age, was naturally and justly productive of solemn reflections. What changes had occurred, both in the world at large and in our religious society, during the time embraced by her memory! When she reached the period of womanhood, a monarch, who was a native of Germany, held the dominion of Great Britain and a considerable portion of North America. She had heard

the appalling rumors of Indian massacre on the frontiers of the peaceful province in which she was born, and there witnessed the bitter fruits of the injustice dispensed by her countrymen to the natives of the forest. She had seen the American people rise up in opposition to the metropolitan power, and the city of her birth occupied by a hostile force. Thus the land selected by the benevolent Penn, as the seat of a *holy experiment*, where a government might be established on christian principles, as a model to succeeding generations, was rendered, by the vices and follies of man, a scene of sanguinary conflicts. She had heard from beyond the Atlantic, the rumors of wars and commotions; the throne of the Capets overturned; the nominal master of thirty millions of people led to the block; a military democracy erected on the ruins of the monarchy; that democracy itself subverted and an imperial government erected in its stead; the European continent, throughout its length and breadth, inundated with contending armies; and the man before whom the greatest potentate had trembled, consigned as a captive to a rocky island in the southern Atlantic. These events might well suggest the reflection how transient and evanescent is the greatness of a world, which thus passeth away. How delusive the hope of those who make the flesh their confidence, and trust their prospect of happiness upon any thing which the world can afford.

In her own religious society, numerous and important changes had arisen. Those with whom she engaged in religious service in the morning of her day, and with whom she often took sweet counsel, were nearly all numbered with the dead. Of her first companions in the meeting of Ministers and Elders, not one was left. What solemnly melancholy, yet hardly painful considerations must she often have experienced, when near the close of her course, she reviewed the exercises, and the companions of her early days. As the faithful and valuable laborers of that time to whom she was accustomed to look for advice and support, in her varied trials, rose up in vivid remembrance, the recollection was still at hand, that their voices would

be heard no more; yet no doubt these recollections were often attended by the consoling assurance, that they were resting from their labors, and that their works would still follow them.

CONCLUSION.

The consideration of her latter end, having been present with her through life, she was careful to keep a will in readiness, and her last will and testament bears date about a year before her decease.—"Considering"—she says in the preamble, "the uncertainty of Time, and that many are suddenly called hence, I do think it commendable and necessary not only to endeavor with the assistance of Divine Grace to be inwardly prepared for so awful a change, but also to settle my outward effects, with which the Lord hath been pleased to bless me, as I would they should be."

In this document, after leaving various legacies, among which is one to her friends Ann Warder and Anne Stewardson, in trust for poor friends of North Meeting, she constitutes B. A. her sole residuary legatee, and she concludes in these words:

"In confirmation hereof after acknowledging with gratitude and in humility of soul the tender and infinite mercy of the Lord Almighty, which has in numberless instances been signally vouchsafed and displayed for my redemption from sin and the wages due thereunto, and his preservations and deliverances by sea and by land; hoping, through the merits of my blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, to be admitted into his holy kingdom when I shall put off this earthly tabernacle; and in peace and unity with his Church under every name,

Rebecca Jones.

Signed sealed &c., the 9th of ye 3d month 1816."

It would be unjust in her Biographer to omit transcribing the following passage from the said will.

"I give to George Dillwyn, Samuel Emlen, and John Cox

of Burlington, and Leonard Snowdon and Thomas Stewardson of this city, in trust, all my books and papers of every kind to be carefully inspected, (and if there be any thing therein that may be of disadvantage to any person alive or deceased that they may be destroyed;) together with all my Diaries and Journals, &c., and it is my further request that no written testimony or account may be issued concerning me,—I having often been pained under the reading of such marks of distinction."

A portion of the manuscripts thus entrusted to the wise and excellent men above named, had, previous to her decease, been presented by R. J. to B. A. without restriction. The memoir of her convincement given at the commencement of this volume, was retained in their possession, until John Cox, being the sole survivor,* delivered it to B. A. declaring it to be her property.

* Language would fail the Compiler in attempting to portray the character, or express the worth of this true Israelite, illustrious Friend and patriarchal *christian Gentleman.* The following extract from a letter, published as an obituary shortly after his removal from the militant state, will not be thought, by any one, to be over-wrought. Those who knew the Sage of OXMEAD will scarcely expect ever to "look upon his like again,"—or to meet with any memorial of his worth which shall equal their own exalted but just estimate. He died at his delightful abode OXMEAD, Burlington, N. J. 4th Mo. 5th, 1847, in the 94th year of his age. W. J. A.

"By the Intelligencer of the 10th inst., I learn that my dear friend John Cox is released from the cares and sufferings of this probationary state. It is now more than fifty years since I was introduced into his society; since which I have often been in his company, both in the social circle and in the house of worship; and I can truly say, that I never had the pleasure of knowing a man who combined in his character, more perfectly, the GENTLEMAN and the CHRISTIAN. In social intercourse with his friends he was affable and cheerful—sometimes even sprightly—yet always dignified; never for a moment forgetting the importance of the station to which he was called as an ambassador for Christ, nor indulging in any thing inconsistent with that station. His ministry was exceedingly interesting; his language clear, chaste, and elegant, but without the least mark of affectation. In prayer he was very weighty, appearing to be deeply impressed with the awfulness of public supplication, in which he not only manifested a deep reverence for the Divine Majesty, but made his hearers participate in the same feeling. I shall never forget my sense of his ministry; even when I was a youth, how my mind was absorbed in deep and solemn attention, and made to feel the Divine power and authority, with which at such times he was clothed. It may truly be said of his ministry, that it was 'in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' He was gath-

It will be seen that it found its way to the press without the consent of B. A., notwithstanding the caution prefixed—a transcript having been taken by some one to whom it had been loaned.

It will be a question with some, how far the publication of her biography, in violation of her request, is to be justified.—With others, the query will arise, how far it was within her province to withhold, from those who personally knew her not, and from posterity, the lustre of her example. It is not to be doubted that her humility (which was the means of her preservation) inspired this request—but let it be remembered that although she had "often been pained under the reading of such marks of distinction," when she felt that the creature was thereby unduly exalted,—yet none could place a higher value than she did upon memorials of the blessed dead, who had died in the Lord. Witness her introduction to the Womens' Yearly Meeting, of the memorials issued in England respecting Sarah R. Grubb;* and abundant confirmation is before us as we write, of the pains which she took to collect and to preserve productions of the kind. Having surrendered herself, body, soul and spirit, that she might do the work of an evangelist and win souls to Christ, her modest shrinking from publicity, and from human applause, however binding it might be felt to be, by her executors and the trustees of her papers, could not be expected forever to operate upon those who might successively become possessed of them;—and the question appeared to be, whether a compilation should be made by those whose knowledge and interest are of a personal character, and who have an ownership in her memory, or whether the work should be left for a future collector of materials, to whom much that has now been gathered must of necessity be inaccessible, and by whom, probably other portions, of merely private interest, might have been inserted.

ered to his everlasting rest 'in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season,' and his memory will long remain as a sweet odor with his survivors."

* See page 194.

In short,—she was, as we doubt not, influenced by a sense of duty, to commit to writing much that is worthy to be preserved. With all her sensitiveness on this subject, (altho' she has been known to take them in her hands for the purpose,) she had not been permitted to burn these papers—being submitted to some of the wisest men in the Society, *they* did not venture to destroy them—preserved (tho' widely scattered, and without a view to their compilation) for more than thirty years, they have been placed by their proper owner in the hands of the present Compiler.—It has been believed to be right to arrange them in a permanent form for the satisfaction and benefit of others; and if this judgment be erroneous, it has been an honest error, and it is sincerely desired that it may be over-ruled for good.

THE END.

3477 7

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2006

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 003 947 125 5